

Bentley's.

Miscellany. 1837

VOL. 2, 3, 4

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LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.—No. I. is now reprinted, and may be obtained of all booksellers in the United Kingdom. The popularity of this new Comic Work has even extended to the United States. We copy the following from the *New York Times* :

"The Ballad, 'The Monstrous Balloon,' which is as perfect a thing of the kind as we have ever met with, appeared in our columns some weeks since. We republish it at the especial request of several gentlemen who called to procure the paper containing it, the **WHOLE EDITION OF WHICH HAD BEEN DISPOSED OF**. It gives us pleasure to know that the taste of so many of our readers coincides with our own."

The contribution herein attributed to "Boz," was, however, written by "INGOLDSBY," to whom we are also indebted, among other articles, for the following contributions—"The Legend of Hamilton Tighe,"—"The Jackdaw of Rheims,"—"The Execution, a Sporting Anecdote,"—"Patty Morgan, the Milkmaid's Story," and many others, which have been so exceedingly popular.

KINDNESS IN WOMEN.—Tales by T. Haynes Bayly, Esq. "No one can forget the charm of Mr. Bayly's exquisite ballads: simple, natural, they came to the general heart, because they expressed the general feeling. 'One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,' and that one touch was the secret of his popularity. This charm pervades the present work. The story of 'Kate Leslie' is told with the most touching pathos, and her character sustained in all its womanly beauty to the last. Mr. Bayly has succeeded in throwing a charming familiarity around his *locale*. We become quite acquainted with the parsonage, its green lawn, and little fountain. The last story is a light farce: Liston might have acted the hero; and the story of 'My Friend Bob,' is most amusing. There are, we must especially mention, some exquisite snatches of song in the course of the book."—*Literary Gazette*.

ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN BONNEVILLE, OR SCENES BEYOND THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, BY WASHINGTON IRVING.—"One of the most curious and interesting books we ever read. For wild adventure, daring enterprise, descriptions of remote and hitherto untrodden regions, and singular development of human character under unprecedented circumstances, and in face of imminent perils by land and flood, the present work has scarcely any parallel. We are in one part presented with Sketches of the dauntless Trappers of the 'Far West,' either exploring the solitude of primeval forests, or toiling up precipitous and giant cliffs, or tracing the shores of vast and mighty rivers, or encamped in the boundless prairie, enjoying a midnight carouse, and startling the awful silence with their rough merriment; and in another, with pictures of strange tribes of savages dogging the trail of the travellers, or bursting on them with their frantic war-cries, or else torturing their captives at sacrificial fire. Captain Bonneville's Adventures form, indeed, a terrible romance of real life, the more absorbing from the absolute *newness* of the subject, and the magnificent accessories by which it is surrounded."—*Age*.

ENGLAND, WITH SKETCHES OF SOCIETY IN THE METROPOLIS, BY J. FENIMORE COOPER.—"The present work possesses all the attractions which this celebrated novelist has displayed in his other writings; and is enlivened with a whole magazine of anecdote of the most striking characters of the day. The sketches of the scenery around London are done by the pencil of a first-rate artist, one who has had the advantage of viewing whatever was worth the sight in almost every country of Europe, as well as his native land: while the manners of the people are described in that lively piquant manner which must insure their being read with zest."—*Caledonian Mercury*.



BENTLEY'S

M I S C E L L A N Y.

SEPTEMBER, 1837.

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With a fine Engraving of

THE MURDER OF THE PRINCESS DE LAMBALLE,

Being a Specimen of Mr. Bentley's highly embellished Edition of

THIERS'S HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION,

The first Number of which will be published at the end of September. This History will be illustrated by upwards of THIRTY PLATES, executed in the highest style of art, and will be sold at a price which will place it within the reach of the humblest class of English readers.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The following Communications are respectfully declined, and are left at the Publisher's.

PROSE.—“The Irish Legatee;” “A Cockney's Trip to the Irish Metropolis;” “Launty Flanis;” “Conversations on Poetry;” “The Collegian's First Love;” “Scene on board of the Berwick Smack;” “The Liveried Letter-Bearer;” “An Adventure in the Hartz Mountains;” “Etchings by my Fosterkin;” and “The Savoir Voyager.”

POETRY.—“Love and Music;” “Amor omnibus idem;” “Aerostation;” “The Double-bedded Room;” (both the last resemble too closely some of a series of humorous papers which are now publishing in the Miscellany;) “Lines on the Death of William,” with other poetical pieces by the same author (which we regret we cannot avail ourselves of); “Summer's Reign;” “Song for September;” “The way of the World,” “The Confession;” “The Tyrant's Tour;” “Short-cut;” “An Anecdote of Saint Patrick;” “The Sailor's Song;” “Intercepted Valentines;” and something about Napoleon, which passeth our feeble powers of comprehension.

Our friend who has so perseveringly and good-humouredly “tried once more,” has not tried his hand at precisely the sort of thing we require. We beg him to try again, by all means.

ACCEPTED.—“Mors janua vite;” “A Chapter on Seals;” “The Relics of St. Pius;” and “Nobility in Disguise.”

We again announce that we cannot, just now, accept any paper as the first of the series.

SONG OF THE MONTH. No. IX.

September, 1837.

THE DOUBLE BARREL.

BY FATHER PROUT.

*Duo quisque Alpina coruscat
Gæsa manu.—Æneid. lib. 8.
Παν πρᾶγμα δύας ἐχει λαβᾶς.—Epictetus.*

SEPTEMBER the first on the moorland hath burst,
And already with jocund carol
Each NIMROD of NOUSE hurries off to the grouse,
And has shouldered his DOUBLE BARREL;
For well doth he ken, as he hies through the glen,
That scanty will be *his* laurel
Who hath not
On the spot
(Should he miss a first shot)
Some resource in a DOUBLE BARREL.

'Twas the Goddess of Sport, in her woodland court,
DIANA, first taught this moral,
Which the Goddess of Love soon adopted, and strove
To improve on the "double barrel."
Hence her CUPID, we know, put two strings to his bow;
And she laughs, when two lovers quarrel,
At the lot
Of the sot
Who, to soothe him, han't got
The resource of a DOUBLE BARREL.

Nay, the hint was too good to lie hid in the wood,
Or to lurk in two lips of coral;
Hence the God of the Grape (who his betters would ape)
Knows the use of a DOUBLE BARREL.
His escutcheon he decks with a double XX,
And his blithe *October* carol
Follows up
With the sup
Of a flowing ale-cup
September's DOUBLE BARREL.

Water-grass-hill, Kal. VII^{bris}.

GENIUS; OR, THE DOG'S-MEAT DOG.

BEING A SECOND "TAILED SONNET," IN THE ITALIAN MANNER.*

BY EGERTON WEBBE.

"Hal, thou hast the most unsavoury similes."—*Falstaff*:

SINCE Genius hath the immortal faculty
Of bringing grist to other people's mills,
While for itself no office it fulfils,
And cannot choose but starve amazingly,

* For the former specimen, as well as some critical account of the comic sonnets of the Italians, see the April number of *Bentley's Miscellany*.

Methinks 'tis very like the dog's-meat dog,
 That 'twixt Black Friars and White sometimes I've seen,—
 Afflicted quadruped, jejune and lean,
 Whom none do feed, but all do burn to flog.
 For why? He draws the dog's-meat cart, you see,—
 Himself a dog. All dogs his coming hail,
 Long dogs and short, and dogs of various tail,
 Yea truly, every sort of dogs that be.
 Where'er he cometh him his cousins greet,
 Yet not for love, but only for the meat,—
 In Little Tower Street,
 Or opposite the pump on Fish-street Hill,
 Or where the Green Man is the Green Man still,
 Or where you will :—
 It is not he, but, ah ! it is the cart
 With which his cousins are so loth to part ;
 (That's nature, bless your heart !)
 And you 'll observe his neck is almost stiff
 With turning round to try and get a sniff,
 As now and then a whuff,
 Charged from behind, a transient savour throws,
 That curls with hope the corners of his nose,
 Then all too quickly goes,
 And leaves him buried in conjectures dark,
 Developed in a sort of muffled bark.
 For I need scarce remark
 That that sagacious dog hath often guess'd
 There's something going on of interest
 Behind him, not content.
 And I have seen him whisk with sudden start
 Entirely round, as he would face the cart,
 Which could he by no art,
 Because of cunning mechanism. Lord !
 But how a proper notion to afford ?
 How possibly record,
 With any sort of mental satisfaction,
 The look of anguish—the immense distraction—
 Pictured in face and action,
 When, whisking round, he hath discovered there
 Five dogs,—all jolly dogs—besides a pair
 Of cats, most debonaire,
 In high assembly met, sublimely lunching,
 Best horse's flesh in breathless silence munching,
 While he, poor beast ! is crunching
 His unavailing teeth ?—You must be sensible
 'Tis aggravating—cruel—indefensible—
 Incomprehensible.
 And to his grave I do believe he'll go,
 Sad dog's-meat dog, nor ever know
 Whence all those riches flow
 Which seem to spring about him where he is,
 Finding their way to every mouth but his.—
 I know such similes
 By some are censured as not being savoury ;
 But still it's better than to talk of " knavery,"
 And " wretched authors' slavery,"
 With other words of ominous import.
 I much prefer a figure of this sort.
 And so, to cut it short,
 (For I abhor all poor rhetoric fuss,)
 Ask what the devil I mean—I answer thus,
 THAT DOG'S A GENIUS.

OLIVER TWIST;
OR, THE PARISH BOY'S PROGRESS.

BY BOZ.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.



CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

COMPRISING FURTHER PARTICULARS OF OLIVER'S STAY AT MR. BROWNLOW'S,
WITH THE REMARKABLE PREDICTION WHICH ONE MR. GRIMWIG
UTTERED CONCERNING HIM, WHEN HE WENT OUT ON AN ERRAND.

OLIVER soon recovered from the fainting-fit into which Mr. Brownlow's abrupt exclamation had thrown him; and the subject of the picture was carefully avoided, both by the old gentleman and Mrs. Bedwin, in the conversation that ensued, which indeed bore no reference to Oliver's history or prospects, but was confined to such topics as might amuse without exciting him. He was still too weak to get up to breakfast; but, when he came down into the housekeeper's room next day, his first act was to cast an eager glance at the wall, in the hope of again looking on the face of the beautiful lady. His expectations were disappointed, however, for the picture had been removed.

"Ah!" said the housekeeper, watching the direction of Oliver's eyes. "It is gone, you see."

"I see it is, ma'am," replied Oliver, with a sigh. "Why have they taken it away?"

"It has been taken down, child, because Mr. Brownlow said, that, as it seemed to worry you, perhaps it might prevent your getting well, you know," rejoined the old lady.

"Oh, no, indeed it didn't worry me, ma'am," said Oliver. "I liked to see it; I quite loved it."

"Well, well!" said the old lady, good-humouredly; "you get well as fast as ever you can, dear, and it shall be hung up again. There, I promise you that; now let us talk about something else."

This was all the information Oliver could obtain about the picture at that time, and as the old lady had been so kind to him in his illness, he endeavoured to think no more of the subject just then; so listened attentively to a great many stories she told him about an amiable and handsome daughter of hers, who was married to an amiable and handsome man, and lived in the country; and a son, who was clerk to a merchant in the West Indies, and who was also such a good young man, and wrote such dutiful letters home four times a year, that it brought the tears into her eyes to talk about them. When the old lady had expatiated a long time on the excellences of her children, and the merits of her kind good husband besides, who had been dead and gone, poor dear soul! just six-and-twenty years, it was time to have tea; and after tea she began to teach Oliver cribbage, which he learnt as quickly as she could teach, and at which game they played, with great interest and gravity, until it was

OLIVER TWIST.

the invalid to have some warm wine and water, with a dry toast, and to go cosily to bed.

were happy days those of Oliver's recovery. Everything was so quiet, and neat, and orderly, everybody so kind and gentle, that after the noise and turbulence in the midst of which he had always lived, it seemed like heaven itself. He was no sooner strong enough to put his clothes on properly, than Mr. Brownlow caused a complete new suit, and a new cap, and a new pair of shoes, to be provided for him. As Oliver was told that he might do what he liked with the old clothes, he gave them to a servant who had been very kind to him, and asked her to sell them to a Jew, and keep the money for herself. This she very readily did; and, as Oliver looked out of the parlour window, and saw the Jew roll them up in his bag and walk away, he felt quite delighted to think that they were safely gone, and that there was now no possible danger of his ever being able to wear them again. They were sad rags, to tell the truth; and Oliver had never had a new suit before.

One evening, about a week after the affair of the picture, as Oliver was sitting talking to Mrs. Bedwin, there came a message down from Mr. Brownlow, that if Oliver Twist felt pretty well, he should like to see him in his study, and talk to him a little while.

"Bless us, and save us! wash your hands, and let me part your hair nicely for you, child," said Mrs. Bedwin. "Dear heart alive! if we had known he would have asked for you, we would have put you a clean collar on, and made you as smart as sixpence."

Oliver did as the old lady bade him, and, although she lamented grievously meanwhile that there was not even time to crimp the little frill that bordered his shirt-collar, he looked so delicate and handsome, despite that important personal advantage, that she went so far as to say, looking at him with great complacency from head to foot, that she really didn't think it would have been possible on the longest notice to have made much difference in him for the better.

Thus encouraged, Oliver tapped at the study door, and, on Mr. Brownlow calling to him to come in, found himself in a little back room, quite full of books, with a window looking into some pleasant little gardens. There was a table drawn up before the window, at which Mr. Brownlow was seated reading. When he saw Oliver, he pushed the book away from him, and told him to come near the table and sit down. Oliver complied, marvelling where the people could be found to read such a great number of books as seemed to be written to make the world wiser,—which is still a marvel to more experienced people than Oliver Twist every day of their lives.

"There are a good many books, are there not, my boy?" said Mr. Brownlow, observing the curiosity with which Oliver surveyed the shelves that reached from the floor to the ceiling.

"A great number, sir," replied Oliver; "I never saw so many."

"You shall read them if you behave well," said the old gentleman kindly; "and you will like that, better than looking at the outsides,—that is, in some cases, because there *are* books of which the backs and covers are by far the best parts."

"I suppose they are those heavy ones, sir," said Oliver, pointing to some large quartos with a good deal of gilding about the binding.

"Not those," said the old gentleman, patting Oliver on the head, and smiling as he did so; "but other equally heavy ones, though of a much smaller size. How should you like to grow up a clever man, and write books, eh?"

"I think I would rather read them, sir," replied Oliver.

"What! wouldn't you like to be a book-writer?" said the old gentleman.

Oliver considered a little while, and at last said he should think it would be a much better thing to be a bookseller; upon which the old gentleman laughed heartily, and declared he had said a very good thing, which Oliver felt glad to have done, though he by no means knew what it was.

"Well, well," said the old gentleman, composing his features, "don't be afraid; we won't make an author of you, while there's an honest trade to be learnt, or brick-making to turn to."

"Thank you, sir," said Oliver; and at the earnest manner of his reply the old gentleman laughed again, and said something about a curious instinct, which Oliver, not understanding, paid no very great attention to.

"Now," said Mr. Brownlow, speaking if possible in a kinder, but at the same time in a much more serious manner than Oliver had ever heard him speak in yet, "I want you to pay great attention, my boy, to what I am going to say. I shall talk to you without any reserve, because I am sure you are as well able to understand me as many older persons would be."

"Oh, don't tell me you are going to send me away, sir, pray!" exclaimed Oliver, alarmed by the serious tone of the old gentleman's commencement; "don't turn me out of doors to wander in the streets again. Let me stay here and be a servant. Don't send me back to the wretched place I came from. Have mercy upon a poor boy, sir; do!"

"My dear child," said the old gentleman, moved by the warmth of Oliver's sudden appeal, "you need not be afraid of my deserting you, unless you give me cause."

"I never, never will, sir," interposed Oliver.

"I hope not," rejoined the old gentleman; "I do not think you ever will. I have been deceived before, in the objects whom I have endeavoured to benefit; but I feel strongly disposed to trust you, nevertheless, and more strongly interested in your behalf than I can well account for, even to myself. The persons on whom I have bestowed my dearest love lie deep in their graves; but, although the happiness and delight of my life lie

buried there too, I have not made a coffin of my heart, and sealed it up for ever on my best affections. Deep affliction has only made them stronger; it ought, I think, for it should refine our nature."

As the old gentleman said this in a low voice, more to himself than to his companion, and remained silent for a short time afterwards, Oliver sat quite still, almost afraid to breathe.

"Well, well," said the old gentleman at length in a more cheerful voice, "I only say this, because you have a young heart; and knowing that I have suffered great pain and sorrow, you will be more careful, perhaps, not to wound me again. You say you are an orphan, without a friend in the world; and all the inquiries I have been able to make confirm the statement. Let me hear your story; where you came from, who brought you up, and how you got into the company in which I found you. Speak the truth; and if I find you have committed no crime, you will never be friendless while I live."

Oliver's sobs quite checked his utterance for some minutes; and just when he was on the point of beginning to relate how he had been brought up at the farm, and carried to the work-house by Mr. Bumble, a peculiarly impatient little double-knock was heard at the street-door, and the servant, running up stairs, announced Mr. Grimwig.

"Is he coming up?" inquired Mr. Brownlow.

"Yes, sir," replied the servant. "He asked if there were any muffins in the house, and, when I told him yes, he said he had come to tea."

Mr. Brownlow smiled, and, turning to Oliver, said Mr. Grimwig was an old friend of his, and he must not mind his being a little rough in his manners, for he was a worthy creature at bottom, as he had reason to know.

"Shall I go down stairs, sir?" inquired Oliver.

"No," replied Mr. Brownlow; "I would rather you stopped here."

At this moment there walked into the room, supporting himself by a thick stick, a stout old gentleman, rather lame in one leg, who was dressed in a blue coat, striped waistcoat, nankeen breeches and gaiters, and a broad-brimmed white hat, with the sides turned up with green. A very small-plaited shirt-frill stuck out from his waistcoat, and a very long steel watch-chain, with nothing but a key at the end, dangled loosely below it. The ends of his white neckerchief were twisted into a ball about the size of an orange;—the variety of shapes into which his countenance was twisted defy description. He had a manner of screwing his head round on one side when he spoke, and looking out of the corners of his eyes at the same time, which irresistibly reminded the beholder of a parrot. In this attitude he fixed himself the moment he made his appearance; and, holding out a small piece of orange-peel at arm's length, exclaimed in a growling, discontented voice,

"Look here! do you see this? Isn't it a most wonderful and extraordinary thing that I can't call at a man's house but I find a piece of this cursed poor-surgeon's friend on the staircase? I've been lamed with orange-peel once, and I know orange-peel will be my death at last. It will, sir; orange-peel will be my death, or I'll be content to eat my own head, sir!" This was the handsome offer with which Mr. Grimwig backed and confirmed nearly every assertion he made; and it was the more singular in his case, because, even admitting, for the sake of argument, the possibility of scientific improvements being ever brought to that pass which will enable a gentleman to eat his own head in the event of his being so disposed, Mr. Grimwig's head was such a particularly large one, that the most sanguine man alive could hardly entertain a hope of being able to get through it at a sitting, to put entirely out of the question a very thick coating of powder.

"I'll eat my head, sir," repeated Mr. Grimwig, striking his stick upon the ground. "Hallo! what's that?" he added, looking at Oliver, and retreating a pace or two.

"This is young Oliver Twist, whom we were speaking about," said Mr. Brownlow.

Oliver bowed.

"You don't mean to say that's the boy that had the fever, I hope?" said Mr. Grimwig, recoiling a little further. "Wait a minute, don't speak: stop—" continued Mr. Grimwig abruptly, losing all dread of the fever in his triumph at the discovery; "that's the boy that had the orange! If that's not the boy, sir, that had the orange, and threw this bit of peel upon the staircase, I'll eat my head and his too."

"No, no, he has not had one," said Mr. Brownlow, laughing. "Come, put down your hat, and speak to my young friend."

"I feel strongly on this subject, sir," said the irritable old gentleman, drawing off his gloves. "There's always more or less orange-peel on the pavement in our street, and I *know* it's put there by the surgeon's boy at the corner. A young woman stumbled over a bit last night, and fell against my garden-railings; directly she got up I saw her look towards his infernal red lamp with the pantomime-light. 'Don't go to him,' I called out of the window, 'he's an assassin,—a man-trap!' So he is. If he is not—" Here the irascible old gentleman gave a great knock on the ground with his stick, which was always understood by his friends to imply the customary offer whenever it was not expressed in words. Then, still keeping his stick in his hand, he sat down, and, opening a double eye-glass which he wore attached to a broad black riband, took a view of Oliver, who, seeing that he was the object of inspection, coloured, and bowed again.

"That's the boy, is it?" said Mr. Grimwig, at length.

"That is the boy," replied Mr. Brownlow, nodding good-humouredly to Oliver.

"How are you, boy?" said Mr. Grimwig.

"A great deal better, thank you, sir," replied Oliver.

Mr. Brownlow, seeming to apprehend that his singular friend was about to say something disagreeable, asked Oliver to step down stairs, and tell Mrs. Bedwin they were ready for tea, which, as he did not half like the visitor's manner, he was very happy to do.

"He is a nice-looking boy, is he not?" inquired Mr. Brownlow.

"I don't know," replied Grimwig, pettishly.

"Don't know?"

"No, I don't know. I never see any difference in boys. I only know two sorts of boys,—mealy boys, and beef-faced boys."

"And which is Oliver?"

"Mealy. I know a friend who's got a beef-faced boy; a fine boy they call him, with a round head, and red cheeks, and glazing eyes; a horrid boy, with a body and limbs that appear to be swelling out of the seams of his blue clothes—with the voice of a pilot, and the appetite of a wolf. I know him, the wretch!"

"Come," said Mr. Brownlow, "these are not the characteristics of young Oliver Twist; so he needn't excite your wrath."

"They are not," replied Grimwig. "He may have worse."

Here Mr. Brownlow coughed impatiently, which appeared to afford Mr. Grimwig the most exquisite delight.

"He may have worse, I say," repeated Mr. Grimwig. "Where does he come from? Who is he? What is he? He has had a fever—what of that? Fevers are not peculiar to good people, are they? Bad people have fevers sometimes, haven't they, eh? I knew a man that was hung in Jamaica for murdering his master; he had had a fever six times; he wasn't recommended to mercy on that account. Pooh! nonsense!"

Now, the fact was, that, in the inmost recesses of his own heart, Mr. Grimwig was strongly disposed to admit that Oliver's appearance and manner were unusually prepossessing, but he had a strong appetite for contradiction, sharpened on this occasion by the finding of the orange-peel; and inwardly determining that no man should dictate to him whether a boy was well-looking or not, he had resolved from the first to oppose his friend. When Mr. Brownlow admitted that on no one point of inquiry could he yet return any satisfactory answer, and that he had postponed any investigation into Oliver's previous history until he thought the boy was strong enough to bear it, Mr. Grimwig chuckled maliciously, and demanded, with a sneer, whether the housekeeper was in the habit of counting the plate at night; because, if she didn't find a table-spoon or two missing some sunshiny morning, why, he would be content to —, et cetera.

All this Mr. Brownlow, although himself somewhat of an impetuous gentleman, knowing his friend's peculiarities, bore with great good humour; and as Mr. Grimwig, at tea, was gracious—

ly pleased to express his entire approval of the muffins, matters went on very smoothly, and Oliver, who made one of the party, began to feel more at his ease than he had yet done in the fierce old gentleman's presence.

"And when are you going to hear a full, true, and particular account of the life and adventures of Oliver Twist?" asked Grimwig of Mr. Brownlow, at the conclusion of the meal: looking sideways at Oliver as he resumed the subject.

"To-morrow morning," replied Mr. Brownlow. "I would rather he was alone with me at the time. Come up to me to-morrow morning at ten o'clock, my dear."

"Yes, sir," replied Oliver. He answered with some hesitation, because he was confused by Mr. Grimwig's looking so hard at him.

"I'll tell you what," whispered that gentleman to Mr. Brownlow; "he won't come up to you to-morrow morning. I saw him hesitate. He is deceiving you, my dear friend."

"I'll swear he is not," replied Mr. Brownlow, warmly.

"If he is not," said Mr. Grimwig, "I'll ——" and down went the stick.

"I'll answer for that boy's truth with my life," said Mr. Brownlow, knocking the table.

"And I for his falsehood with my head," rejoined Mr. Grimwig, knocking the table also.

"We shall see," said Mr. Brownlow, checking his rising passion.

"We will," replied Mr. Grimwig, with a provoking smile; "we will."

As fate would have it, Mrs. Bedwin chanced to bring in at this moment a small parcel of books which Mr. Brownlow had that morning purchased of the identical bookstall-keeper who has already figured in this history; which having laid on the table, she prepared to leave the room.

"Stop the boy, Mrs. Bedwin," said Mr. Brownlow; "there is something to go back."

"He has gone, sir," replied Mrs. Bedwin.

"Call after him," said Mr. Brownlow; it's particular. He's a poor man, and they are not paid for. There are some books to be taken back, too."

The street-door was opened. Oliver ran one way, and the girl another, and Mrs. Bedwin stood on the step and screamed for the boy; but there was no boy in sight, and both Oliver and the girl returned in a breathless state to report that there were no tidings of him.

"Dear me, I am very sorry for that," exclaimed Mr. Brownlow;

"I particularly wished those books to be returned to-night."

"Send Oliver with them," said Mr. Grimwig, with an ironical smile; "he will be sure to deliver them safely, you know."

"Yes; do let me take them, if you please, sir," said Oliver;

"I'll run all the way, sir."

The old gentleman was just going to say that Oliver should not go out on any account, when a most malicious cough from Mr. Grimwig determined him that he should, and by his prompt discharge of the commission prove to him the injustice of his suspicions, on this head at least, at once.

"You *shall* go, my dear," said the old gentleman. "The books are on a chair by my table. Fetch them down."

Oliver, delighted to be of use, brought down the books under his arm in a great bustle, and waited, cap in hand, to hear what message he was to take.

"You are to say," said Mr. Brownlow, glancing steadily at Grimwig,—“you are to say that you have brought those books back, and that you have come to pay the four pound ten I owe him. This is a five-pound note, so you will have to bring me back ten shillings change.”

"I won't be ten minutes, sir," replied Oliver, eagerly; and, having buttoned up the bank-note in his jacket pocket, and placed the books carefully under his arm, he made a respectful bow, and left the room. Mrs. Bedwin followed him to the street-door, giving him many directions about the nearest way, and the name of the bookseller, and the name of the street, all of which Oliver said he clearly understood; and, having super-added many injunctions to be sure and not take cold, the careful old lady at length permitted him to depart.

"Bless his sweet face!" said the old lady, looking after him. "I can't bear, somehow, to let him go out of my sight."

At this moment Oliver looked gaily round, and nodded before he turned the corner. The old lady smilingly returned his salutation, and, closing the door, went back to her own room.

"Let me see; he'll be back in twenty minutes, at the longest," said Mr. Brownlow, pulling out his watch, and placing it on the table. "It will be dark by that time."

"Oh! you really expect him to come back, do you?" inquired Mr. Grimwig.

"Don't you?" asked Mr. Brownlow, smiling.

The spirit of contradiction was strong in Mr. Grimwig's breast at the moment, and it was rendered stronger by his friend's confident smile.

"No," he said, smiting the table with his fist, "I do not. The boy has got a new suit of clothes on his back, a set of valuable books under his arm, and a five-pound note in his pocket; he'll join his old friends the thieves, and laugh at you. If ever that boy returns to this house, sir, I'll eat my head."

With these words he drew his chair closer to the table, and there the two friends sat in silent expectation, with the watch between them. It is worthy of remark, as illustrating the importance we attach to our own judgments, and the pride with which we put forth our most rash and hasty conclusions, that, although Mr. Grimwig was not a bad-hearted man, and would have been unfeignedly sorry to see his respected friend duped

and deceived, he really did most earnestly and strongly hope at that moment that Oliver Twist might not come back. Of such contradictions is human nature made up!

It grew so dark that the figures on the dial were scarcely discernible; but there the two old gentlemen continued to sit in silence, with the watch between them.

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

SHewing HOW VERY FOND OF OLIVER TWIST, THE MERRY OLD JEW AND MISS NANCY WERE.

IF it did not come strictly within the scope and bearing of my long-considered intentions and plans regarding this prose epic (for such I mean it to be,) to leave the two old gentlemen sitting with the watch between them long after it grew too dark to see it, and both doubting Oliver's return, the one in triumph, and the other in sorrow, I might take occasion to entertain the reader with many wise reflections on the obvious impolicy of ever attempting to do good to our fellow-creatures where there is no hope of earthly reward; or rather on the strict policy of betraying some slight degree of charity or sympathy in one particularly unpromising case, and then abandoning such weaknesses for ever. I am aware that, in advising even this slight dereliction from the paths of prudence and worldliness, I lay myself open to the censure of many excellent and respectable persons, who have long walked therein; but I venture to contend, nevertheless, that the advantages of the proceeding are manifold and lasting. As thus: if the object selected should happen most unexpectedly to turn out well, and to thrive and amend upon the assistance you have afforded him, he will, in pure gratitude and fulness of heart, laud your goodness to the skies; your character will be thus established, and you will pass through the world as a most estimable person, who does a vast deal of good in secret, not one-twentieth part of which will ever see the light. If, on the contrary, his bad character become notorious, and his profligacy a by-word, you place yourself in the excellent position of having attempted to bestow relief most disinterestedly; of having become misanthropical in consequence of the treachery of its object; and of having made a rash and solemn vow, (which no one regrets more than yourself,) never to help or relieve any man, woman, or child again, lest you should be similarly deceived. I know a great number of persons in both situations at this moment, and I can safely assert that they are the most generally respected and esteemed of any in the whole circle of my acquaintance.

But, as Mr. Brownlow was not one of these; as he obstinately persevered in doing good for its own sake, and the gratification of heart it yielded him; as no failure dispirited him, and no ingratitude in individual cases tempted him to wreak his vengeance on the whole human race, I shall not enter into any such digression in this place: and, if this be not a sufficient reason for

this determination, I have a better, and, indeed, a wholly unanswerable one, already stated; which is, that it forms no part of my original intention so to do.

In the obscure parlour of a low public-house, situate in the filthiest part of Little Saffron-Hill,—a dark and gloomy den, where a flaring gas-light burnt all day in the winter-time, and where no ray of sun ever shone in the summer,—there sat, brooding over a little pewter measure and a small glass, strongly impregnated with the smell of liquor, a man in a velveteen coat, drab shorts, half-boots, and stockings, whom, even by that dim light, no experienced agent of police would have hesitated for one instant to recognise as Mr. William Sikes. At his feet sat a white-coated, red-eyed dog, who occupied himself alternately in winking at his master with both eyes at the same time, and in licking a large, fresh cut on one side of his mouth, which appeared to be the result of some recent conflict.

"Keep quiet, you warmint! keep quiet!" said Mr. Sikes, suddenly breaking silence. Whether his meditations were so intense as to be disturbed by the dog's winking, or whether his feelings were so wrought upon by his reflections that they required all the relief derivable from kicking an unoffending animal to allay them, is matter for argument and consideration. Whatever was the cause, the effect was a kick and a curse bestowed upon the dog simultaneously.

Dogs are not generally apt to revenge injuries inflicted upon them by their masters; but Mr. Sikes's dog, having faults of temper in common with his owner, and labouring perhaps, at this moment, under a powerful sense of injury, made no more ado but at once fixed his teeth in one of the half-boots, and, having given it a good hearty shake, retired, growling, under a form: thereby just escaping the pewter measure which Mr. Sikes levelled at his head.

"You would, would you?" said Sikes, seizing the poker in one hand, and deliberately opening with the other a large clasp-knife, which he drew from his pocket. "Come here, you born devil! Come here! D'ye hear?"

The dog no doubt heard, because Mr. Sikes spoke in the very harshest key of a very harsh voice; but, appearing to entertain some unaccountable objection to having his throat cut, he remained where he was, and growled more fiercely than before, at the same time grasping the end of the poker between his teeth, and biting at it like a wild beast.

This resistance only infuriated Mr. Sikes the more; so, dropping upon his knees, he began to assail the animal most furiously. The dog jumped from right to left, and from left to right, snapping, growling, and barking; the man thrust and swore, and struck and blasphemed; and the struggle was reaching a most critical point for one or other, when, the door suddenly opening, the dog darted out, leaving Bill Sikes with the poker and the clasp-knife in his hands.

"There must always be two parties to a quarrel, says the old adage; and Mr. Sikes, being disappointed of the dog's presence, at once transferred the quarrel to the new-comer.

"What the devil do you come in between me and my dog for?" said Sikes with a fierce gesture.

"I didn't know, my dear, I didn't know," replied Fagin humbly—for the Jew was the new-comer.

"Didn't know, you white-livered thief!" growled Sikes. "Couldn't you hear the noise?"

"Not a sound of it, as I'm a living man, Bill," replied the Jew.

"Oh no, you hear nothing, you don't," retorted Sikes with a fierce sneer, "sneaking in and out, so as nobody hears how you come or go. I wish you had been the dog, Fagin, half a minute ago."

"Why?" inquired the Jew with a forced smile.

"'Cause the government, as cares for the lives of such men as you, as haven't half the pluck of curs, lets a man kill his dog how he likes," replied Sikes, shutting the knife up with a very expressive look; "that's why."

The Jew rubbed his hands, and, sitting down at the table, affected to laugh at the pleasantry of his friend,—obviously very ill at his ease, however.

"Grin away," said Sikes, replacing the poker, and surveying him with savage contempt; "grin away. You'll never have the laugh at me, though, unless it's behind a nightcap. I've got the upper hand over you, Fagin; and, d— me, I'll keep it. There. If I go, you go; so take care of me."

"Well, well, my dear," said the Jew, "I know all that; we—we—have a mutual interest, Bill,—a mutual interest."

"Humph!" said Sikes, as if he thought the interest lay rather more on the Jew's side than on his. "Well, what have you got to say to me?"

"It's all passed safe through the melting-pot," replied Fagin, "and this is your share. It's rather more than it ought to be, my dear; but as I know you'll do me a good turn another time, and——"

"Stow that gammon," interposed the robber impatiently. "Where is it? Hand over!"

"Yes, yes, Bill; give me time, give me time," replied the Jew soothingly. "Here it is—all safe." As he spoke, he drew forth an old cotton handkerchief from his breast, and, untying a large knot in one corner, produced a small brown-paper packet, which Sikes snatching from him, hastily opened, and proceeded to count the sovereigns it contained.

"This is all, is it?" inquired Sikes.

"All," replied the Jew.

"You haven't opened the parcel and swallowed one or two as you come along, have you?" inquired Sikes suspiciously.

"Don't put on a injured look at the question; you've done it many a time. Jerk the tinkler."

These words, in plain English, conveyed an injunction to ring the bell. It was answered by another Jew, younger than Fagin, but nearly as vile and repulsive in appearance.

Bill Sikes merely pointed to the empty measure, and the Jew, perfectly understanding the hint, retired to fill it, previously exchanging a remarkable look with Fagin, who raised his eyes for an instant as if in expectation of it, and shook his head in reply so slightly that the action would have been almost imperceptible to a third person. It was lost upon Sikes, who was stooping at the moment to tie the boot-lace which the dog had torn. Possibly if he had observed the brief interchange of signals, he might have thought that it boded no good to him.

"Is anybody here, Barney?" inquired Fagin, speaking—now that Sikes was looking on—without raising his eyes from the ground.

"Dot a shoul," replied Barney, whose words, whether they came from the heart or not, made their way through the nose.

"Nobody?" inquired Fagin in a tone of surprise, which perhaps might mean that Barney was at liberty to tell the truth.

"Dobody but Biss Dadsy," replied Barney.

"Miss Nancy!" exclaimed Sikes. "Where? Strike me blind, if I don't honor that 'ere girl for her native talents."

"She's bid havid a plate of boiled beef id the bar," replied Barney.

"Send her here," said Sikes, pouring out a glass of liquor; "send her here."

Barney looked timidly at Fagin, as if for permission; the Jew remaining silent, and not lifting his eyes from the ground, he retired, and presently returned ushering in Miss Nancy, who was decorated with the bonnet, apron, basket, and street-door key complete.

"You are on the scent, are you, Nancy?" inquired Sikes, proffering the glass.

"Yes, I am, Bill," replied the young lady, disposing of its contents; "and tired enough of it I am, too. The young brat's been ill and confined to the crib; and——"

"Ah, Nancy, dear!" said Fagin, looking up.

Now, whether a peculiar contraction of the Jew's red eyebrows, and a half-closing of his deeply-set eyes, warned Miss Nancy that she was disposed to be too communicative, is not a matter of much importance. The fact is all we need care for here; and the fact is, that she suddenly checked herself, and, with several gracious smiles upon Mr. Sikes, turned the conversation to other matters. In about ten minutes' time, Mr. Fagin was seized with a fit of coughing, upon which Miss Nancy pulled her shawl over her shoulders, and declared it was time to go. Mr. Sikes, finding that he was walking a short part of her way himself, expressed his intention of accompanying her: and

they went away together, followed at a little distance by the dog, who slunk out of a back-yard as soon as his master was out of sight.

The Jew thrust his head out of the room door when Sikes had left it, looked after him as he walked up the dark passage, shook his clenched fist, muttered a deep curse, and then with a horrible grin reseated himself at the table, where he was soon deeply absorbed in the interesting pages of the *Hue and Cry*.

Meanwhile Oliver Twist, little dreaming that he was within so very short a distance of the merry old gentleman, was on his way to the bookstall. When he got into Clerkenwell he accidentally turned down a by-street which was not exactly in his way; but not discovering his mistake till he had got halfway down it, and knowing it must lead in the right direction, he did not think it worth while to turn back, and so marched on as quickly as he could, with the books under his arm.

He was walking along, thinking how happy and contented he ought to feel, and how much he would give for only one look at poor little Dick, who, starved and beaten, might be lying dead at that very moment, when he was startled by a young woman screaming out very loud, "Oh, my dear brother!" and he had hardly looked up to see what the matter was, when he was stopped by having a pair of arms thrown tight round his neck.

"Don't!" cried Oliver struggling. "Let go of me. Who is it? What are you stopping me for?"

The only reply to this, was a great number of loud lamentations from the young woman who had embraced him, and who had got a little basket and a street-door key in her hand.

"Oh my gracious!" said the young woman, "I've found him! Oh, Oliver! Oliver! Oh, you naughty boy, to make me suffer such distress on your account! Come home, dear, come. Oh, I've found him. Thank gracious goodness heavins, I've found him!" With these incoherent exclamations the young woman burst into another fit of crying, and got so dreadfully hysterical, that a couple of women who came up at the moment asked a butcher's boy, with a shiny head of hair anointed with suet, who was also looking on, whether he didn't think he had better run for the doctor. To which the butcher's boy, who appeared of a lounging, not to say indolent disposition, replied that he thought not.

"Oh, no, no, never mind," said the young woman, grasping Oliver's hand; "I'm better now. Come home directly, you cruel boy, come."

"What's the matter, ma'am?" inquired one of the women.

"Oh, ma'am," replied the young woman, "he ran away near a month ago from his parents, who are hard-working and respectable people, and joined a set of thieves and bad characters, and almost broke his mother's heart."

"Young wretch!" said one woman.

"Go home, do, you little brute," said the other.

"I'm not," replied Oliver, greatly alarmed. "I don't know her. I haven't got any sister, or father and mother either. I'm an orphan; I live at Pentonville."

"Oh, only hear him, how he braves it out!" cried the young woman.

"Why, it's Nancy!" exclaimed Oliver, who now saw her face for the first time, and started back in irrepressible astonishment.

"You see he knows me," cried Nancy, appealing to the bystanders. "He can't help himself. Make him come home, there's good people, or he'll kill his dear mother and father, and break my heart!"

"What the devil's this?" said a man, bursting out of a beer-shop, with a white dog at his heels; "young Oliver! Come home to your poor mother, you young dog! come home directly."

"I don't belong to them. I don't know them. Help! help!" cried Oliver, struggling in the man's powerful grasp.

"Help!" repeated the man. "Yes; I'll help you, you young rascal! What books are these? You've been a stealing 'em, have you? Give 'em here!" With these words the man tore the volumes from his grasp, and struck him violently on the head.

"That's right!" cried a looker-on, from a garret window. "That's the only way of bringing him to his senses!"

"To be sure," cried a sleepy-faced carpenter, casting an approving look at the garret-window.

"It'll do him good!" said the two women.

"And he shall have it, too!" rejoined the man, administering another blow, and seizing Oliver by the collar. "Come on, you young villain! Here, Bull's-eye, mind him, boy! mind him!"

Weak with recent illness, stupified by the blows and the suddenness of the attack, terrified by the fierce growling of the dog and the brutality of the man, and overpowered by the conviction of the bystanders that he was really the hardened little wretch he was described to be, what could one poor child do? Darkness had set in; it was a low neighbourhood; no help was near; resistance was useless. In another moment he was dragged into a labyrinth of dark, narrow courts, and forced along them at a pace which rendered the few cries he dared to give utterance to, wholly unintelligible. It was of little moment, indeed, whether they were intelligible or not, for there was nobody to care for them had they been ever so plain.

* * * * *

The gas-lamps were lighted; Mrs. Bedwin was waiting anxiously at the open door; the servant had run up the street twenty times, to see if there were any traces of Oliver; and still the two old gentlemen sat perseveringly in the dark parlour, with the watch between them.

THE POISONERS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

BY GEORGE HOGARTH.

THERE are few things in the history of mankind more extraordinary than the frightful extent to which the crime of secret poisoning was carried; in several countries of Europe, during a large portion of the seventeenth century. It appears to have taken its rise in Italy, where it prevailed to a degree that is almost incredible. The instrument chiefly used in its perpetration was a liquid called *aqua tofana*, from the name of Tofania, its inventor, a woman who has acquired an infamous celebrity. According to the account of Hoffmann, the famous physician, this woman confessed that she had used this liquid in poisoning above six hundred persons; and Gmelin says that more people were destroyed by it than by the plague, which had raged for some time before it came into use. This crime also prevailed, though for a shorter time and to a smaller extent, in France; and was far from being unknown in England. We intend to give our readers such information as we have collected on this curious subject; and though the most regular way might be to begin with the Signora Tofania herself, and the diffusion of her practices in her own country, we prefer giving at present the history of the most eminent of her followers, the Marchioness de Brinvillier, whose atrocities created so much excitement in France in the time of Louis the Fourteenth, as we shall thus be enabled at once to place the matter in its most striking light. We have consulted, we believe, most of the French works in which there are any particulars respecting this lady; and our readers may take the following as a faithful account of her life.

Marie-Marguerite d'Aubray was the daughter of M. d'Aubray, a gentleman who held a considerable judicial office in Paris. In 1651 she married the Marquis de Brinvillier. The match was a suitable one, both in respect to station and property. The marquis had estates of thirty thousand livres a-year; and his wife, who had two brothers and a sister, brought him a fortune of two hundred thousand livres, with the prospect of a considerable share of her father's inheritance. The marchioness enjoyed the gifts of nature as well as of fortune. Her figure was not remarkably handsome, but her face was round and pretty, with a serene and quiet expression; and she had an air of innocence, simplicity, and good-nature which gained the confidence of everybody who had any intercourse with her.

The Marquis de Brinvillier was colonel of a regiment of foot. While on service, he had contracted an intimacy with a gentleman of the name of St. Croix, a captain of cavalry. There was some mystery about this man's birth. It was known that he was from Montauban. Some thought him an illegitimate scion of a noble house; others said he belonged to a respectable family; but all agreed that he was totally destitute of the gifts of fortune.

The part which this personage acted in the occurrences of which we are about to give a sketch, makes it worth while to repeat the description of him contained in some of the memoirs of the time. His

countenance was handsome and intelligent; he was remarkably courteous and obliging, and entered into any benevolent or pious proposal with the same alacrity with which he agreed to commit a crime. He was vindictive, susceptible of love, and jealous to madness. His extravagance was unbounded, and, being unsupported by any regular income, led him into every sort of wickedness. Some years before his death, he assumed an appearance of devotion, and it is said even wrote some tracts on religious subjects.

The Marquis de Brinvillier was much addicted to pleasure. St. Croix got into his good graces, and was introduced into his house. At first he was only the husband's friend, but presently he became the wife's lover; and their attachment became mutual. The dissipation of the marquis's life prevented him from observing his wife's conduct, so that the pair carried on a guilty commerce without any suspicion on his part. His affairs became so disordered, that his wife succeeded, on this ground, in obtaining a separation, and after this paid no respect to decency or concealment in her connexion with her paramour. Scandalous, however, as her conduct was, it made no impression on the mind of the marquis, whose apathy induced the marchioness's father, M. d'Aubray, to use his paternal authority. He obtained a *lettre de cachet* against St. Croix, who was arrested one day when he was in a carriage with the marchioness, and carried to the Bastille, where he remained for a year.

Absence, far from abating the marchioness's passion, only inflamed it; and the constraint to which she found it necessary to subject herself in order to prevent a second separation, inflamed it still more. She conducted herself, however, with such apparent propriety, that she regained her father's favour, and even his confidence. St. Croix availed himself of the power which love had given him over his mistress to root out every good principle or feeling from her mind. Under his horrid lessons she became a monster, whose atrocities, we hope and believe, have hardly ever been paralleled. He resolved to take a dreadful revenge on the family of D'Aubray, and at the same time to get his whole property into the possession of the marchioness, that they might spend it together in guilty pleasures.

While St. Croix was in the Bastille, he had formed an acquaintance with an Italian of the name of Exili, to whom he communicated his views. Exili excited him to vengeance, and taught him the way to obtain it with impunity. Poisoning may be called, *par excellence*, an Italian art. With many fine qualities, vindictiveness and subtlety must be acknowledged to be strong features in the character of that people; and hence their early superiority in this art of taking the most deadly, and at the same time the safest, revenge on their enemies. It appears, accordingly, (as we have already said,) that it was from the Italians that the poisoners of other countries derived their skill. They acquired the art of composing poisons so disguised in their appearance and subtle in their effects, that they baffled the penetration and art of the physicians of that age. Some were slow, and consumed the vitals of the victim by almost imperceptible degrees; others were sudden and violent in their action; but few of them left any traces of their real nature, for the symptoms they produced were generally so equivocal, that they might be ascribed to many ordinary diseases. St. Croix greedily devoured the instruc-

tions of his fellow-prisoner, and left the Bastile prepared to exercise his infernal art.

His first object of vengeance was M. d'Aubray himself; and he soon found means to persuade the daughter to become the agent in the destruction of her father. The old gentleman had a house in the country, where he used to spend his vacations. All his fondness for his daughter, whom he now believed to have been "more sinned against than sinning," had returned; and she, on her part, behaved to him with an appearance of affectionate duty. She anxiously attended to his every comfort; and, as his health had suffered from the fatigues of his office, she employed herself in superintending the preparation of nice and nourishing broths, which she gave him herself with every appearance of tender care. It is needless to say that these aliments contained some articles of Italian cookery; and the wretch, as she sat by his bed-side, witnessing his sufferings and listening to his groans, shed abundance of crocodile tears, while she eagerly administered to him remedies calculated to insure the accomplishment of her object. But neither the agonies of the poor old man, nor his touching expressions of love and gratitude to the fiend at his side, could turn her for a moment from her fell purpose. He was carried back to Paris, where in a few days he sunk under the effects of the poison.

No suspicion was entertained of the cause of his death; the idea of such a crime could not even have entered into the imagination of any one. No external symptoms appeared, and the expedient of opening the body was never thought of. The friends of the family were desirous only of pitying and comforting them; and the inconsolable daughter, who had tended her father with such filial piety, had the largest share of sympathy. She returned as soon as possible to the arms of her paramour, and made up for the restraint imposed on her during her father's life by spending the money she had inherited by his death in undisguised profligacy.

It afterwards appeared that this abandoned woman had made sure of the efficacy of her drugs by a variety of experiments, not only upon animals, but on human beings. She was in the habit of distributing to the poor poisoned biscuits, prepared by herself, the effect of which she found means to learn without committing herself. But this was not enough: she desired to be an eye-witness of the progress and symptoms of the effects produced by the poison; and for this purpose made the experiment on Françoise Roussel, her maid, to whom she gave, by way of treat, a plate of gooseberries and a slice of ham. The poor girl was very ill, but recovered; and this was a lesson to St. Croix to make his doses stronger.

Madame de Sevigné, in one of her letters, written at a time when the public attention was engrossed by this strange affair, says, "La Brinvillier used to poison pigeon-pies, which caused the death of many people whom she had no intention of destroying. The Chevalier du Guet was at one of these pretty dinners, and died of it two or three years ago. When in prison, she asked if he was dead, and was told he was not. 'His life must be very tough, then,' said she. M. de la Rochefoucauld declares that this is perfectly true."

M. d'Aubray's inheritance was not so beneficial to his infamous daughter as she had expected. The best part of his property went

to his son, M. d'Aubray, who succeeded to his father's office, and another brother a counsellor. It was necessary, therefore, to put them out of the way also; and this task St. Croix, thinking his accomplice had done enough for his purposes, took upon himself.

He had a villain at his devotion of the name of La Chaussée. This man had been in his service, and he knew him to be a fit agent in any atrocity. The marchioness got La Chaussée a place as servant to the counsellor, who lived with his brother the magistrate, taking great care to conceal from them that he had ever been in the service of St. Croix. La Chaussée's employers promised him a hundred pistoles and an annuity for life if he succeeded in causing the death of the magistrate, who was their first object of attack. His anxiety to do his business promptly made him fail in his first attempt. He gave the magistrate a glass of poisoned wine and water; but the dose was too strong: and no sooner had the magistrate put his lips to the glass, than he cried, "Ah, you scoundrel, what is this you have given me?—do you want to poison me?" He showed the liquid to his secretary, who, having examined it in a spoon, said it was bitter, and had a smell of vitriol. La Chaussée did not lose countenance, but, without any appearance of confusion, took the glass and poured out the liquor, saying that the younger M. d'Aubray's valet had taken some medicine in this glass, which had produced the bitter taste. He got off with a reprimand for his carelessness, and the matter was no more thought of.

This narrow escape from a discovery did not deter the murderers from prosecuting their design; but they took more effectual measures for its success, not caring though they should sacrifice by the same blow a number of people with whom they had no concern.

In the beginning of April 1670, the magistrate went to pass the Easter holidays at his house in the country. His brother the counsellor was of the party, and was attended by La Chaussée. One day at dinner there was a gibletpie. Seven persons who eat of it became very ill, while those who had not partaken of it suffered no uneasiness. The two brothers were among the former, and had violent fits of vomiting. They returned to Paris a few days afterwards, having the appearance of persons who had undergone a long and violent illness.

St. Croix availed himself of this state of things to make sure of the fruit of his crimes. He obtained from the marchioness two promissory deeds, one for thirty thousand livres in his own name, and another for twenty-five thousand livres in the name of Martin, one of his familiars. The sum at first sight appears a small one, amounting only to about two thousand three hundred pounds sterling; but the immense difference in the value of money since the seventeenth century must be taken into account. Such, however, at all events, was the price paid by this demon for the death of her two brothers.

Meanwhile the elder D'Aubray became worse and worse; he could take no sustenance, and vomited incessantly. The three last days of his life he felt a fire in his stomach, which seemed to be consuming its very substance. At length he expired on the 17th of June 1670. On being opened, his stomach and *duodenum* were black, and falling to pieces, as if they had been put on a large fire; and the liver was burnt up and gangrened. It was evident that he

had been poisoned: but on whom could suspicion fall?—there was no clue whatever to guide it. The marchioness had gone to the country. St. Croix wrote her that the magistrate was dead, and that, from his brother's situation, he must soon follow. It so turned out. The unfortunate counsellor died, after having lingered three months in excruciating torments; and he was so far from suspecting La Chaussée of any hand in his death, that he left him a legacy of three hundred livres, which was paid.

These three murders were still insufficient. There was yet a sister who kept from the marchioness the half of the successions which she wished to gain by the death of her father and brothers. The sister's life was repeatedly attempted in the same way; but the shocking occurrences in her family had made her suspicious, and her precautions preserved her.

The poor Marquis de Brinvillier was intended by his fury of a wife for her next victim. "Madame de Brinvillier," says Madame de Sevigné in another of her letters, "wanted to marry St. Croix, and for that purpose poisoned her husband repeatedly. But St. Croix, who had no desire to have a wife as wicked as himself, gave the poor man antidotes; so that, having been tossed backward and forward in this way, sometimes poisoned, and sometimes unpoisoned, (*désempoisonné*), he has, after all, got off with his life."

Though everybody was convinced that the father and his two sons had been poisoned, yet nothing but very vague suspicions were entertained as to the perpetrators of the crime. Nobody thought of St. Croix as having had anything to do with it. He had for a long time ceased, to all appearance, to have any connexion with Madame de Brinvillier; and La Chaussée, the immediate agent, had played his part so well, that he was never suspected.

At last the horrible mystery was discovered. St. Croix continued to practise the art which had been so useful to him; and, as the poisons he made were so subtle as to be fatal even by respiration, he used to intercept their exhalations while compounding them by a glass mask over his face. One day the mask by accident dropped off, and he fell dead on the spot; "a death," says the French writer who mentions this occurrence, "much too good for a monster who had inflicted it by long and agonizing pangs on so many valuable citizens."* Having no relations that were known, his repositories

* This incident has suggested to Sir Walter Scott the catastrophe of the diabolical Alasco, in *Kenilworth*:

"The old woman assured Varney that Alasco had scarce eaten or drunk since her master's departure, living perpetually shut up in the laboratory, and talking as if the world's continuance depended on what he was doing there.

"I will teach him that the world hath other claims on him," said Varney, seizing a light and going in search of the alchemist. He returned, after a considerable absence, very pale, but yet with his habitual sneer on his cheek and nostril. 'Our friend,' he said, 'has exhaled.'

"How! what mean you?" said Foster; 'run away—fled with my forty pounds, that should have been multiplied a thousand fold? I will have Hue and Cry!'

"I will tell thee a surer way," said Varney.

"How! which way?" exclaimed Foster. 'I will have back my forty pounds—I deemed them as surely a thousand pounds multiplied—I will have back my in-put at the least.'

"Go

were sealed up by the public authorities. When they were opened and examined, the first thing which was found was a casket, in which was a paper in the following terms :

"I earnestly request those into whose hands this casket may fall, to deliver it into the hands of Madame la Marquise de Brinvillier, residing in the Rue Neuve St. Paul, seeing that all that it contains concerns and belongs to her only, and that it can be of no use to any person in the world except herself; and, in case of her being dead before me, to burn it, and all that it contains, without opening or meddling with anything. And should any one contravene these my intentions on this subject, which are just and reasonable, I lay the consequences on their head, both in this world and the next; protesting that this is my last will. Done at Paris this 25th May, afternoon, 1672. (Signed) De Sainte Croix."

The casket contained a number of parcels carefully sealed up, and some phials containing liquids. The parcels were found to contain a variety of drugs, which, having been submitted to the examination of physicians, were found to be most subtle and deadly poisons. This was ascertained by many experiments made upon pigeons, dogs, cats, and other animals, all which were detailed in a formal report made on the subject. It is stated in that report that no traces of the action of the poison, either external or internal, appeared on the bodies of the animals which had perished by it, and that it was impossible to detect its existence by any chemical tests. It would appear, therefore, that St. Croix had by his studies greatly increased in skill since the deaths of the D'Aubray family. The poisons administered to them were of a comparatively coarse and ordinary kind; they burnt up the stomach and bowels, produced horrid torment, and left unequivocal marks of their operation when any suspicion caused these marks to be sought for. But, with the skill subsequently acquired, this hateful pair might have destroyed thousands of their fellow-creatures with absolute impunity. It is impossible to suppose that St. Croix could have been constantly engaged, for a long series of years, in the composition of these secret instruments of death without making use of them; and there is no saying to what extent his work of destruction may have been carried.

The same casket contained ample evidence of the marchioness's share in these transactions. There were a number of letters from her to St. Croix, and the deed of promise which she had executed in his favour for thirty thousand livres.

When the marchioness heard that St. Croix was dead, and that his repositories had been sealed up, she showed the utmost anxiety to get possession of the casket. At ten o'clock at night she came to the house of the commissary who had affixed and taken off the seals, and

"Go hang thyself, then, and sue Alasco in the devil's court of Chancery, for thither he has carried the cause."

"How!—what dost thou mean?—is he dead?"

"Ay, truly is he," said Varney, "and properly swollen already in the face and body. He had been mixing some of his devil's medicines, and the glass mask, which he used constantly, had fallen from his face, so that the subtle poison entered the brain and did its work."

"Sancta Maria!" said Foster; "I mean, God in his mercy preserve us from covetousness and deadly sin!"

desired to speak with him. Being told by his clerk that he was asleep, she said she had come to inquire about a casket which belonged to her, and which she wished to get back, and would return next day. When she came back, she was told that the casket could not be given up to her. Thinking it high time, therefore, to take care of herself, she went off during the following night, and took refuge in Liege; leaving, however, a power to an attorney to appear for her and contest the validity of the promise she had given to St. Croix. La Chaussée, too, had the impudence to put in a claim to certain sums of money, which, as he pretended, belonged to him, and which were deposited, in places which he mentioned, in St. Croix's study. This proved that La Chaussée was acquainted with the localities of a place into which it was to be presumed that St. Croix admitted none but his confidants and confederates; and La Chaussée was arrested on suspicion, which was greatly strengthened by the confusion he betrayed when informed of the discoveries made at the removal of the

A judicial inquiry was now set on foot, and many witnesses examined. Among others, Anne Huet, an apothecary's daughter, who was a sort of servant of the marchioness, deposed, that one day, when the marchioness was intoxicated, she had the imprudence to show the witness a little box which she took out of a casket, and which, she said, contained the means of getting rid of her enemies, and acquiring good inheritances. Mademoiselle Huet saw that the box contained sublimate of mercury in powder and in paste. Afterwards, when the fumes of the wine had evaporated, the witness told the marchioness what she had said. "Oh," she said, "I was talking nonsense;" but at the same time she earnestly begged her not to repeat what she had heard. The marchioness (this witness added) was in the habit, when anything chagrined her, to say she would poison herself. She said there were many ways of getting rid of people when they stood in one's way,—a bowl of broth was as good as a pistol-bullet. The girl added, that she had often seen La Chaussée with Madame de Brinvillier, who chatted familiarly with him; and that she had heard the marchioness say, "He is a good lad, and has been very serviceable to me." Mademoiselle Villeray, another witness, declared that she had seen La Chaussée on a very familiar footing with Madame de Brinvillier; that she had seen them alone together since the death of the magistrate; that, two days after the death of the counsellor, she made La Chaussée hide himself behind the bed-curtains when the magistrate's secretary came to see her. La Chaussée himself, on his examination, admitted this fact. Other persons related that La Chaussée, when he was asked how his master was during his illness, used to say, "Oh, he lingers on, the ——!" adding a coarse epithet; "he gives us a deal of trouble. I wonder when he will kick the bucket."

On the 4th of March 1673, the court of La Tournelle pronounced a sentence, whereby La Chaussée was convicted of having poisoned the magistrate and the counsellor, and condemned to be broke alive upon the wheel, after having been put to the question ordinary and extraordinary, to discover his accomplices; and the Marchioness de Brinvillier was condemned, by default, to be beheaded. Under the torture, La Chaussée confessed his crimes, and gave a full account of

all the transactions we have related, in so far as he was connected with them. He was executed in the Place de Grève, according to his sentence.

Desgrais, an officer of the Marechaussée, was sent to Liege to arrest the marchioness. He was provided with an escort, and a letter from the king to the municipality of that city, requesting that the criminal might be delivered up. Desgrais was permitted to arrest her and carry her to France.

She had retired to a convent, a sanctuary in which Desgrais durst not attempt to seize her; he therefore had recourse to stratagem. Disguising himself in an ecclesiastical habit, he paid her a visit, pretending that, being a Frenchman, he could not think of passing through Liege without seeing a lady so celebrated for her beauty and misfortunes. He even went so far as to play the gallant, and his amorous advances were as well received as he could desire. He persuaded the lady to take a walk with him; but they had no sooner got into the fields than the lover transformed himself into a police-officer. He arrested the lady, and put her into the hands of his followers, whom he had placed in ambush near the spot; and then, having obtained an order from the authorities to that effect, he made a search in her apartment. Under her bed he found a casket, which she vehemently insisted on having returned to her, but without effect. She then tried to bribe one of the officer's men, who pretended to listen to her, and betrayed her. During her retreat she had carried on an intrigue with a person of the name of Theria. To him she wrote a letter, (which she intrusted to her confidant,) beseeching him to come with all haste and rescue her from the hands of Desgrais. In a second letter she told him that the escort consisted only of eight persons, who could easily be beaten by five. In a third, she wrote to "her dear Theria," that if he could not deliver her by open force, he might at least kill two out of the four horses of the carriage in which she was, and thus, at least, get possession of the casket, and throw it into the fire; otherwise she was lost. Though Theria, of course, received none of his *chère amie's* letters, yet he went of his own accord to Maestricht, through which she was to pass, and tried to corrupt the officers by an offer of a thousand pistoles, if they would let her escape; but they were immovable. All her resources being thus exhausted, she attempted to kill herself by swallowing a pin; but it was taken from her by one of her guards.

Among the proofs against her, that which alarmed her the most was a written confession containing a narrative of her life, kept by her in the casket which she made such desperate efforts to recover. No wonder she was now horrified at what she had thus committed to paper. In the first article she declared herself an incendiary, confessing that she had set fire to a house. Madame Sevigné, speaking of this paper, says, "Madame de Brinvillier tells us, in her confession, that she was debauched at seven years old, and has led an abandoned life ever since; that she poisoned her father, her brothers, and one of her children; nay, that she poisoned herself, to try the effect of an antidote. Medea herself did not do so much. She has acknowledged this confession to be of her writing,—a great blunder; but she says she was in a high fever when she wrote it,—that it is mere frenzy,—a piece of extravagance which no one can read seriously." In a sub-

sequent letter, Madame de Sevigné adds, "Nothing is talked of but the sayings and doings of Madame de Brinvillier. She says, in her confession that she has murdered her father;—she was afraid, no doubt, that she might forget to accuse herself of it. The peccadilloes which she is afraid of forgetting are admirable!"

The proceedings of her trial are fully reported in the *Causés Célèbres*. She found an able advocate in the person of M. Nivelles, whose pleading in her behalf is exceedingly learned and ingenious. He laboured hard, to get rid of the confession; maintaining that this paper was of the same nature as a confession made under the seal of secrecy to a priest; and cited a number of precedents to show that circumstances thus brought to light cannot be used in a criminal prosecution. Her confused, evasive, and contradictory answers to the questions put to her on her interrogatory by the court,—a very objectionable step, by the way, of French criminal procedure,—were considered as filling up the measure of evidence against her; though, in this case, it was sufficiently ample without the aid either of her confession or examinations before the judges. The *corpus delicti* (in the language of the law) was certain. The deaths of her two brothers by poison were proved by the evidence of several medical persons; and the testimony of other witnesses established the commission of these crimes by St. Croix and her, through the instrumentality of La Chaussée.

At length, by a sentence of the supreme criminal court of Paris, on the 16th of July 1676, Madame de Brinvillier was convicted of the murder of her father and her two brothers, and of having attempted the life of her sister, and condemned to make the *amende honorable* before the door of the principal church of Paris, whither she was to be drawn in a hurdle, with her feet bare, a rope about her neck, and carrying a burning torch in her hands; from thence to be taken to the Place de Grève, her head severed from her body on a scaffold, her body burnt, and her ashes thrown to the wind; after having been, in the first place, put to the question ordinary and extraordinary, to discover her accomplices.

Though she had denied her crimes as long as she had any hope of escape, she confessed everything after condemnation. During the latter days of her life, she was the sole object of public curiosity. An immense multitude assembled to see her execution, and every window on her way to the Place de Grève was crowded with spectators. Lebrun, the celebrated painter, placed himself in a convenient situation for observing her, in order, probably, to make a study for his "Passions." Among the spectators were many ladies of distinction, to some of whom, who had got very near her, she said, looking them firmly in the face, and with a sarcastic smile, "A very pretty sight you are come to see!"

Madame de Sevigné gives an account of this execution the day it took place, in a tone of levity which is not a little offensive, and unbecoming a lady of her unquestionable elegance and refinement. "Well!" she says, "it is all over, and La Brinvillier is in the air. Her poor little body was thrown into a large fire, and her ashes scattered to the winds; so that we breathe her, and there is no saying but this communication of particles may produce among us some poisoning propensities which may surprise us. She was condemned yes-

terday. This morning her sentence was read to her, and she was shown the rack; but she said there was no occasion for it, for she would tell everything. Accordingly she continued till four o'clock giving a history of her life, which is even more frightful than people supposed. She poisoned her father ten times successively before she could accomplish her object; then her brothers; and her revelations were full of love affairs and pieces of scandal. She asked to speak with the procureur-général, and was an hour with him; but the subject of their conversation is not known. At six o'clock she was taken in her shift, and with a rope round her neck, to Nôtre Dame, to make the *amende honorable*. She was then replaced in the hurdle, in which I saw her drawn backwards, with a confessor on one side and the hangman on the other. It really made me shudder. Those who saw the execution say she ascended the scaffold with a great deal of courage. Never was such a crowd seen, nor such excitement and curiosity in Paris." In another letter the fair writer says, "A word more about La Brinvillier. She died as she lived, that is boldly. When she went into the place where she was to undergo the question, and saw three buckets of water, 'They surely are going to drown me,' she said; 'for they can't imagine that I am going to drink all this.' She heard her sentence with great composure. When the reading was nearly finished, she desired it to be repeated, saying, 'The hurdle struck me at first, and prevented my attending to the rest.' On her way to execution she asked her confessor to get the executioner placed before her, 'that I may not see that scoundrel Desgrais,' she said, 'who caught me.' Her confessor reproved her for this sentiment, and she said, 'Ah, my God! I beg your pardon. Let me continue, then, to enjoy this agreeable sight.' She ascended the scaffold alone and barefooted, and was nearly a quarter of an hour in being trimmed and adjusted for the block by the executioner; a piece of great cruelty which was loudly murmured against. Next day persons were seeking for her bones, for there was a belief among the people that she was a saint. She had two confessors, she said; one of whom enjoined her to tell everything, and the other said it was not necessary. She laughed at this difference of opinion, and said, 'Very well, I am at liberty to do as I please.' She did not please to say anything about her accomplices. Penautier will come out whiter than snow. The public is by no means satisfied."

This Penautier was a man of wealth and station, holding the office of treasurer of the province of Languedoc and of the clergy. He was discovered to have been intimately connected with St. Croix and Madame de Brinvillier, and strongly suspected of having been a participator in their crimes. He was accused by the widow of M. de Saint Laurent, receiver-general of the clergy, of having employed St. Croix to poison her husband, in order to obtain his place, and of having accomplished this object by means of a valet whom St. Croix had got into her husband's service. Penautier was put in prison; but Madame de Sevigné says that the investigation was stifled by the influence of powerful protectors, among whom were the Archbishop of Paris and the celebrated Colbert. In one of her letters she says, "Penautier is fortunate; never was a man so well protected. He will get out of this business, but without being justified in the eyes of the world. Extraordinary things have transpired in the course of this

investigation; but they cannot be mentioned." He was released, resumed the exercise of his offices, and lived in his former splendour. The first people had no objection to enjoy his luxurious table; but his character with the public was irrecoverably gone. Cardinal de Bonzy, who had to pay some annuities with which his archbishopric of Narbonne was burdened, survived all the annuitants, and said that, thanks to his star! he had buried them. Madame de Sevigné, seeing him one day in his carriage with Penautier, said to a friend, "There goes the Archbishop of Narbonne with *his star*!"

The Marquis of Brinvillier is never mentioned in the course of the proceedings in this extraordinary case, and there are no traces of his subsequent life. Madame de Sevigné says that he petitioned for the life of his *chère moitié*. Wretched as he must have been, he is the less entitled to sympathy because his own dissolute character contributed to bring his misfortunes upon himself. He probably spent his latter days in the deepest retirement, hiding himself from the world, as the bearer of a name indissolubly associated with crime and infamy.

(*This paper will be followed, in our next number, by another on the same subject.*)

SERENADE TO FRANCESCA.

"Quei trasporti soavi
Ch'io provai nell'amore nascente!"

I.

UNDER your casement, lady dear!
A voice, that has slumber'd for many a year,
Is waking to know if the same heart-vow
That bound us erewhile doth bind us now.
Waken! my early—only love!
And be to my bosom its still sweet dove!

II.

Under your casement, lady bright!
The bird that you charm'd with your beauty's light
Is singing again to his one loved flower,
As often he sang in a happier hour!
Waken! my early—only love!
And be to my bosom its gentle dove!

III.

Under your casement, lady fair!
The heart that you often have vow'd to share
Is beating to know if it still remain,
A prisoner of heaven, in your dear chain!
Waken! my early—only love!
And be to my bosom its first sweet dove!

THE NARRATIVE OF JOHN WARD GIBSON.

CHAPTER I.

As I do not intend that any human being shall read this narrative until after my decease, I feel no desire to suppress or to falsify any occurrence or event of my life, which I may at the moment deem of sufficient importance to communicate. I am aware how common a feeling, even amongst those who have committed the most atrocious crimes, this dread of entailing obloquy upon their memories is; but I cannot say that I participate in it. Perhaps I wish to offer some atonement to society for my many and grievous misdeeds; and, it may be, the disclosures I am about to make will be considered an insufficient expiation. I cannot help this, now. There is One from whom no secrets are hid, by whom I am already judged.

I regret that I did not execute this wretched task long ago. Should I live to complete it, I shall hold out longer than I expect; for I was never ready at my pen, and words sometimes will not come at my bidding. Besides, so many years have elapsed since the chief events I am about to relate took place, that even *they* no longer come before me with that distinctness which they did formerly. They do not torture me now, as of old times. The caustic has almost burnt them out of my soul. I will, however, give a plain, and, as nearly as I am able, a faithful statement. I will offer no palliation of my offences, which I do not from my soul believe should be extended to me.

I was born on the 23rd of October 1787. My father was a watch-case maker, and resided in a street in the parish of Clerkenwell. I went a few months ago to look at the house, but it was taken down; indeed, the neighbourhood had undergone an entire change. I, too, was somewhat altered since then. I wondered at the time which of the two was the more so.

My earliest recollection recalls two rooms on a second floor, meanly furnished; my father, a tall, dark man, with a harsh unpleasing voice; and my mother, the same gentle, quiet being whom I afterwards knew her.

My father was a man who could, and sometimes did, earn what people in his station of life call a great deal of money; and yet he was constantly in debt, and frequently without the means of subsistence. The cause of this, I need hardly say, was his addiction to drinking. Naturally of a violent and brutal temper, intoxication inflamed his evil passions to a pitch—not of madness, for he had not that excuse—but of frenzy. It is well known that gentleness and forbearance do not allay, but stimulate a nature like this; and scenes of violence and unmanly outrage are almost the sole reminiscences of my childhood. Perhaps, the circumstance of my having been a sufferer in one of these ebullitions, served to impress them more strongly upon my mind.

One evening I had been permitted to sit up to supper. My father had recently made promises of amendment, and had given an earnest

of his intention by keeping tolerably sober during three entire days; and upon this festive occasion,—for it was the anniversary of my mother's marriage,—he had engaged to come home the instant he quitted his work. He returned, however, about one o'clock in the morning, and in his accustomed state. The very preparations for his comfort, which he saw upon the table, served as fuel to his savage and intractable passions. It was in vain that my mother endeavoured to soothe and to pacify him. He seized a stool on which I was accustomed to sit, and levelled a blow at her. She either evaded it, or the aim was not rightly directed, for the stool descended upon my head, and fractured my skull.

The doctor said it was a miracle that I recovered; and indeed it was many months before I did so. The unfeeling repulse I experienced from my father when, on the first occasion of my leaving my bed, I tottered towards him, I can never forget. It is impossible to describe the mingled terror and hatred which entered my bosom at that moment, and which never departed from it. It may appear incredible to some that a child so young could conceive so intense a loathing against its own parent. It is true, nevertheless; and, as I grew, it strengthened.

I will not dwell upon this wretched period of my life; for even to me, at this moment, and after all that I have done and suffered, the memory of that time is wretchedness.

One night, about two years afterwards, my father was brought home on a shutter by two watchmen. He had fallen into the New River on his return from a public-house in the vicinity of Sadler's Wells Theatre, and was dragged out just in time to preserve for the present a worthless and degraded life. A violent cold supervened, which settled upon his lungs; and, in about a month, the doctor informed my mother that her husband was in a rapid decline. The six months that ensued were miserable enough. My mother was out all day, toiling for the means of subsistence for a man who was not only ungrateful for her attentions, but who repelled them with the coarsest abuse.

I was glad when he died, nor am I ashamed to avow it; and I almost felt contempt for my mother when the poor creature threw herself upon the body in a paroxysm of grief, calling it by those endearing names which indicated a love he had neither requited nor deserved. Had I been so blest as to have met with one to love me as that woman loved my father, I had been a different, and a better, and, perhaps, a good man!

"Will you not kiss your poor father, John, and see him for the last time?" said my mother on the morning of the funeral, as she took me by the hand.

No; I would not. I was no hypocrite then. It is true I was terrified at the sight of death, but that was not the cause. The manner in which he had repulsed me nearly three years before, had never for a moment departed from my mind. There was not a day on which I did not brood upon it. I have often since recalled it, and with bitterness. I remember it now.

My mother had but one relation in the world,—an uncle, possessed of considerable property, who resided near Luton, in Bedfordshire. She applied to him for some small assistance to enable her to pay the

funeral expenses of her husband. Mr. Adams—for that was her uncle's name—sent her two guineas, accompanied by a request that she would never apply to, or trouble him again. There was, however, one person who stepped forward in this extremity,—Mr. Ward, a tradesman, with whom my mother had formerly lived as a servant, but who had now retired from business. He offered my mother an asylum in his house. She was to be his housekeeper; and he promised to take care of, and one day to provide for, me. It was not long before we were comfortably settled in a small private house in Cop-pice-row, where, for the first time in my life, I was permitted to ascertain that existence was not altogether made up of sorrow.

The old gentleman even conceived a strong liking, it may be called an affection, for me. He had stood godfather to me at my birth; and I believe, had I been his own son, he could not have treated me with more tenderness. He sent me to school, and was delighted at the progress I made, or appeared to make, which he protested was scarcely less than wonderful; a notion which the tutor was, of course, not slow to encourage and confirm. He predicted that I should inevitably make a bright man, and become a worthy member of society; the highest distinction, in the old gentleman's opinion, at which any human being could arrive. Alas! woe to the child of whom favourable predictions are hazarded! There never yet, I think, was an instance in which they were not falsified.

We had been residing with Mr. Ward about three years; when a slight incident occurred which has impressed itself so strongly upon my memory that I cannot forbear relating it. Mr. Ward had sent me with a message into the City, where, in consequence of the person being from home, I was detained several hours. When I returned, it appeared that Mr. Ward had gone out shortly after me, and had not mentioned the circumstance of his having despatched me into the City. I found my mother in a state of violent agitation. She inquired where I had been, and I told her.

"I can hardly believe you, John," she said; "are you sure you are telling me the truth?"

I was silent. She repeated the question. I would not answer; and she bestowed upon me a sound beating.

I bore my punishment with dogged sullenness, and retired into the back kitchen; in a corner of which I sat down, and, with my head between my hands, began to brood over the treatment I had received. Gradually there crept into my heart the same feeling I remembered to have conceived against my father,—a feeling of bitter malignity revived by a fresh object. I endeavoured to quell it, to subdue it, but I could not. I recalled all my mother's former kindness to me, her present affection for me; and I reminded myself that this was the first time she had ever raised her hand against me. This thought only nourished the feeling, till the aching of my brain caused it to subside into moody stupefaction.

I became calmer in about an hour, and arose, and went into the front kitchen. My mother was seated at the window, employed at her needle; and, as she raised her eyes, I perceived they were red with weeping. I walked slowly towards her, and stood by her side.

"Mother!" I said, in a low and tremulous voice.

"Well, John; I hope you are a good boy now?"

"Mother!" I repeated, "you don't know how you have hurt me."

"I am sorry I struck you so hard, child; I did not mean to do it;" and she averted her head.

"Not that—not that!" I cried passionately, beating my bosom with my clenched hands. "It's here, mother—here. I told you the truth, and you would not believe me."

"Mr. Ward has returned now," said my mother; "I will go ask him;" and she arose.

I caught her by the gown. "Oh, mother!" I said, "this is the second time you would not believe me. You shall not go to Mr. Ward yet!" and I drew her into the seat. "Say first that you are sorry for it—only a word. Oh, do say it!"

As I looked up, I saw the tears gathering in her eyes. I fell upon my knees, and hid my face in her lap. "No, no; don't say anything now to me—don't—don't!" A spasm rose from my chest into my throat, and I fell senseless at her feet.

My mother afterwards told me that it was the day of the year on which my father died, and she feared from my lengthened stay that I had come to harm. Dear, good woman! Oh! that I might hope to see her once more, even though it were but for one moment,—for we shall not meet in heaven!

It was a cruel blow that deprived us of our kind protector! Mr. Ward died suddenly, and without a will; and my mother and I were left entirely unprovided with means. The old gentleman had often declared his intention of leaving my mother enough to render her comfortable during the remainder of her days, and had expressed his determination of setting me on in the world immediately I became of a proper age. It could hardly be expected that the heir-at-law would have fulfilled these intentions, even had he been cognisant of them. He was a low attorney, living somewhere in the neighbourhood of Drury-lane; and when he attended the funeral, and during the hour or two he remained in the house after it, it was quite clear that he had no wish to retain anything that belonged to his late relative except his property, and his valuable and available effects. He however paid my mother a month's wages in advance, presented me a dollar to commence the world with, shook hands with us, and wished us well.

It was not long before my mother obtained a situation as servant in a small respectable family in King-street, Holborn; and, as I was now nearly eleven years of age, it was deemed by her friends high time that I should begin to get my own living. Such small influence, therefore, as my mother could command, was set on foot in my behalf; and I at length got a place as errand-boy to a picture-dealer in Wardour-street, Oxford-street. The duties required of me in this situation, if not of a valuable description, were, at least, various. I went with messages, I attended sales, I kept the shop, I cleaned the knives and shoes, and, indeed, performed all those services which it is the province of boys to render, some of which are often created because there happens to be boys to do them.

This routine was, for a time, irksome. When I recalled the happy days I had spent under the roof of Mr. Ward, and the hopes and expectations he had excited within me of a more prosperous commencement of life,—hopes which his death had so suddenly destroyed,—it

is not surprising that I should have felt a degree of discontent of my condition, for which I had no other cause. As I sat by the kitchen fire of an evening when my day's work was done, I often pictured to myself the old man lying where we had left him in the churchyard, mouldering insensibly away, unconscious of rain, or wind, or sunshine, or the coming of night, or the approach of day, wrapped in a shroud which would outlast its wearer, and silently waiting for oblivion. These thoughts became less frequent as time wore on; but I have never been able to dissociate the idea of death from these hideous conditions of mortality.

My master, Mr. Bromley, when I first entered his service, was a man of about the middle age, and of rather grave and formal manners. He had not a bad heart; but I have since discovered that what appeared to my boyish fancy a hard and cold selfishness was but the exterior of those narrow prejudices which too many of that class, if not of all classes, indulge, or rather inherit. He felt that a distance ought to be preserved between himself and his servant; and what he thought he ought to do, he always did; so that I had been with him a considerable period before he even addressed a word to me which business did not constrain him to utter.

He had a daughter, a girl about eighteen years of age. What a human being was Louisa Bromley! She was no beauty; but she had a face whose sweetness was never surpassed. I saw something like it afterwards in the faces of some of Raffaele's angels. The broad and serene forehead, the widely-parted eyebrow, the inexplicable mouth, the soul that pervaded the whole countenance! I can never forget that face; and, when I call it back to memory now, I admire it the more because, to use the modern jargon, there was no *intellect* in it. There was no thought, no meditation or premeditation; but there was nature, and it was good-nature.

Her gentleness and kindness soon won upon me. To be kind to me was at all times the way to win me, and the only way. I cannot express the happiness I felt at receiving and obeying any command from her. A smile, or the common courtesy of thanks from her lips, repaid me a hundred-fold for the performance of the most menial office.

I had now been with Mr. Bromley about four years. I employed my leisure, of which I had a great deal, in reading. All the books I could contrive to borrow, or that fell in my way, I devoured greedily. Nor did I confine myself exclusively to one branch of reading,—I cannot call it study. But my chief delight was to peruse the lives of the great masters of painting, to make myself acquainted with the history and the comparative merits of their several performances, and to endeavour to ascertain how many and what specimens existed in this country. I had, also, a natural taste for painting, and sometimes surprised my master by the remarks I ventured to make upon productions he might happen to purchase, or which had been consigned to him for sale. —

Meanwhile, I was permitted to go out in the afternoon of each alternate Sunday. Upon these occasions I invariably went to see my mother. How well can I remember the gloomy underground kitchen in which I always found her, with her Bible before her on a small round table! With what pleased attention did she listen to me when

I descanted on the one subject upon which I constantly dwelt,—the determination I felt, as soon as I had saved money enough, and could see a little more clearly into my future prospects, to take her from service, that she might come and live with me! This was, in truth, the one absorbing thought—it might almost be termed the one passion—of my existence at that time. I had no other hope, no other feeling, than that of making her latter years a compensation for the misery she must have endured during my father's life.

One Sunday when I called, as usual, an old woman answered the door. She speedily satisfied my inquiries after my mother. She had been very ill for some days, and was compelled to keep her bed. My heart sank within me. I had seen her frequently in former years disfigured by her husband's brutality; I had seen her in pain, in anguish, which she strove to conceal; but I had never known her to be confined to her room. When I saw her now, young as I was, and unaccustomed to the sight of disease, I involuntarily shrunk back with horror. She was asleep. I watched her for a few minutes, and then stole softly from the room, and returned to my master's house.

He was gone to church with his daughter. I followed thither, and waited under the portico till they came forth. I quickly singled them out from the concourse issuing from the church-doors. I drew my master aside, and besought him to spare me for a few days, that I might go and attend my mother, who was very ill.

"Is she dying?" he inquired.

I started. "No, not dying. Oh, no!"

"Well, John, I can't spare you: we are very busy now, you know."

And what was that to me? It is only on occasions like these, that the value of one's services is recognised. I thought of this at the time. I turned, in perplexity, to Louisa Bromley. She understood the silent appeal, and interceded for me. I loved her for that; I could have fallen down at her feet, and kissed them for it. She prevailed upon the old man to let me go.

The people of the house at which my mother was a servant were kind, and even friendly. They permitted me to remain with her.

I never left her side for more than half an hour at a time. She grew worse rapidly, but I would not believe it. My mother, however, was fully aware of her situation. She told me frequently, with a smile, which I could not bear to see upon her face, it was so unlike joy, but it was to comfort me,—she told me that she knew she was about to die, and she endeavoured to impress upon me those simple maxims of conduct for my future life which she had herself derived from her parents. She must not die—must not; and I heard with impatience, and heedlessly, the advice she endeavoured to bestow upon me.

She died. The old nurse told me she was dead. It could not be,—she was asleep. My mother had told me not an hour before, that she felt much better, and wanted a little sleep; and at that moment her hand was clasped in mine. The lady of the house took me gently by the arm, and, leading me into an adjoining room, began to talk to me in a strain, I suppose, usually adopted upon such occasions,—for I knew not what she said to me.

In about two hours I was permitted to see my mother again.

There was a change—a frightful change! The nurse, I remember, said something about her looking like one asleep. I burst into a loud laugh. Asleep! that blank, passive, impenetrable face like sleep—petrified sleep! I enjoined them to leave me, and they let me have my own way; for, boy as I was, they were frightened at me.

I took my mother's hand, and wrung it violently. I implored her to speak to me once more, to repeat that she still loved me, to tell me that she forgave all my faults, all my omissions, all my sins towards her. And then I knew she *was* dead, and fell down upon my knees to pray; but I could not. Something told me that I ought not—something whispered that I ought rather to —; but I was struck senseless upon the floor.

The mistress of my mother, who was a good and worthy woman, offered to pay her funeral expenses; but I would not permit it. Not a farthing would I receive from her; out of my own savings I buried her.

If I could have wept—but I never could weep—when this calamity befell me, I think that impious thought would never have entered my brain. That thought was, that the Almighty was unjust to deprive me of the only being in the world who loved me, who understood me, who knew that I had a heart, and that, when it was hurt and outraged, my head was not safe—not to be trusted. That thought remained with me for years.

CHAPTER II.

FIVE years elapsed. The grief occasioned by my mother's death having in some measure subsided, my thoughts became concentrated upon myself with an intensity scarcely to be conceived. A new passion took possession of my soul: I would distinguish myself, if possible, and present to the world another instance of friendless poverty overcoming and defying the obstacles and impediments to its career. With this view constantly before me, I read even more diligently than heretofore. I made myself a proficient in the principles of mathematics; I acquired some knowledge of mechanical science; but, above all, I took every opportunity of improving my taste in the fine arts. This last accomplishment was soon of infinite service to me; many gentlemen who frequented our shop were pleased to take much notice of me; my master was frequently rallied upon having a servant who knew infinitely more of his business than himself; and my opinion on one or two remarkable occasions was taken in preference to that of my employer.

Mr. Bromley naturally and excusably might have conceived no slight envy of my acquirements; but he was not envious. Shall I be far wrong when I venture to say, that few men are so, where pecuniary interest points out the impolicy of their encouraging that feeling? Be this as it may, he treated me with great kindness; and I was grateful for it, really and strongly so. I had been long since absolved from the performance of those menial duties which had been required of me when I first entered his service; my wages were increased to an extent which justified me in calling them by the more respectable term, salary; I was permitted to live out of the house;

and in all respects the apparent difference and distance between my master and myself were sensibly diminished.

During this period of five years I never received one unkind word or look from Louisa Bromley: and the affection I bore towards this young woman, which was the affection a brother might have felt, caused me to strive by every means at my command to advance the fortunes of her father. And, indeed, the old man had become so attached to me,—partly, and I doubt not unconsciously, because my talents were of value to him,—that I should not have had the heart, even had my inclinations prompted me, to desert him. It is certain that I might have improved my own position by doing so.

At this time Frederick Steiner became acquainted with Mr. Bromley. He was a young man about thirty years of age, of German descent, and possessed of some property. The manners of Steiner were plausible, he was apparently candid, his address indicated frankness and entire absence of guile, and he was handsome; yet I never liked the man. It is commonly supposed that women are gifted with the power of detecting the worst points of the characters of men at the first glance. This gift is withheld when they first behold the man they are disposed to love. This, at any rate, was the case with Louisa Bromley.

Not to dwell upon this part of my narrative, in a few months Bromley's daughter was married to Steiner, who was taken into partnership.

I must confess I was deeply mortified at this. I myself had conceived hopes of one day becoming Bromley's partner; and my anxiety for the happiness of his daughter led me to doubt whether she had not made a choice which she might have occasion afterwards to deplore. However, things went on smoothly for a time. Steiner was civil, nay, even friendly to me; and the affection he evinced towards his little boy, who was born about a year after the marriage, displayed him in so amiable a light, that I almost began to like the man.

It was not very long, however, before Steiner and I came to understand each other more perfectly. He was possessed with an overweening conceit of his taste in pictures, and I on my part obstinately adhered to my own opinion, whenever I was called upon to pronounce one. This led to frequent differences, which commonly ended in a dispute, which Bromley was in most cases called upon to decide. The old man, doubtless, felt the awkwardness of his position; but, as his interest was inseparable from a right view of the question at issue, he commonly decided with me.

Upon these occasions Steiner vented his mortification in sneers at my youth, and ironical compliments to me upon my cleverness and extraordinary genius; for both of which requisites, as he was signally deficient in them, he especially hated me. I could have repaid his hatred with interest, for I kept it by me in my own bosom, and it accumulated daily.

I know not how it happened that the child wound itself round my heart, but it was so. It seemed as though there were a necessity that, in proportion as I detested Steiner, I must love his child. But the boy, from the earliest moment he could take notice of anything, or could recognise anybody, had attached himself to me; and I loved

him, perhaps for that cause, with a passionate fondness which I can scarcely imagine to be the feeling even of a parent towards his child.

If I were not slow by nature to detect the first indications of incipient estrangement, I think I should have perceived in less than two years after Steiner had been taken into partnership by Mr. Bromley, a growing reserve, an uneasy constraint in the manners of the latter, and a studied, an almost formal civility on the part of his daughter. I now think there must have been something of the kind, although it was not at the time apparent to me. I am certain, at all events, there was less cordiality, less friendship, in the deportment of Mrs. Steiner towards me : a circumstance which I remember to have considered the result of her altered situation. The terms of almost social equality, however, were no longer observed.

One Mr. Taylor, a very extensive picture-dealer, who lived in the Haymarket, made several overtures to me about this time. He had heard many gentlemen of acknowledged taste speak of me in the highest terms ; and, in truth, I was now pretty generally recognised throughout the trade as one of the best judges of pictures in London. I had more than one interview, of his own seeking, with this gentleman. He made me a most flattering and advantageous offer : he would have engaged my services for a certain number of years, and at the expiration of the period he would have bound himself to take me into partnership. I had received many similar offers before, although none that could be for a moment compared, on the score of emolument and stability, with this. I rejected those for the sake of Bromley : I rejected this for my own.

Shall I be weak enough to confess it ? The respect I bore the old man even now ; my affection for his daughter, my love for the child, went some part of the way towards a reason for declining Taylor's proposal ; but it did not go all the way. I hated Steiner so intensely, so mortally, and he supplied me daily with such additional cause of hatred, that I felt a species of excitement, of delight, in renewing from time to time my altercations with him : a delight which was considerably increased by the fact that he was quite incapable of competing with me in argument. There was another reason, which added a zest, if anything could do so, to the exquisite pleasure I derived from tormenting him,—the belief I entertained that Bromley and himself dared not part with me : they knew my value too well. Bromley, at least, I was well aware, was conscious enough of that.

I had been attending one day a sale of pictures, the property of a certain nobleman whose collection, thirty years ago, was the admiration of connoisseurs. Mr. — (I need not give his name, but he is still living,) had employed me to bid for several amongst the collection ; and had requested my opinion of a few, the merit of which, although strongly insisted upon, he was disposed to doubt. When I returned in the evening, I saw Steiner in the shop waiting for me, and—for hate is quick at these matters, quicker even than love—I knew that he meditated a quarrel. I was not mistaken. He looked rather pale, and his lip quivered slightly.

"And so," said he, "you have been holding several conversations with Mr. Taylor lately ; haven't you, Mr. Gibson ?"

"Who told you that I had been holding conversations with him ?"

"No matter: you have done so. Pray, may I ask the tenour of them?"

"Mr. Taylor wished to engage my services," I replied, "and I declined to leave Mr. Bromley."

"That's not very likely," said Steiner with a sneer.

Steiner was right there; it was not very likely. He might with justice consider me a fool for not having embraced the offer.

"I suppose," pursued Steiner in the same tone, "Mr. — would follow you to your new situation. You would select his pictures for him as usual, doubtless."

"Doubtless I should," said I with a cool smile that enraged him. "Mr. — would follow *me* certainly, and many others would follow *him*, Mr. Steiner."

"I'll tell you what it is," cried Steiner, and a flush overspread his face; "Taylor has been using you for his own purposes. You have been endeavouring to undermine our connexion, and have been serving him at the same time that you have taken our wages."

It was not a difficult matter at any time to move me to anger. I approached him, and with a glance of supreme scorn replied, "It is false!—nay, I don't fear you—it's a lie,—an infamous lie!"

Steiner was a very powerful man, and in the prime of manhood; I was young, and my limbs were not yet fixed,—not set. He struck me a violent blow on the face. I resisted as well as I was able; but what can weakness do against strength, even though it have justice on its side? He seized me by the cravat, and, forcing his knuckles against my throat, dealt me with the other hand a violent blow on the temple, and felled me to the earth. O that I had never risen from it! It had been better.

When I came to my senses, for the blow had for a while stunned me, I arose slowly, and with difficulty. Steiner was still standing over me in malignant triumph, and I could see in the expression of his eyes the gratified conviction he felt of having repaid the long score of ancient grudges in which he was indebted to me. His wife was clinging to his arm, and as I looked into her face I perceived terror in it, certainly; but there was no sympathy,—nay, that is not the word,—I could not have borne that; there was no sorrow, no interest, no concern about me. My heart sickened at this. Bromley was there also. He appeared slightly perplexed; and, misconceiving the meaning of my glance, said coldly, but hurriedly, "You brought it entirely upon yourself, Mr. Gibson."

I turned away, and walked to the other end of the shop for my hat. I had put it on, and was about leaving them. As I moved towards the door, I was nearly throwing down the little boy, who had followed me, and was now clinging to the skirt of my coat, uttering in imperfect accents my name. I looked down. The little thing wanted to come to me to kiss me. Sweet innocent! there was one yet in the world to love me. I would have taken the child in my arms; but Mrs. Steiner exclaimed abruptly, "Come away, Fred,—do; I insist upon it, sir." From that time, and for a long time, I hated the woman for it.

I retreated to my lodging, and slunk to my own room with a sense of abasement, of degradation, of infamy, I had never felt before. Mrs.

Matthews, the woman of the house, who had answered the door to me, and had perceived my agitation, followed me up stairs. She inquired the cause, and was greatly shocked at the frightful contusion upon my temple. I told her all, for my heart was nigh bursting, and would be relieved. She hastened down stairs for an embrocation, which the good woman had always by her, and, returning with it, began to bathe my forehead.

"Wouldn't I trounce the villain for it," she said, as she continued to apply the lotion.

"What did you say, Mrs. Matthews?" and I suddenly looked up.

"Why, that I'd have the rascal punished,—that's what I said. Hanging's too good for such a villain."

The kind creature—I was a favourite of hers—talked a great deal more to the same effect, and at last left me to procure a bottle of rum, which, much to her surprise, for I was no drinker, I requested her to fetch me.

How exquisite it was,—what a luxury to be left alone all to myself! Punished!—the woman had said truly,—he must be punished. They, too, must not escape. The ingratitude of the old man,—his insolence of ingratitude was almost as bad as the conduct of Steiner. After what I had done for him!—an old servant who had indeed served him!—who had refused a certainty, a respectable station in society, perhaps a fortune, for his sake! And he must escape,—he must go unpunished,—he must revel in the consciousness of the impunity of his insult? No. I swore that deeply; and, lest it should be possible that I could falter, or perhaps renounce my intention, I confirmed that oath with another, which I shudder to think of, and must not here set down.

I emptied the bottle of rum, but I was not drunk. When I went to bed I was as sober as I am at this moment. I did not go to bed to sleep. My senses were in a strange ferment. The roof of my head seemed to open and shut, and I fancied I could hear the seething of my brain below. I presently fell into a kind of stupor.

It was past midnight when I recovered from this swoon, and I started from the bed to my feet. Something had been whispering in my ear, and I listened for a moment in hideous expectation that the words—for I did hear words—would be repeated; but all was silent. I struck a light, and after a time became more composed. Even the furniture of the room was company to me. Before morning I had shaped my plan of revenge, and it was in accordance with the words that had been spoken to me. Oh, my God! what weak creatures we are! This fantasy possessed, pervaded me; it did not grow,—it did not increase from day to day,—it came, and it overcame me.

I returned the next morning to Bromley's house, and requested to see Steiner. I apologised to him for the words I had used on the previous day, and requested to be permitted to remain in my situation, if Mr. Bromley would consent to it, until I could turn myself round; and I hoped, in the mean time, that what had taken place would be overlooked and forgotten. Steiner received me with a kind of civil arrogance, and went to confer with his partner. They presently returned together, and my request, after an admonitory lecture, rather confusedly delivered, from Bromley, was acceded to;

Steiner warning me at the same time to conduct myself with more humility for the future, under pain of similar punishment.

I did do so, and for six months nothing could exceed the attention I paid to business, the zeal I evinced upon every occasion, the forbearance I exercised under every provocation. And I had need of forbearance. Bromley had been entirely perverted by his son-in-law; and the kind old man of former years was changed into a morose and almost brutal blackguard—to me,—only to me. Mrs. Steiner had likewise suffered the influence of her husband to undermine, and for the time to destroy her better feelings; and she treated me upon all occasions, not merely with marked coldness, but with positive insult. I need hardly say that Steiner enjoyed almost to satiety the advantage he had gained over me. Even the very servants of the house took the cue from their superiors, and looked upon me with contempt and disdain. The little boy alone, who had received express commands never to speak to me, sometimes found his way into the shop, and as he clung round my neck, and bestowed unasked kisses upon my cheek, my hatred of the rest swelled in my bosom almost to bursting.

The persecution I endured thus long was intense torment to me; the reader, whoever he may be, will probably think so. He will be mistaken. It was a source of inconceivable, of exquisite pleasure. It was a justification to me; it almost made the delay of my vengeance appear sinful.

It was now the 22nd of December 1808. I cannot refrain from recording the date. Steiner had been during the last six weeks at Antwerp, and was expected to return in a day or two. He had purchased at a sale in that city a great quantity of pictures, which had just arrived, and were now in the shop. They were severally of no great value, but the purchase had brought Bromley's account at the banker's to a very low ebb. Mrs. Steiner and the child were going to spend the Christmas holidays with some relatives residing at Canterbury. She passed through the shop silently and without even noticing me, and hurried the boy along lest he should wish—and he did make an effort to do so—to take his farewell of me. It was evening at the time, and Bromley was in his back parlour. I was busy in the shop that evening; it was business of my own, which I transacted secretly. Having completed it, I did what was rather unusual with me; I opened the door of the parlour, and bade Bromley good night.

All that evening I hovered about the neighbourhood. I had not resolution to go from it. Now that the time was come when I should be enabled, in all human probability, to fulfil, to glut my vengeance, my heart failed me. The feeling which had supported me during the last six months, which had been more necessary to my soul than daily sustenance to my body, had deserted me then, but that by a powerful effort I contrived to retain it. While I deplored having returned to Bromley's employment, and the abject apology I had made to Steiner, that very step and its consequences made it impossible for me to recede. It must be. It was my fate to do it, and it was theirs that it should be done.

What trivial incidents cling to the memory sometimes, when they are linked by association to greater events! I was, I remember standing at the door of a small chandler's shop in Dean-street, almost lost to myself, and to all that was passing about me.

The woman of the house tapped me on the shoulder.

"Will you be so good," she said, "as to move on; you are preventing my customers from entering the shop."

"My good woman," I said, "I hope there is no harm in my standing here?"

"Not much harm," replied the woman, good-humouredly. "I hope you have been doing nothing worse to-day?"

I started, and gazed at the woman earnestly. She smiled.

"Why, bless the man! you look quite flurried. I haven't offended you, I hope?"

"No, no!" I muttered hastily, and moved away. The agony I endured for the next hour I cannot describe.

I passed Bromley's house several times from the hour of nine till half-past. All was silent, all still. What if my design should not take effect! I almost hoped that it would not; and yet the boy who cleaned out the shop must inevitably discover it in the morning. I trembled at the contemplation of that, and my limbs were overspread with a clammy dew. It was too late to make a pretext of business in the shop at that time of night. Bromley was at home, and might, nay would, suspect me. I resolved to be on the premises the first thing in the morning, and retired in a state of mind to which no subsequent occurrence of my life was ever capable of reducing me.

It was about half-past eleven o'clock, or nearer to twelve, that the landlord of the Green Man, in Oxford-street, entered the parlour where I was sitting, gazing listlessly upon two men who were playing a game at dominos.

"There is a dreadful fire," said he, "somewhere on the other side of the street;—in Berwick or Wardour-street, I think."

I sprang to my feet, and rushed out of the house, and, turning into Hanway-yard, ran down Tottenham-court road, crossed the fields, (they are now built upon,) and never stopped till I reached Pancras Church.

As I leaned against the wall of the churchyard some men came along.

"Don't you see the fire, master?" said one, as they passed me.

Then, for the first time, I did see the fire, tingeing the clouds with a lurid and dusky red, and at intervals casting a shower of broken flame into the air, which expanded itself in wide-spreading scintillations.

God of Heaven! what had I done? Why was I here? I lived in the neighbourhood of Bromley's house, and they would be sending for me. The landlord, too, would afterwards remember having seen me in his parlour, and informing me of the fire in the neighbourhood, and I should be discovered. These thoughts were the duration of a moment, but they decided me. I ran back again in a frenzy of remorse and terror, and in a few minutes was in Wardour-street.

The tumult and confusion were at their height. The noise of the engines, the outcries of the firemen, the uproar of the crowd, faintly shadowed forth the tumult in my mind at that moment. I made my way through the dense mass in advance of me, and at length reached the house.

Bromley had just issued from it, and was wringing his hands, and stamping his naked feet upon the pavement. He recognised me, and seized me wildly by the arms.

"Oh! my good God! Gibson," said he, "my child!"

"What child—what child?" cried I, eagerly.

"Mine—mine! and the infant! they are in there!"

"They are gone out of town; don't you remember?" I thought the sudden fright had deprived him of his senses.

"No, no, no! they were too late! the coach was gone!"

With a loud scream I dashed the old man from me, and flew to the door, which was open. I made my way through the stifling smoke that seemed almost to block up the passage, and sprang up stairs. The bed-room door was locked. With a violent effort I wrenched off the lock, and rushed into the room.

All was darkness; but presently a huge tongue of flame swept through the doorway, and, running up the wall, expanded upon the ceiling; and then I saw a figure in white darting about the room with angular dodgings like a terrified bird in a cage.

"Where is the child?" I exclaimed, in a voice of frenzy.

Mrs. Steiner knew me, and ran towards me, clasping me with both arms. She shook her head wildly, and pointed she knew not where.

"Here, Gibson,—here," cried the child, who had recognised my voice.

I threw off my coat immediately, and, seizing the boy, wrapt him closely in it.

"This way, madam,—this way; at once, for Heaven's sake!" and I dragged her to the landing.

There was hell about me then! The flames, the smoke, the fire, the howlings; it was a living hell! But there was a shriek at that moment! Mrs. Steiner had left my side. Gracious Heavens! she had been precipitated below! A sickness came upon me then,—a sensation of being turned sharply round by some invisible power; and, with the child tightly clasped in my arms, I was thrown violently forward into the flames, that seemed howling and yearning to devour me.

MASCALBRUNI.

I HAVE frequently observed that there are some people who haunt you in all parts of the world, and to whom you have a sort of secret antipathy, yet who, by an attraction in spite of repulsion, are continually crossing your path, as though they were sent as emissaries to link themselves with your destiny, or on the watch mysteriously to bring it about. One person in particular, whose name I do not even know, if he has one, I have met fifty times in as many different places, and we each say to ourselves, "Tis he!—what, again!" So with a personage too well known at home and abroad, of whom, by a curious concatenation of circumstances, I am enabled to become the biographer.

Geronymo Mascalbruni was the son of a pauper belonging to a village whose name I forget, in the marshes of Ancona. He had begged his way when a boy to Rome, and supported himself for some time there, by attending at the doors of the courts of justice, and running on errands for the advocates or the suitors. His intelligence and adroitness did not escape the observation of one of the attorneys, who, wanting a lad of all work, took Mascalbruni into his service, and taught him to read and write; finding him useful in his office, and having no children of his own, he at length adopted him, *in formâ pauperis*, and gave him a small share in his business. This man of the law did not bear the most exemplary of characters, and perhaps it was in order to conceal some nefarious practices to which Mascalbruni was privy that he made the clerk his associate. Perhaps also he discovered in his character a hardihood, combined with cunning and chicanery, that made him a ready instrument for his purposes, and thus enabled him, like Teucer, to fight behind the shield of another. Under this worthy master—a worthy disciple—Mascalbruni continued for some years; till at length, tired of confinement to the desk, and having the taste early acquired for a roving and profligate life revived, he, during his old benefactor's confinement to his bed with a rheumatic attack, administered to him a dose of poison instead of medicine, and having robbed him of all the money and plate that was portable, and of certain *coupons*, and *bons* in the Neapolitan and other funds, standing in his name, he decamped, and reached Florence in safety.

Every one has heard of the laxity of the Roman police. The impunity of offenders, even when their crimes are established by incontestable proof, is notorious. The relations of the lawyer, contrary to all their expectations, (for he had never recognised them,) had come into their inheritance, and little regarded the means, having attained the end. They perhaps, also, from having had no admission into the house during the old miser's life, were ignorant of the strength of his coffers; and the disappearance of the murderer, who, by a will which they discovered and burnt, had been made his sole heir, was by them deemed too fortunate a circumstance; so that they neither inquired into the manner of his death, nor had any *post mortem* examination of the body. They gave their respectable relative a splendid funeral, erected to his memory a tomb in one of the rival churches that

front the Piazza del Popolo, in which his many virtues were not forgotten, and established an annual mass for his *povera anima*, that no doubt saved him

“From many a peck of purgatorial coals.”

Having quietly inurned the master, let us follow the man. The sum which he carried with him is not exactly known, but it must have been considerable. His stay in the Tuscan state was short, and we find him with his ill-gotten wealth in “that common sewer of London and of Rome,” Paris. He was then about twenty years of age, had a good person, talents, an insinuating address, and a sufficient knowledge of the world, at least of the worst part of mankind, to avoid sinking in that quagmire, which has swallowed up so many of the thoughtless and inexperienced who have trusted to its flattering surface. In fact, Nature seemed to have gifted him with the elements of an accomplished sharper, and he seconded her attributes by all the resources of art. He took an apartment in the Rue Neuve de Luxembourg, that street so admirably situated between the Boulevards and the Gardens of the Tuileries, and had engraven on his cards, “Il Marchese Mascalbruni.” He was attached to his name: it was a good, sonorous, well-sounding name; and the addition of Marchese dovetailed well, and seemed as though it had always, or ought always, to have belonged to it.

But before he made his *entrée* in the world of Paris, he was aware that he had much to learn; and, with the tact and nice sense of observation and *disinvoltura nel maneggiar* peculiar to his nature, he soon set about accomplishing himself in the externals of a gentleman. With this view he passed several hours a day in the *salle d'armes*, where he made himself a first-rate fencer; and became so dexterous *au tir*, that he could at the extremity of the gallery hit the bull's-eye of the target at almost every other shot.

Pushkin himself was not more dexterous; and, like him, our hero in the course of his career signalled himself by several rencontres which proved fatal to his antagonists, into the details of but one of which I shall enter. He heard that nothing gives a young man greater *éclat* at starting into society than a duel. Among those who frequented the *salle* was an old officer who had served in the campaigns of Napoleon, one of the *reliquiæ Danaum*, the few survivors of Moscow; for those who did not perish on the road, mostly fell victims to the congelations and fatigues of that memorable retreat. Mascalbruni, now a match for the *maître d'armes*, frequently exercised with this old *grognaard*, who had the character of being a *crane*, if not a *bourreau des cranes*;* and one day, before a numerous *galerie*, having struck the foil out of his hand, the fencer so far forgot himself, in the shame and vexation of defeat by a youngster, as to pick up the weapon and strike the Italian a blow on the shoulders with the flat part of the foil, if it be not an Irishism so to call it. Those who saw Mascalbruni at that moment would not have forgotten the traits of his countenance. His eyes flashed with a sombre fire; his Moorish complexion assumed a darker hue, as the blood rushed from his heart to his brain in an almost suffocating tide; his breath came forth in long and audible expirations; his features were convulsed

* Military terms for a professed duellist, and a duellist-killer.

with the rage of a demoniac. I only describe what Horace Verney, who was present, faithfully sketched from memory after the scene. Mascalbruni, tearing off the button of his foil, vociferated, putting himself in position, "*A la mort, à la mort!*" The lookers-on were panic-stricken; but the silence was interrupted by the clinking of the steel. The aggressor soon lay stretched in the agonies of death.

Though he had now taken his first degree, Mascalbruni's education was not yet complete. He had made himself master of French, so as to speak it almost without any of the accent of a foreigner; and having a magnificent voice, he added to it all the science that one of his own countrymen could supply, and became in the end a finished musician and vocalist.

Such was the course of his studies; and now, with all the *prestige* of his singular *affaire* to give him *éclat*, the Marchese Mascalbruni made his *début*. By way of recreation, he had frequently gone into the gambling-houses of the Palais Royal, and had been much struck with these words, almost obliterated, on the walls of one of them, "*Tutus veni, tutus abi.*" Mascalbruni was determined to profit by the advice, and to confirm its truth by one solitary exception—to come and depart in safety, or rather a winner.

Mascalbruni invented a theory of his own, that has since been practised by several of the *habitués* of the hells, particularly by a man denominated, in the *maisons de jeu*, L'Avocat. He won such enormous sums of the bank, that, on his return to his lodgings one night, he was assassinated, not without suspicion that he fell by the hands of some kind bravo of the company. *Chi lo sa?* But to revert to Mascalbruni.

Impares numeri are said to be fortunate: strange to say, the number three is the most so. Three was a mystic number. The triangle was sacred to the Hindoos and Egyptians. There were three Graces, three Furies, three Fates. He played a martingale of one, three, seven, fifteen, &c. on triple numbers, *i. e.* after three of a colour, either red or black, had come up, and not till then, he played, and opposed its going a fourth; thus rendering it necessary that there should be twelve or thirteen successive *coups* of four, *et sequentia*, without the intervention of a three. The gain, it is true, could not be great, for he began with a five-franc piece: but it seemed sure; and so he found it, making a daily profit of three or four louis in as many hours.

I have gone into this dry subject to show the character of the man, and his imperturbable *sang-froid*. He did not, however, confine himself to *rouge et noir*, but soon learned all the niceties of that scientific game *écarté*. In addition to *sauter le coup*, which he practised with an invisible dexterity, he used to file the ends of the fingers of his right hand, so that he could feel the court-cards, which, having a thicker coat of paint, are thus made easily sensible to the touch; and would extract from each pack one or two, the knowledge of whose non-existence was no slight advantage in discarding. He did not long wait for associates in his art. There was formed at that time a club in the Rue Richelieu on the principle of some of the English clubs, it being entirely managed by a committee. Of this he became a member, and afterwards got an introduction at the *salon*. Most of the English at Paris joined this

circle ; and it was broken up in consequence of the discovery of manœuvres and sleights of hand such as I have described, but not until Mascalbruni had contrived to bear away a more than equal share of the plunder. The English, of course, were the great sufferers.

He now turned his face towards the Channel, and opened the campaign in London on a much more extensive scale. He took up his quarters at Higginbottom's hotel in the same year that young Napoleon came to England, and only left it when it was given up to that lamented and accomplished prince. It is not generally known that he ever visited England. His sojourn in the capital was kept a profound secret. The master of the hotel and all his servants took an oath of secrecy ; and Prince Esterhazy and the members of the Austrian embassy were not likely to betray it. The prince passed a week with George the Fourth at the Cottage at Windsor, and afterwards assisted at a concert at the Hanover Square rooms, himself leading a concert on the piano. This by the bye. Mascalbruni on that occasion attracted all eyes, and fascinated all ears, and was greeted after a solo with the loudest plaudits. He had now become the fashion, and, having forged a letter from one of the Cardinals at Rome to a patroness of Almacks, obtained the *entrée*, and made one of the three hundred that compose the world of London. You know, however, in this world that there is another world—orb within orb—an *imperium in imperio*—the Exclusives. It is difficult to define what the qualifications for an exclusive are : it is not rank, connexion, talents, virtues, grace, elegance, accomplishments. No. But I shall not attempt to explain the inexplicable. Certain it is, however, that our hero was admitted into the *coteries* of this caste, as distinct—as much separated by a line of demarcation drawn round them from the rest—as the Rajhpoot is from the Raiot, who sprang, one from the head, the other from the heels of Brahma.

It was on the daughter of one of these extra-exclusives that Mascalbruni cast his eye. He flew at high game. The Honourable Miss M. was the belle of the season. I remember seeing her the year before at a fancy ball. A quadrille had been got up, for which were selected twelve of the most beautiful girls to represent the twelve Seasons. Louisa was May, and excelled the rest, (I do not speak of the present year,) as much as that season of flowers does the other months. It was an 'incarnation of May !'—a metaphor of Spring, and Youth, and Morning !—a rose-bud just opening its young leaves, that brings the swiftest thought of beauty, though words cannot embody it :—a sylph borne by a breath, a zephyr, as in the celebrated Hebe of John of Bologna, may make intelligible the lightness of her step,—the ethereal grace of her form. . She was a nymph of Canova, without her affectation. Hers was the poetry of motion,—

" It was the soul, which from so fair a frame

Look'd forth, and told us 'twas from heaven it came,"—

that would have been the despair of sculpture or poetry. I have never seen but one who might compare with her, and she was engulfed that same year in the waters of the inexorable Tiber,—Rosa Bathurst.*

* Singularly enough, when her body was discovered near the Ponte Rotto, she was untouched by the fish, as though they even ventured not to deface her celestial purity. . She looked like a marble form that slept.

Louisa M. was the only daughter of an Irish bishop. His see was one of the most valuable in the sister island; and some idea may be formed of his accumulated wealth, by the circumstance of his having received thirty thousand pounds in one year by fines on the renewal of leases. He had one son, then on a Continental tour with his tutor; but having no entailed estates, and his fortune consisting of ready money, Louisa was probably one of the *meilleures parties* in the three kingdoms.

There was at that time a mania for foreign alliances. The grand tour, which almost every family of distinction had taken, introduced a rage for Continental customs and manners, which had in some degree superseded our own.

A spring in Paris, and winter in Italy, left behind them regrets in the minds of old and young, but especially the latter, who longed to return to those scenes that had captivated their senses and seduced their young imaginations. No language was spoken at the opera but French or Italian,—no topics of conversation excited so much interest as those which had formed the charm of their residence abroad,—and the flûr daughters of England drew comparisons unfavourable to fox-hunting squires and insipid young nobles, when they thought of the accomplished and fascinating foreigners from whom, in the first dawn of life, when all their impressions were new and vivid, they had received such flattering homage.

The mother of Louisa, still young, had not been insensible to prepossessions; and had a *liaison* at Rome, where she was unaccompanied by her husband, the effects of which she had not altogether eradicated.

It is said that the road to the daughter's affections is through the heart of the mother. Certainly in Italy *cavalier-serventeism* generally has this termination; and, though it is not yet openly established in England, there are very many women in high life who have some secret adorer, some favourite friend, to keep alive the flame which too often lies smothered in the ashes of matrimony. I do not mean that this attachment is frequently carried to criminal lengths; nor am I ready to give much credence to the vain boastings of those foreigners who, when they return to their own country, amuse their idle hours, and idler friends, with a detailed account of their *bonnes fortunes* in London.

I shall not prostitute my narrative, had I the data for so doing, by tracing step by step the well-organised scheme by which Mascalbruni contrived to ingratiate himself with both the mother and the daughter. He was young, handsome, and accomplished; an inimitable dancer, a perfect musician. His dress, his stud, and cabriolet were in the best taste, and he passed for a man of large fortune.

It may be asked how he supported this establishment? By play. Play, in men whose means are ample, if considered a vice, is thought a very venial one. He got admission into several clubs,—Crockford's among the rest;—his games were *écarté* and whist; games at which he was without a match. Cool, cautious, and calculating, he lost with perfect nonchalance, and won with the greatest seeming indifference.

There was a French *vicomte*, with whom he seemed to have no particular acquaintance, but who was in reality his ally and confederate, and who had accompanied him to England expressly that they might play into each other's hands. He belonged to one of the oldest fami-

lies, and had one of those historical names that are a *passé par-tout*. I had seen him at the *soirées* of Paris, and he was in the habit at the *écarté* table, if he had come without money, which was not unfrequently the case, of claiming, when the division took place at the end of the game, two napoleons; pretending that at its commencement he had bet one on the winner. I need say no more.

He had signalised himself in several rencontres. I have him before me now, as he used to appear in the Tuileries' gardens, with his narrow hat, his thin face, and spare figure,—so spare, that sideways one might as well have fired at the edge of a knife. To this man Mascalbruni frequently pretended to have lost large sums, and it is now well known that they divided the profits of their gains during the season. No one certainly suspected either of unfair practices, though their uniform success might have opened the eyes of the blindest. The Marchioness of S.'s card-parties and those of Lady E. were a rich harvest, as well as the private routs and *soirées* to which they obtained easy admission. Lady M. was well aware that Mascalbruni had a *penchant* for play; but it seemed to occupy so little of his thoughts or intrench on his time, that it gave her no serious alarm.

I have not yet told you, however, as I ought to have done, that he was a favoured suitor.

The bishop, who, by nature of his office, was seldom in town, was a cypher in the family, and little thought of interfering with his lady in the choice of a son-in-law.

But the season now drew to a close, and Mascalbruni received an invitation to pass the summer at the episcopal palace in the Emerald Isle. He had succeeded in gaining the affections, the irrevocable affections of Louisa. Yes,—she loved him,

“Loved him with all the intenseness of first love!”

Time seemed to her to crawl with tortoise steps when he was absent,—but how seldom was that the case! They sang together those duets of Rossini that are steeped in passion. How well did his deep and mellow voice marry itself with her contralto! They rode together, not often in the parks, but through those shady and almost unfrequented lanes of which there are so many in the environs of the metropolis; they waltzed together; they danced the mazourka together,—that dance which is almost exclusively confined to foreigners, from the difficulty of its steps, and the grace required in its mazes.

They passed hours together alone,—they read together those scenes of Metastasio, so musical in words, so easily retained in the memory. But why do I dwell on these details? When I look on this picture and on that, I am almost forced to renounce the opinion that kindred spirits can alone love; for what sympathy of soul could exist between beings so dissimilar, so little made for each other? Poor Louisa!

Mascalbruni accompanied them to Ireland. That summer was a continual fête. It was settled that the wedding was to take place on their return to town the ensuing season.

In the mean time the intended marriage had been long announced in the *Morning Post*, and was declared in due form to the son at Naples. Louisa, who was her brother's constant correspondent, in the openness of her heart did not conceal from him that passion, no

longer, indeed, a secret. Her letters teemed with effusions of her admiration for the talents, the accomplishments, and the virtues, for such they seemed, of her intended—her *promesso sposo*, and the proud delight that a very few months would seal their union.

William, who had now had some experience of the Italians, and who had looked forward to his sister's marrying one of his college friends, an Irishman with large estates in their immediate neighbourhood, could not help expressing his disappointment, though it was urged with delicacy, at this foreign connexion. He wrote also to the bishop, and, after obtaining from him all the necessary particulars as to the Marchese Mascalbruni,—through what channel he became acquainted with them, by what letter got introduced to Lady —, lost no time in proceeding to Rome, though the mountains were then infested by brigands, and the Pontine marshes, for it was the month of September, breathed malaria.

Our consul was then at Cività Vecchia, but willingly consented to accompany Mr. M. to Rome, in order to aid in the investigation. He was intimate with Cardinal —, and they immediately proceeded to his palace. They found from him that he had never heard the name of Mascalbruni; that there was no *marchese* in the pontifical states so called; and he unhesitatingly declared the letter to be a forgery, and its writer an impostor.

They then applied to the police, who, after some days' inquiry, discovered that a person answering the description given had quitted Rome a few years before, and had been a clerk in the office of a *notario*.

No farther evidence was necessary to convict Mascalbruni of being a swindler; and, not trusting to a letter's safe arrival, Mr. M. travelled night and day till he reached the palace at —.

It is not difficult to imagine the scene that ensued,—the indignation of the father, the vexation and self-reproaches of the mother, or the heart-rending emotions of the unfortunate girl.

Mascalbruni at first, with great effrontery, endeavoured to brave the storm; contended that Louisa was bound to him by the most sacred ties, the most solemn engagements; that his she should be,—or, if not his, that she should never be another's; denounced them as her murderers; and ended with threats of vengeance,—vengeance that, alas! he too well accomplished.

It is not very well known what now became of Mascalbruni; but there is reason to believe that he lay *perdu* somewhere in the neighbourhood, watching like a vulture over the prey from which he had been driven, the corpse of what was once Louisa.

A suspicious-looking person was frequently seen at night-fall prowling about the environs of the palace; and Miss M.'s *femme de chambre*, with whom he is said to have carried on an intrigue, was observed by the servants in animated conversation with a stranger in the garb of a peasant among the shrubberies and pleasure grounds.

It was through her medium that Mascalbruni gained intelligence of all that was passing in the palace.

The shock which Louisa had sustained was so sudden, so severe, that, acting on a frame naturally delicate, it brought on a brain fever. Her ravings were so dreadful, and so extraordinary; and so revolting was the language in which she at times clothed them, that even her mother—and no other was allowed to attend her—could scarcely stay

by her couch. How perfect a knowledge of human nature has Shakespeare displayed in depicting the madness of the shamelessly-wronged and innocent Ophelia!—The fragments of those songs to which her broken accents gave utterance, especially that which ends with

“Who, in a maid, yet out a maid,
Did ne’er return again,”

may suggest an idea of the wanderings of the poor sufferer’s heated imagination.

For some weeks her life hung on a thread; but the affectionate cares and sympathy of a mother, and a sense of the unworthiness of the object of her regard, at last brought back the dawn of reason; and her recovery, though slow, was sufficiently sure to banish all anxiety.

The afflictions as well as the affections of woman are, if I may judge by my own experience, less profoundly acute than those of our own sex. Whether this be owing to constitution or education, or that the superior delicacy and fineness of the nervous system makes them more easily susceptible of new impressions to efface the old, I leave it to the physiologist or the psychologist to explain. The river that is the most ruffled at the surface is seldom the deepest. Thus with Miss M. Her passion, like

“A little brook, swolu by the melted snow,
That overflows its banks, pour’d in her heart
A scanty stream, and soon was dry again.”*

In the course of three months the image of Mascabruni, if not effaced from her mind, scarcely awakened a regret; and, save that at times a paleness overspread her cheek, rapidly chased by a blush, be it of virgin innocence or shame, no one could ever have discovered in her person or bearing any traces of the past.

At this time a paragraph appeared in the Court Journal of the day, nearly in these words:

“Strange rumours are afloat in the Sister Island respecting a certain Italian *marchese*, who figured at the clubs and about town during the last season. Revelations of an extraordinary nature, that hastened the return of the Honourable Mr. M. from the Continent, have led to a rupture of the marriage of the belle of the season, which we are authorised to say is definitively broken off.”

It was a telegraph that the field was open for new candidates; but no one on this side the water answered it. Louisa M. was no longer the same,—the *préstitige* was fled,—the bloom of the peach was gone.

Scarcely had four months elapsed, however, when fresh preparations were made for her marriage, and a day fixed for the nuptials.

The hour came; and behold, in the conventional language used on such occasions, the happy pair, Lady M. the bride-maids, and a numerous party of friends assembled in the chapel of the palace. The bishop officiated.

The ceremony had already commenced, and the rite was on the point of being ratified by that mystical type of union—the ring—when a figure burst through the crowd collected about the doors; a figure more like a spectre than a man.

So great a change had taken place in him, from the wild and savage life that he had been leading among the mountains, the pri-

* Faust.

vations he had endured, and the neglect of his person, that no one would have recognised him for the observed of all observers, the once elegant and handsome Mascalbruni. His hair, matted like the mane of a wild beast, streamed over his face and bare neck. His cheek was fallen, his eyes sunken in their sockets; yet in them burned, as in two dark caves, a fierce and sombre fire. His lips were tremulous and convulsed with passion; his whole appearance, in short, exhibited the same diabolical rage and thirst of vengeance that had electrified the *salle d'armes* in his memorable conflict. He advanced straight to the altar with long and hurried steps, and, tearing aside the hands of the couple, the ring fell over the communion rails to the ground. So profound was the silence, so great the consternation and surprise the sight of this apparition created in the minds of all, that the sound of the ring, as it struck and rolled along the vaulted pavement, was audibly heard. It was an omen of evil augury,—a warning voice as from the grave, to tell of the death of promised joys—of hopes destroyed—of happiness for ever crushed. He stood wildly waving his arms for a moment between the pair, looking as though they had been transformed into stone, more like two statues kneeling at a tomb than at the altar. Then he folded his arms; gazed with a triumphant and ghastly smile at the bride; said, or rather muttered, "Mine she is!" then, turning to the bridegroom, with a sneer of scorn and mockery he howled, "Mine she has been; now wed her!"

With these laconic words he turned on his heel, and regained without interruption the portal by which he had entered. So suddenly had all this passed, so paralysed and panic-stricken were the spectators and audience of this scene, that they could scarcely believe it to be other than a dream, till they saw the bride extended without sense or motion on the steps. Thus was she borne, the service being unconcluded, to her chamber. The ceremony was privately completed the ensuing day.

No domestic felicity attended this ill-fated union. It was poisoned by doubts and suspicions, and embittered by the memory of Mascalbruni's words. "Mine she has been" continually rang in the husband's ears; and on the anniversary of that eventful day, after a lingering illness of many months, a martyr to disappointment and chagrin, she sunk into an untimely grave.

The next we hear of Mascalbruni was his being at Cheltenham. There he frequented the rooms under very different auspices, and had to compete with another order of players than those he had been in the habit of dŕping. He was narrowly watched, and detected in the act of pocketing a queen from an *ŕcartŕ* pack. The consequence was his expulsion from the club with ignominy. His name was placarded, and his fame, or rather infamy, noised with a winged speed all over the United Kingdom.

It was no longer a place for him. In the course of the ensuing week the following announcement was made in a well-known and widely-circulated weekly paper. It was headed—

"An Italian black sheep."

"We hope in a short time to present our readers with the exploits of a new Count Fathom, a *soi-disant* marchese, better known than

trusted, the two first syllables of whose name more than rhyme with *rascal*. And as it is our duty to un-mask all such, we shall confine ourselves at present to saying that he has been weighed at a fashionable watering-place in Gloucestershire, and found wanting, or rather practising certain sleights of hand for which the charlatans of his own country are notorious. He had better sing small here!"

Mascalbruni took the vulgar hint. His funds were nearly exhausted, and with but a few louis in his pocket he embarked at Dover, and once more repaired to Paris.

His prospects were widely different from those with which he had left it. To play the game I have described at *rouge et noir*, requires a capital. Every respectable house was closed against him. He now disguised his appearance, so that his former acquaintance should not be able to recognise him, and frequented the lowest hells—those *cloaca*, the resort of all the *vilains* and *chenapans*, the lowest dregs of the metropolis. By what practices this *mauvais sujet* contrived to support life here for some years is best known to the police, where his name stands chronicled pretty legibly; it is probable that he passed much of that time in one of the prisons, or on the roads.

Eighteen months had now elapsed, and the Honourable Mr. M. with his bride, to whom he had been a short time married, took an apartment in the Rue d'Artois. A man in a cloak—an *embocado*,—which means one who enwraps his face in his mantle so that only his eyes are visible,—was observed from the windows often passing and repassing the hotel. The novelty of the costume attracted the attention of Mrs. M.; and the blackness of his eyes, and their peculiarly gloomy expression, made her take him for a Spaniard. She more than once pointed him out to her husband, and said one day, "Look, William, there stands that man again. He answers your description of a bandit, and makes me shudder to look at him."

"Don't be alarmed, dear," replied Mr. M. smilingly; "we are not at Terracina. It will be time enough to be frightened then."

The recollection of Mascalbruni had been almost effaced from his mind; but, had he met him face to face, it is not unlikely that he *would* have remembered the villain who had destroyed the hopes of his family, and marred their happiness for ever.

For some time he never went out at night unaccompanied by his wife, and always in a carriage. But a day came when he happened to dine without her in the Rue St. Honoré. The weather being fine, and the party a late one, he sent away his cabriolet, and after midnight proceeded to walk home. Paris was at that time very badly lighted; the *reverberées* at a vast distance apart, suspended between the houses, giving a very dim and feeble ray. Few persons—there being then no *trottoirs*—were walking at that hour; and it so happened that not a soul was stirring the whole length of the street. But, within a few yards of his own door, the figure I have described rushed from under the shadow of a *porte cochère*, and plunged a dagger in his heart. He fell without a groan, and lay there till the patrol passed, when he was conveyed, cold and lifeless, to the arms of his bride, who was anxiously awaiting his return. Her agony I shall not make the attempt to depict: there are some sorrows that defy description.

Notwithstanding the boasted excellence of the Parisian police, the

author of this crime, who I need not say was Mascalbruni, remained undiscovered.

Strange as it may appear, I am enabled to connect two more links in the chain of this ruffian's history, and thus, as it were, to become his biographer. Having been in town at the period when he was in the zenith of his glory, and being slightly acquainted with the family whom, like a pestilence, it was his lot to destroy and blight, I was well acquainted with his person, and he with mine; indeed, once seen, it was not easy to mistake him.

After two winters at Naples, I travelled, by the way of Ravenna and Rimini, to Venice. The carnival was drawing to a close, and, on quitting a *soirée* at Madame Benzoni's, I repaired to the Ridotta. The place was crowded to excess with that mercurial population, who during this saturnalia, particularly its last nights, mingle in one orgie, and seem to endeavour, by a kind of intoxication of the senses, and general licentiousness, to drown the memory of the destitution and wretchedness to which the iron despotism of the Austrian has reduced them. The scene had a sort of magnetic attraction in it.

I had neither mask nor domino, but it is considered rather *dis-tingué* for men to appear without them; and, as I had no love-affair to carry on, it was no bad means of obtaining one, had I been so inclined.

Among the other groups, I observed two persons who went intriguing round the *salle*, appearing to know the secrets of many of their acquaintances, whom it seemed their delight to torment and persecute, and whom, notwithstanding their masks, they had detected by the voice, which, however attempted to be disguised, betrays more than the eyes, or even the mouth, though it is the great seat of expression. The pair wore fancy dresses. The domino of the man was of Persian or Turkish manufacture, a rich silk with a purple ground, in which were inwoven palm-leaves of gold. The costume of the lady, who seemed of a portly figure, not the most symmetrical, was a rich Venetian brocade, such as we see in the gorgeous pictures of Paul Veronese, and much in use during the dogal times of the republic. As they passed me, I heard the lady say, looking at me, "That is a foreigner." "*Si signora, è Inglese,*" was the reply; "*lo conosco.*" Who this could be who knew me,—me, almost a stranger at Venice, I was curious to discover. By the slow and drawling accent peculiar to the Romans, I felt satisfied he was one, and fancied that I had heard that voice before,—that it was not altogether unfamiliar to me.

I was desirous of unravelling the secret, for such it was, as the man did not address me; and I remained at the Ridotta much later than I should otherwise have done, in order to find out my unknown acquaintance. I therefore kept my eye on the couple, hoping that accident might favour my wish.

On the last nights of the carnival it is common to sup at the Ridotta, and I at length watched the *incognito* into a box with his *incamorate*, where he took off his mask, and whom should I discover under it but the identical hero of romance, the villain Mascalbruni.

He was an acquaintance who might well shun my recognition, and I was not anxious he should see I had attracted his observation. As I was returning to my hotel on the Grand Canal, I asked the gondo-

lier if he knew one Signor Mascalbruni. These boatmen are a kind of Figaros, and, like the agents of the Austrian police, are acquainted with the names and address of almost every resident in Venice, especially of those who frequent the public places. The man, however, did not know *my friend* by that name,—perhaps he had changed it. But when I described his costume, he said that the signor was the *cavalier servente* of a Russian princess, who had taken for a year one of the largest palaces in Venice. “*Il signor*,” he added, “*canta come un angelo*.”

The idea of coupling an angel and Mascalbruni together amused me. “An angel of darkness!” I was near replying; but thought it best to be silent.

I had no wish to encounter Mascalbruni a second time. I went the next day to Fusina, and thence to Milan; indeed I had made all the preparations for my departure, nothing being more dull than the *Carême* at Venice.

Two years after this adventure, I was travelling in the Grisons, after having made a tour of the *petits cantons*, with my knapsack on my back, and a map of Switzerland in my pocket, to serve the place of a guide,—a description of persons to whom I have almost as great an objection as to cicerones, preferring rather to miss seeing what I should like to see, than to be told what I ought to like to see; not that it has fallen to the lot of many guides, or travellers either, to be present at a spectacle such as I am going to describe. I had been pacing nine good leagues; and that I saw it was merely accidental, for if it had not come in my way, I should not have gone out of mine to witness it.

Coire, the capital of the Grisons, my place of destination for the night, had just appeared, when I observed a great crowd collecting together immediately in front, but at some distance off, the peasants running in all directions from the neighbouring hills, like so many radii to meet in a centre.

One of these crossed me; and, on inquiring of him the occasion of all this haste and bustle, I learned that an execution was about to take place. My informant added with some pride that the criminal was not a Swiss, but an Italian. He seemed perfectly acquainted with all the particulars of the event that had transpired, for he had been present at the trial; and, as we walked along the road together, in his *patois*,—bad German, and worse French, with here and there a sprinkling of Italian,—he related to me in his own way what I will endeavour to translate.

“An Englishman of about twenty years of age was travelling, as you may be, on foot, about seven weeks ago, in this canton, having lately crossed the St. Gothard from Bellinzona. He was accompanied by a courier, whom he had picked up at Milan. They halted for some days in our town, waiting for the young gentleman’s remittances from Genoa, where his letters of credit were addressed. On their arrival at Coire they had a guide; but the Italian persuaded his master, who seemed much attached to him, to discharge Pierre, on the pretence that he was thoroughly acquainted with the country, and spoke the language, which indeed he did. He was a dark brigand-looking fellow, with a particularly bad expression of countenance, and a gloomy look about his eyes; and, for my part, I am sur-

prised that the young man should have ventured to trust himself in his company, for I should not like to meet his fellow on the road by myself even in the day-time. Well: the Englishman's money, a good round sum,—they say, two hundred napoleons d'or,—was paid him by an order on our bankers; and then they set out, but not as before.

"They had only been two days in company, when the villainous Italian, who either did not know the road over the mountains, or had purposely gone out of the way, thought it a good opportunity of perpetrating an act, no doubt long planned, which was neither more nor less than despatching his master. It was a solitary place, and a fit one for a deed of blood. A narrow path had been worn in the side of a precipice, which yawned to the depth of several hundred feet over a torrent that rushed, as though impatient of being confined, foaming and boiling through a narrow chasm opened for itself through the rocks. I could show you the spot, for I know it well, having a right of *commune* on the mountains; and have often driven my cows, after the melting of the snows, up the pass, to feed on the herbage that, mixed with heath and rhododendrons, forms a thick carpet under foot. It is a pasture that makes excellent cheese.

"But, solitary as the place looks, the Italian did not know that there are several *chalets*, mine among the rest, in the Alp; and herdsmen. As for me, I happened to be down in the plain, or I might have been an eye-witness of much of what I am about to describe. I was saying that the spot seemed to suit his purpose; and his impatience to ease his master of his gold was such, that, happily for the ends of justice, he could not wait till night-fall, or none but (and here he pointed to the sky) He above might have been privy to the crime. It was, however, mid-day. Into the deep-worn pass I have mentioned runs a rivulet, which, sparkling on the green bank, had made for itself a little basin. The day was hot and sultry; and the young gentleman, tempted, it would seem, by the gentle murmur of the water as it fell rippling over the turf, and its crystal brightness, stooped down to drink. The Italian watched this opportunity, sprang upon him like a tiger, and plunged a dagger, which he always carried concealed about him, into the Englishman's back. Fortunately, however, the point hit upon the belt in which he carried his money, perhaps on the napoleons; for, before the assassin could give him a second blow, he sprang up and screamed for help, calling 'Murder, murder!'

"Three of the herdsmen whom I have mentioned heard the cries, and came running towards the direction whence they proceeded, when they discovered two men struggling with each other; but, before they could reach them, one had fallen, and the other was in the act of rifling him, in order afterwards to hurl him down the precipice into the bed of the river. So intent was he on the former of these occupations, that he did not perceive my countrymen till they seized him. He made much resistance; but his dagger was not within his reach. They bound his hands, and, together with the lifeless corpse of his master, transported him to Coire, where, not to enter into the trial, he was condemned to death.

"But he has been now some weeks in prison, in consequence of our not being able to procure a *bourreau*; and we have been forced to send for one to Bellinzona, no Grison being willing to perform the

office. He arrived last night; and how do you think, sir? According to our laws, he is to be executed with a sword that has not been used for forty years,—no murder having been committed in the canton during all that period,—though no sword could be applied to better purpose than it will in a few moments.”

Whilst he was thus speaking, we reached the dense circle already formed. On seeing a stranger approach, they made room for me; and curiosity to witness this mode of execution, the remnant of barbarous times, as well as to see the Italian, induced me to enter the Place de Grève.

At the first glance I recognised Mascalbruni. He was stripped of his shirt, and on his knees; by his side was a Jesuit to whom he had just made his confession; and over him, on an elevation from the ground by means of a large stone, stood the *prevôt*, with a sword of prodigious length and antique shape, and covered with the rust of ages, pendent in his hands.

The lower part of Mascalbruni's face was fallen, whilst all above the mouth was drawn upward as from some powerful convulsion. The eyes, that used to bear the semblance of living coals, had in the a concentrated and sullen gloom. The cold and damp of the cell, and the scantiness of his diet, which consisted of bread and water, had worn his cheek to the bone, and given it the sallowness of one in the black stage of cholera. His face was covered with a thick beard, every hair of which stood distinct from its fellows; and his matted locks, thickly sprinkled with grey, trailed over his ghastly features and neck in wild disorder. His shoulders down to the waist were, as I said, bare; and they and his arms displayed anatomically a muscular strength that might have served as a model for a gladiator. Over all was thrown an air of utter prostration moral and physical,—the desolation of despair.

A few yards to the right, the priest, with his eyes uplifted to heaven, seemed absorbed in prayer; and between them the *bourreau*, who might have superseded Tristan in his office, and been a dangerous rival in the good graces of Louis the Eleventh. He called to mind a figure of Rubens,—not the one who is turning round in the Descent of the Cross at Antwerp, and saying to the thief, writhing in horrible contortions after he has wrenched his lacerated foot from the nail, “*Sacre, chien*,”—but a soldier in another of his pictures in the Gallery at Brussels (the representation of some martyrdom,) who has just torn off the ear of the saint with a pair of red-hot pincers, and is eyeing it with a savage complacency.

It was, in short, exactly such a group, with its pyramidal form and startling contrasts of colour and expression, as the great Flemish painter could have desired.

A dead silence, which the natural horror, the novelty of the scene created, prevailed among the assembled crowd; and it spoke well for the morality and good feeling of the simple peasantry, that not a woman was present on the occasion.

The hand of the swordsman was raised, and the stroke fell on the neck of the culprit; but, horrible to say,—what was it then to witness?—though given with no common vigour, so blunt was the instrument, that, instead of severing the head, it only inflicted a gash which divided the tendons of the neck, and the undecapitated body

fell doubled up, whilst only a few *gouts* of blood issued from the wound.

The tortured wretch's groans and exclamations found an echo in all bosoms; and it was not till after two more sabre strokes that the head lay apart, and rolled upwards in the dust. I then saw what I have heard described of Charlotte Cordé, after she had been guillotined;—the muscles of the face were convulsed as if with sensibility, and the eyes glared with horrid meaning, as though the soul yet lingered there. Even the executioner could scarcely meet their scowl without shuddering.

It was the first and last spectacle of this kind at which I mean ever to be present; and I should not have awaited its awful termination, could I have penetrated through the living wall that was a barrier to my exit.

You may now guess from whom I obtained many of the details contained in this memoir of Mascalbruni. It was from the confessor, who had endeavoured, but in vain, to give him spiritual consolation in the dungeon and at the block. The Jesuit and myself had mutual revelations to make to each other, connecting the present with the past, and which have enabled me to weave the dark tissue of his life's thread into one piece. I repeat the last words of the good old man at our final interview,—“May God have mercy on his soul!”

F. MEDWIN.

SMOKE.

“A trifle light as air.”

SWIFT sang a broomstick, and with matchless lore
Rehearsed the contents of a housemaid's drawer;
Great Burns's genius shone sublime in lice;
Old Homer epicised on frogs and mice;
And, leaping from his swift Pindaric car,
Great Byron eulogised the light cigar;
Pope for a moment left the critic's chair,
And sang the breezy fan that cools the fair;
And he whose harp to loftiest notes was strung,
E'en Mantua's Swan, the homely salad sung;
Colossal Johnson, famed for dictionary,
A sprig of myrtle; Cowper, a canary,
Nor scorn'd the humble snail; and Goldsmith's lyre
A haunch of venison nobly did inspire;—
Of such light themes the loftiest lyres have spoke,
And my small shell shall sound the praise of smoke.

Essence sublime! serenely curling vapour!
Fierce from a steam-boat, gentle from a taper,—
Daughter of fire, descendant of the sun,
Breath of the peaceful pipe and murderous gun,—
How gloriously thou roll'st from chimneys high,
To seek companion clouds amidst the sky!

Thrice welcome art thou to the traveller's sight,
 And his heart hails thee with sincere delight ;
 As soft thou sail'st amid the ethereal blue,
 Visions of supper float before his view !
 Emblem of peace in council, when profound
 The sacred calumet goes slowly round !
 Breath of the war, thou canopi'st the fight,
 And veil'st the bloody field in murky night !
 Precursor of the cannon's deadly shot,
 And soft adorning of the peasant's cot ;
 With Etna's roaring flames dost thou arise,
 And from the altar's top perfume the skies !

I see thee now
 To the breezes bow,
 Thy spiral columns lightly bending
 In gentle whirls
 And graceful curls,
 Thy soft grey form with the azure blending.
 When Nature's tears in dewy showers descend,
 Close to the earth thine aerial form doth bend ;
 But when in light
 And beauty bright,
 With radiant smile she gladdens all,
 And the sun's soft beam
 On thy shadowy stream
 Does in a ray of glory fall,
 Thou risest high
 'Mid the deep blue sky,
 Like a silver shaft from a fairy hall !

When from the light cigar thy sweet perfume
 In od'rous cloudlets hovers round the room,
 Inspired by Fancy's castle-building power,
 Thy fragile form cheers many a lonely hour.
 O'er every wave thy misty flag is seen
 Careering lightly over billows green ;
 And when, 'mid creaming foam and sparkling spray,
 Celestial Venus rose upon the day,
 Thy vapoury wreath the goddess did enshroud,
 And wrapt her beauties in a milk-white cloud.
 'Twas thou, majestic ! led the way before
 Retreating Israel from th' Egyptian shore ;
 From out thy sable cloud, 'mid lightning's flash,
 The trumpet's clangour and the thunder's crash,
 From Sinai's mount the law divine was given,
 Thy veil conceal'd the Majesty of Heaven !
 When sun, and moon, and heaven's bright hosts expire,
 And the great globe decays in flames of fire,
 Then shalt thou rise, thy banner be unfurl'd
 Above the smouldering ruins of the world !

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A DISAPPOINTED MAN.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

ARE you a sympathetic reader? If not, I pray you to pass over the few pages which constitute this article, and indulge your risible propensity with the happier effusions of the laughing philosophers of this Miscellany. I have no cachiunatory ambition, and would have my leaves well watered, not with the sunny drops of joy, but with the canonical outpourings of sorrow.

Concluding that my request is granted, I will now proceed, sympathetic reader, to narrate a few passages of my "strange, eventful history."

I am a disappointed man,—nay, I was even a disappointed baby; for it was calculated that the parental anticipations of my forebears would have been realised on the 1st of May 1792, whereas, by some contradictory vagary of Dame Nature, I entered this valley of tears on the 1st of April! This ought to have been considered prognosticatory of my future disappointments, and the law of Sparta should have been rigidly enforced; for what are crooked limbs to a crooked destiny?

It was the intention of my father (whose name was Jacob Wise) to have had me christened after my maternal uncle, Theodosius Otter, Esq.; but, having selected a stuttering godfather, I was unfortunately baptized as "The-odd-dose-us Oth-er Wise." Nor was this the only disappointment which attended me on this occasion, for the pew-opener having received instructions to clean the copper coal-scuttle in the vestry-room, the basin which contained the vitriol necessary for that purpose was by some means or other placed in the font; and to this day I have more the appearance of a tattooed Indian than a Christian Englishman.

My babyhood was composed of a series of disappointments. My hair was to have been, in the words of the monthly nurse, "the most beautifullest horburn," but sprouted forth a splendid specimen of that vegetable dye called carrot. I was to have been "as straight as an arrow;" but a cup of tea having been spilled over me as I lay in the servant's lap before the kitchen fire, I became so dreadfully warped that I am now a sort of demi-parenthesis, or, as a malicious punster once called me, "a perfect bow."

I had the measles very mildly, as it was affirmed, for the whole virulence of the disease displayed itself in one enormous pustule on the tip of my nose. This luminary so excited my infant wonder, that my eyes (really fine for green) were continually riveted to the spot, and have never forgotten it, for one or other of them is invariably engaged in searching for the lost treasure.

I was not in convulsions above a dozen times during teething; but no sooner had I completed my chaplet of pearls, than the striking-weight of a Dutch clock which overhung my cradle dropped into my mouth, and convinced me of the extreme simplicity of dental surgery.

My "going alone" was the source of an infinitude of anxieties to my excellent mamma, who was so magnificently proportioned that it

was many months before I could make the circuit of her full-flounced printed calico wrapper without resting. Poor mamma! she lost her life from a singular mistake. The house in which we lived had taken fire, and two good-natured neighbours threw Mrs. Wise out of the window instead of a feather-bed. She alighted on the head of Captain S——, who was then considered the *softest* man in the three kingdoms, and received little injury by the ejection; but her feelings were so lacerated by the mistake, that she refused all food, and lived entirely by suction, till she died *from* it.

I will pass over my school-days, merely observing *en passant* that

“Each day some unlucky disaster
Placed me in the vocative case with my master,”

a squabby, tyrannical, double-jointed pedagogue. He was nicknamed *Cane-and-Able*, and I can testify to the justness of the nomenclature. At college the same *mis*-fortune attended me. There was ever an under-current of disappointment, which rendered all my exertions nugatory. If I was by accident “full of the god,” I could never knock down any one but a proctor. If I determined on keeping *close* in my rooms, the wind immediately changed to N.E. by N. at which point my chimneys smoked like a community of Ya-Mynheers. My maternal uncle, Theodosius Otter, Esq. had signified that my expectations from him must be regulated entirely by my academical distinctions, and I was “pluck’d for my little-go.” This occurred three months before the old booby’s death. My legacy consisted of a presentation to the Gooseborough free school.

The time at length arrived for me to fall in love. I experienced the first symptom of this epidemic at a bombazine ball in the city of Norwich. Selina Smithers was the name of my fair enslaver: she was about nineteen, fair as Russia tallow, tall, and somewhat slender. Indeed her condition is perhaps better described by “the slightest possible approximation to lanky.” During one short quadrille she told me of all her tastes, hopes, experience, family connexions, (including a brother at sea,) expectations probable and possible, and of two thousand seven hundred and forty-five pounds, fourteen shillings, and sixpence, standing in her own name in the three and a half per cents.

With the last *chassez* I was a victim. At the close of the ball I handed Selina and her mamma into a green fly, and found the next morning that I had a violent cold in my head, and a violent heat in my heart.

As I flourished the brass knocker of Mrs. Smithers’ door on the following day, the clock of St. Andrew’s church struck two; and chimed a quarter past, as a girl strongly resembling a kidney-potato, red and dirty, gave me ingress into a room with green blinds, seven horsehair-bottomed chairs, a round mahogany table, four oil-paintings (subjects and masters unknown), two fire-screens of yellow calico fluted, and a very shabby square piano. On the music-rest was the song, “We met,—’twas in a crowd.” Singular coincidence,—*we met, in a crowd!*

The door opened, and Selina bounded into the room like a young fawn. Our eyes met, and then simultaneously sought the carpet. I know not what object her pale blue orbs encountered; but mine fell on the half-picked head of a red herring! “Can it be possible,”

thought I, "that Selina—Pshaw! her brother has returned from sea;" and to his account I placed the body of the vulgar fish. I took her hand, and gracefully led her to a chair, and then seated myself beside her. Our conversation grew animated,—confiding. She recapitulated the amount of her three and a half per cents, and in the most considerate manner inquired into *my* pecuniary situation. I was then possessed of seven thousand pounds; for my father, during the three last years of his life, had been twice burned out, and once sold up, and was thus enabled to leave me independent. She could not conceal her delight at my prosperous situation,—generous creature! Possessing affluence herself, she rejoiced at the well-doing of others. Day after day passed in this delightful manner, until I ventured to solicit her to become my wife. Judge of my ecstasy when, bending her swan-like neck until her fair cheek rested on the velvet collar of my mulberry surtout, she whispered almost inaudibly,

"How can you ask me such a question?"

"How can I ask you such a question? Because—because it is necessary to my happiness. Oh! name the happy hour when Hy-chain—that chain which has but one link—shall bind you to me for ever!"

She paused a moment, and then faltered out,

"To-morrow week."

I fell upon my knees. Selina did the same; for, in my joy at her compliance, I had forgotten that one chair was supporting us both.

Oh, what a busy day was that which followed! I entered Skelton's (the tailor's) shop with the journeymen. I ordered three complete suits!

As the rolls were taken into Quillit's parlour, I was shown into the office. The worthy lawyer thrice scalded his throat in his anxiety to comply with my repeated requests to "see him immediately." He came at last. A few brief sentences explained the nature of my business, and he hastened to accompany me to Selina. I was so excited by the novelty of my situation, that I fell over the maid who was cleaning the step of the door, and narrowly escaped dragging Quillit after. Had he fallen, I shudder at the contemplation of the probable result; for he was a man well to do in the world, and enjoyed a roundity of figure unrivalled in the good city of Norwich. His black waistcoat might have served for a bill of fare to an eating-house, for it exhibited samples of all Mrs. Glass's choicest preparations.

Away we went, realising the poet's description of Ajax and Camilla:

"When Ajax ~~strikes~~ some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move slow:
Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main."

We resembled Reason and Hope, or one of Pickford's barges and a towing-house.

The little brass knocker was again in my hand, the kidney-potato was again at the door, and I led in the perspiring lawyer, but looked in vain for that expression of admiration which I fondly anticipated would have illumined his little grey eyes at the sight of my Venusian Selina.

"This is Mr. Quillit," said I.

"Indeed?" replied Selina.

"We have come, mum," said Quillit, "to arrange a very necessary preliminary to the delicate ceremony which my friend Wise has informed me will take place on this day week."

Selina blushed. Her mother (*bless me! I've quite overlooked her!*) screwed up her face into an expression between laughing and crying; and I—I pushed one hand through my hair, and the other into my breeches pocket.

"Mum," continued Quillit, "our business this morning is to make the arrangements for your marriage-settlement; and my friend Wise wishes to know what part of your two thousand——"

"Seven hundred and forty-five pounds, fourteen shillings, and sixpence," said I *sotto voce*.

"—You wish settled upon yourself."

"Oh, nothing,—I require nothing!" exclaimed Selina.

"Hur—!" said I, half rising from my chair in ecstasy at her disinterestedness.

"Hem!" coughed Quillit, and took out his toothpick.

"Nothing!" I at length ejaculated. "No, Selina; you shall not be subject to the accidents of fortune. Mr. Quillit, put down two thousand pounds." And so he did.

The day before my intended nuptials I had paid my customary visit to Selina, and it was arranged that the *settlement* should be executed (what a happy union of terms!) that night. I had left but a few minutes when I missed my handkerchief. I returned for it. The kidney-potato shot out of the house as I turned the corner of the street. I found the door ajar, and, not considering any ceremony necessary, I walked into the parlour. I had put my handkerchief into the left pocket of my coat when I was somewhat startled by a burst of very boisterous male and female merriment. I paused. A child's treble was then heard, and in a moment after a *child—a live child* entered the room crying most piteously. It ceased on beholding me; and when its astonishment had subsided, it sobbed out,

"I want mamma!"

"Mamma?" said I. "And who's mamma?"

My query was answered from the first floor.

"Come to mamma, dear!" shouted—Selina!

I don't know what the sensations of a humming-top in full spin may be, but I should imagine they are very similar to those which I experienced at this particular moment. When I recovered, I was stretched on the hearth-rug with my head in the coal-scuttle, surrounded by my Selina, her mother, the maid, and I suppose her "brother at sea."

"What is the matter, love?" said—You know whom I mean,—I can't write her name again.

"Nothing, madam," I replied, "nothing; only I anticipated being married to-morrow,—but I shall be disappointed."

The ensuing week I received notice of action for a *breach* of promise of marriage; the ensuing term the cause was tried before an intelligent jury; and the ensuing day Quillit handed me a bill for seven hundred and sixty-two pounds, one shilling, and eightpence, being the amount of damages and costs in *Smithers versus Wise*. I paid Quillit, sold my house and furniture at Norwich, and took up my abode at Bumbleby, in Lancashire, resolving to be as love-proof as

Miss Martineau, which resolution I have religiously observed to this day.

I was, however, involved in one other tender affair, by proxy, which produced me more serious annoyances than even my own.

I became acquainted with a merry good-looking fellow, of the name of Thomas Styles, who had come from somewhere, and was related to somebody, but no one recollected the who or the where. In the same town lived an old gentleman, who rejoiced in the singular name of Smith. He was blessed with one daughter and a wife. The latter did not reside with him, having taken up her permanent residence in a small octagonal stone building in the dissenters' burial ground. Styles, by one of those accidents common in novels, but very occasional in real life, had become acquainted with Miss Smith. They had gone through those comparative states of feeling,—acquaintance, friendship, love; and, when I was introduced to him, he was just in want of a good fellow to help him into matrimony. I was just the boy; my expensive experience, my good-nature, my leisure,—in short, there was nothing wanting to fit me for this confidential character. Now, be it known that old Smith had very strong parliamentary predilections, and one of his *sine quâ non*s was, that his son-in-law should be M. P. for somewhere,—Puddle-dock would do,—but an M. P. he must be. Politics were of no consequence; but he must have a decided opinion that the Bumbleby railway would be most beneficial, if carried through a swampy piece of ground which Smith had recently purchased. Styles was of the same opinion; but then he was only a member of the “Bull’s-eye Bowmen,” and Mr. Snuffmore’s sixpenny whist club. I had made myself particularly uncomfortable one afternoon, in Styles’ summer-house, with three glasses of brandy and water and four mild havannas, when old Smith rushed in to announce the gratifying intelligence that Mr. Topple, the member for our place, had fallen into the crater of Mount Vesuvius, and that nothing had been heard from him since, but a solitary interjection, in consequence of which there was a vacancy in the representation. The writ had been issued, and so had an address from Mr. Wiseman, a gentleman possessing every virtue under the sun, save and except a due sense of the advantages of Smith’s swamp to the railway. This was conclusive. Smith made a speech, which, being for interest and not for fame, was short and emphatic.

“Tom, you must contest this election, or never darken my doors again.”

“My dear, sir,” said Tom, “nothing would give me greater pleasure; but——”

“I’ll do all that. I’ll form a committee *instantly*,” replied Smith; leave all to me. Capital hand at an address—pith, nothing but pith. Ever see my letter in support of the erection of a pound for stray cattle?—pithy and conclusive:—‘Inhabitants of Bumbleby, twenty shillings ~~make~~ a pound.’ The motion was carried.”

“One moment,” said Tom. “It will appear so presumptuous on my part, unless a deputation waited on me.”

“Certainly,—better, by all means,—I’ll form one directly,” said Smith.

“In the mean time, issue a placard to prevent the electors making promises, and——”

"I will," said Smith. And so he did; for in an hour afterwards there was not a dead wall in Bumbleby but was papered from one end to the other.

"Other Wise," said Styles, as Smith waddled up the garden, "this won't do for me. I couldn't make a speech of ten consecutive lines, if the revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall were depending upon it."

"Pooh!" replied I, rolling my head about in that peculiar style which an over-indulgence in biblicals will induce.

"It's a fact," replied Tom. "Now, my dear fellow, you can serve me and your country at the same time. Smith would be equally gratified at your return for Bumbleby; your opinions are the same as my own; and your abilities require no panegyric from me."

Whether it was the suddenness of the probable glory, or the effect of the tobacco and brandy and water, I sat speechless. Silence gives consent, says an old adage, and so did the town of Bumbleby the next morning, for every quarter cried out "Other Wise for ever!" It was too late to retract; and accordingly I was nominated, seconded, and unanimously elected by a show of hands. A poll was demanded; and, after a short contest of two days, it was announced in very large letters, and still larger figures,

Wiseman,	786
Other Wise,	92
Majority,	—694

I was satisfied, and so was my party. During the preparation for this unfortunate contest I had allowed Styles to draw *ad libitum* upon my banker. His friendship knew no bounds; his liberality was as boundless; and so chagrined was he at the defeat I had experienced, that he left the next morning without an adieu. I must confess that I was rather disappointed at his sudden retreat, and considerably more so on finding that his exertions in my behalf had reduced my income from four hundred pounds to forty pounds per annum. For the first time I doubted his friendship. Subsequent inquiries convinced me he was a scoundrel, and I commenced an immediate pursuit of him, and an action at law.

Some three months afterwards, I was sauntering about the streets in the neighbourhood of St. James's Square, when I encountered Styles. His surprise was as great as mine, but not so enduring; for, advancing towards me with all the coolness of the 1st of December, he exclaimed,

"Other Wise, how are you? I dare say you thought my sudden departure odd; I did myself; but I couldn't help it. I'm sorry to hear how much your contest has distressed you. I was the cause. Give me your check for fifty pounds, and here's a bill for five hundred, due to-morrow."

Suiting the action to the word, he handed me an acceptance for that amount inclosed in a dirty piece of paper. All this was so rapidly said and done, that before I was aware of it I had given him a draft on Drummond, shaken hands with him, and was mechanically discussing a mutton-chop and a bottle of sherry, which I had unconsciously ordered in the delirium which succeeded Styles' unheard-of generosity.

I went the next day to Messrs. Podge and Co. in Lombard-street, with my promise-to-pay—Eldorado in my pocket. I entered the count-

ing-house, presented my bill, and fully expected to have received either bank-notes or gold in exchange. I waited a few minutes, and was then ushered into a back-room, and politely requested to account for this money promissory document.

"From whom did you receive this bill?" said a gentleman with a powdered head and an immense watch-chain.

"From Mr. Styles."

"Where does he live?"

"I don't know exactly; but I hope there is nothing irregular."

"You can step in, Banks," said the powdered head; and a stout well-fed man, in a blue coat, with the City arms on the button, *did* step in, and very unceremoniously proceeded to inspect the contents of my various pockets. "Conclusive!" said the powdered head, as he minutely examined a small piece of crumpled paper which had occupied one of the pockets of my small-clothes.

I was handed into a hackney-coach, and then into the Mansion-house, where I was informed that I was to live rent-free for the next week in his Majesty's jail of Newgate. The bill was a forgery!

The day of trial approached. I walked into the dock with *mens conscia recti* depicted on my countenance. I knew I was innocent of any felonious intention or knowledge; and was certainly very much disappointed at being found guilty upon the silent evidence of the little piece of crumpled paper, which was covered with pen and ink experiments on the signature of John Allgold and Co. whose name occupied the centre of Styles' bill. The recorder (in a very impressive manner, I must allow, for his white handkerchief was waving about the whole time) passed sentence of death upon me, and I was ordered to be taken from thence, and on the Monday following to be hung by the neck till I was dead. A pleasant termination, truly!

I was led, stupified by the result of my trial, back to the prison. When I regained the use of my faculties, my awful situation became horridly apparent. There was I, an innocent and injured man, condemned to suffer the extreme penalty of the law. For endeavouring to gain possession of my own, I was about to become a spectacle for the fish-fags and costermongers of London,—to have my name handed down to posterity by that undying trumpeter of evil-doers, Mr. Catnach, of the Seven-dials, who alternately delights the public with "three yards long of every new song, and all for a penny," and "the last dying speech and confession" of those who, dreading to be bedridden, and possessing an unconquerable aversion to doctors' stuff and virtue, have danced upon nothing, and died with their shoes on. "How often," thought I, have I seen a withered hag kneeling at the rails of an area, exciting the sympathies and curiosity of servants of all-work, and greasy melting cooks, by the recital of atrocities that the hand of man never executed. 'Here's a full, true, and tickler account of a horrid murder, which was performed in the New-cut, Lambeth, on the body of a baked-tater manufacturer, who was savagely and inhumanly murdered by that ferocious and hard-hearted villain, Benjamin Burker;—here you have the account how, arter putting a poor man's plaister, composed of pitch and bird-lime, over the unhappy *indivigual's mouf* until the breath was out on his body, he shoved him into the oven, and lived seven days and nights on baked

taters and the manyfactorers.' Thus might I be misrepresented. The thought was madness !"

The morning at length arrived for my execution ; but, oh ! the horrors of the night that preceded it ! Young, and in the full enjoyment of life, the morrow was to bring me death ! In a little week, the hand which I then gazed on, would be a banquet for the red worm of the grave. Even the mother who watched the cradle of my infancy would have turned loathingly away from the corrupted mass ; the earth which covered me would be thought unhallowed, and my name would become symbolical with crime. But even this, was nothing to the contemplation of the scene I had still to enact. To be led forth "the observed of all observers," who would look on me with an eye, not of pity, but of morbid curiosity,—to hang quivering in the air,—and to feel, while consciousness remained, that each shuddering of struggling nature was imparting a savage delight to those who could be the willing witnesses of the sacrifice of a fellow-creature ! My brain sickened with its agony, and I fell into a stupor which my jailor called sleep. I was pinioned, and led forth to die. Life had now no charm for me,—I was beyond the reach of hope, and death was a desired blessing. The hangman's hands were about my neck,—the blood curdled in my veins as I felt the deadly embrace of the cord. I longed for the signal of departure ; but I was again disappointed. I was reprieved,—for I awoke, and found that the bill and all its frightful consequences were but the result of having eaten a hearty supper of pork-chops very much underdone ! So I was once again a disappointed man, though, on this occasion, I must own, most agreeably so.

THE PROFESSOR.—A TALE.

BY GOLIAH GAHAGAN.

"Why, then, the world's mine oyster."

CHAPTER I.

I HAVE often remarked that, among other ornaments and curiosities, Hackney contains more ladies' schools than are to be found in almost any other village, or indeed city, in Europe. In every green rustic lane, to every tall old-fashioned house there is an iron gate, an ensign of blue and gold, and a large brass plate, proclaiming that a ladies' seminary is established upon the premises. On one of these plates is written — (or rather was, — for the pathetic occurrence which I have to relate took place many years ago) — on one of these plates, I say, was engraven the following inscription :

BULGARIA HOUSE.

Seminary for Young Ladies from three to twenty.

BY THE MISSES PIDGE.

(Please wipe your shoes.)

The Misses Pidge took a limited number of young ladies, (as limited, in fact, or as large as the public chose,) and instructed them in those branches of elegant and useful learning which make the British female so superior to all other shes. The younger ones learned the

principles of back-stitch, cross-stitch, bob-stitch, Doctor Watts's hymns, and "In my cottage near a wood." The elder pupils diverged at once from stitching and samplers: they played like Thalberg, and pirouetted like Taglioni; they learned geography, geology, mythology, entomology, modern history, and simple equations (Miss Z. Pidge); they obtained a complete knowledge of the French, German, and Italian tongues, not including English, taught by Miss Pidge; Poonah painting and tambour (Miss E. Pidge); Brice's questions and elocution (Miss F. Pidge); and, to crown all, dancing and gymnastics (which had a very flourishing look in the Pidge prospectus, and were printed in German text,)—DANCING and GYMNASTICS, we say, by Professor DANDOLO. The names of other professors and assistants followed in modester type.

Although the signor's name was decidedly foreign, so English was his appearance, and so entirely did he disguise his accent, that it was impossible to tell of what place he was a native, if not of London, and of the very heart of it; for he had caught completely the peculiarities which distinguish the so-called cockney part of the City, and obliterated his h's and doubled his v's, as if he had been for all his life in the neighbourhood of Bow-bells. Signor Dandolo was a stout gentleman of five feet nine, with amazing expanse of mouth, chest, and whiskers, which latter were of a red hue.

I cannot tell how this individual first received an introduction to the academy of the Misses Pidge, and established himself there. Rumours say that Miss Zela Pidge at a Hackney ball first met him, and thus the intimacy arose; but, since the circumstances took place which I am about to relate, that young lady declares that *she* was not the person who brought him to Bulgaria House,—nothing but the infatuation and entreaties of Mrs. Alderman Grampus could ever have induced her to receive him. The reader will gather from this, that Dandolo's after-conduct at Miss Pidge's was not satisfactory,—nor was it; and may every mistress of such an establishment remember that confidence can be sometimes misplaced; that friendship is frequently but another name for villany.

But to our story. The stalwart and active Dandolo delighted for some time the young ladies at Miss Pidge's by the agility which he displayed in the dance, as well as the strength and manliness of his form, as exhibited in the new amusement which he taught. In a very short time, Miss Binx, a stout young lady of seventeen, who had never until his appearance walked half a mile without puffing like an apoplectic Lord Mayor, could dance the cachouca, swarm up a pole with the agility of a cat, and hold out a chair for three minutes without winking. Miss Jacobs could very nearly climb through a ladder (Jacob's ladder he profanely called it); and Miss Bole ring such changes upon the dumb-bells as might have been heard at Edmonton, if the bells could have spoken. But the most promising pupil of Professor Dandolo, as indeed the fairest young creature in the establishment of Bulgaria House, was Miss Adeliza Grampus, daughter of the alderman whose name we have mentioned. The pride of her mother, the idol of her opulent father, Adeliza Grampus was in her nineteenth year. Eyes have often been described; but it would require bluer ink than ours to depict the orbs of Adeliza; the snow when it first falls in Cheapside is not whiter than her neck,—when it

has been for some days upon the ground, trampled by dustmen and jarvies, trodden down by sweeps and gentlemen going to business, not blacker than her hair. Slim as the Monument on Fish-street-hill, her form was slender and tall: but it is needless to recapitulate her charms, and difficult indeed to describe them. Let the reader think of his first love, and fancy Adeliza. Dandolo, who was employed to instruct her, saw her, and fancied her too, as many a fellow of his inflammable temperament would have done in his place.

There are few situations in life which can be so improved by an enterprising mind as that of a dancing-master,—I mean in a tender or amatory point of view. The dancing-master has over the back, the hands, the feet and shoulders of his pupils an absolute command; and, being by nature endowed with so much authority, can speedily spread his sway from the limbs to the rest of the body, and to the mind inclusive. “*Toes a little more out, Miss Adeliza,*” cries he with the tenderest air in the world; “*back a little more straight,*” and he gently seizes her hand, he raises it considerably above the level of her ear, he places the tips of his left-hand fingers gently upon the young lady’s spine, and in this seducing attitude gazes tenderly into her eyes! I say that no woman at any age can stand this attitude

I this look, especially when darted from such eyes as those of Dandolo. On the two first occasions when the adventurer attempted this audacious manœuvre, his victim blushed only and trembled; on the third she dropped her full eyelids and turned ghastly pale. “A glass of water,” cried Adeliza, “or I faint.” The dancing-master hastened eagerly away to procure the desired beverage, and, as he put it to her lips, whispered thrillingly in her ear, “Thine, thine for ever, Adeliza!”

Miss Grampus sank back in the arms of Miss Binx, but not before her raptured lover saw her eyes turning towards the ceiling, and her clammy lips whispering the name of “Dandolo.”

When Madame Schroeder, in the opera of *Fidelio*, cries, “Nichts, nichts, mein Florestan,” it is as nothing compared to the tenderness with which Miss Grampus uttered that soft name.

“Dandolo!” would she repeat to her confidante, Miss Binx; “the name was beautiful and glorious in the olden days; five hundred years since, a myriad of voices shouted it in Venice, when one who bore it came forward to wed the sea—the Doge’s bride! the blue Adriatic! the boundless and eternal main! The frightened Turk shrunk palsied at the sound; it was louder than the loudest of the cannon, or the stormy screaming of the tempest! Dandolo! how many brave hearts beat to hear that name! how many bright swords flashed forth at that resistless war-cry! Oh, Binx,” would Adeliza continue, fondly pressing the arm of that young lady, “is it not passing strange that one of that mighty ducal race should have lived to this day, and lived to love *me*! But I, too,” Adeliza would add archly, “am, as you know, a daughter of the sea.”

The fact was, that the father of Miss Adeliza Grampus was a shell-fishmonger, which induced the young lady to describe herself as a daughter of Ocean. She received her romantic name from her mother after reading Miss Swipes’s celebrated novel of Toby of Warsaw, and had been fed from her youth upwards with so much similar literary ware, that her little mind had gone distracted. Her father had

sent her from home at fifteen, because she had fallen in love with the young man who opened natives in the shop, and had vowed to slay herself with the oyster-knife. At Miss Pidge's her sentiment had not deserted her; she knew all Miss Landon by heart, had a lock of Mr. Thomas Moore's hair or wig, and read more novels and poetry than ever. And thus the red-haired dancing-master became in her eyes a Venetian nobleman, with whom it was her pride and pleasure to fall in love.

Being a parlour-boarder at Miss Pidge's seminary, (a privilege which was acquired by paying five annual guineas extra,) Miss Grampus was permitted certain liberties which were not accorded to scholars of the ordinary description. She and Miss Binx occasionally strolled into the village by themselves; they visited the library unattended; they went upon little messages for the Misses Pidge; they walked to church alone, either before or after the long row of young virgins who streamed out on every Sabbath day from between the filigree iron railings of Bulgaria House. It is my painful duty to state that on several of these exclusive walks they were followed, or met, by the insidious and attentive teacher of gymnastics.

Soon Miss Binx would lag behind, and—shall I own it?—would make up for the lost society of her female friend by the company of a man, a friend of the professor, mysterious and agreeable as himself. May the mistresses of all the establishments for young ladies in this kingdom, or queendom rather, peruse this, and reflect how dangerous it is for young ladies of any age.—ay, even for parlour-boarders—to go out alone! In the present instance Miss Grampus enjoyed a more than ordinary liberty, it is true: when the elder Misses Pidge would remonstrate, Miss Zela would anxiously yield to her request; and why?—the reason may be gathered from the following conversation which passed between the infatuated girl and the wily *maître de danse*.

"How, Roderick," would Adeliza say, "how, in the days of our first acquaintance, did it chance that you always addressed yourself to that odious Zela Pidge, and never deigned to breathe a syllable to me?"

"My lips didn't speak to you, Adilly," (for to such a pitch of familiarity had they arrived,) "but my heyes did."

Adeliza was not astonished by the peculiarity of his pronunciation, for, to say truth, it was that commonly adopted in her native home and circle. "And mine," said she tenderly, "they followed when yours were not fixed upon them, for *then* I dared not look upwards. And though all on account of Miss Pidge you could not hear the accents of my voice, you might have heard the beatings of my heart!"

"I did, I did," gasped Roderick; "I card them hardlybly. I never spoke to you then, for I feared to waken that foul friend sispicion. I wished to henter your seminary, to be continually near you, to make you love me; therefore I wooed the easy and foolish Miss Pidge, therefore I took upon me the disguise of—ha! ha!—of a dancing-master." (And the young man's countenance assumed a grim and demoniac smile.) "Yes; I degraded my name and my birthright,—I wore these ignoble trappings, and all for the love of thee, my Adeliza!" Here Signor Dandolo would have knelt down, but the road was muddy; and, his trousers being of nankeen, his gallant purpose was frustrated.

But the story must out, for the conversation above narrated has

betrayed to the intelligent reader a considerable part of it. The fact is, as we have said, that Miss Zela Pidge, dancing at the Hackney assembly, was introduced to this man; that he had no profession,—no means even of subsistence; that he saw enough of this lady to be aware that he could make her useful to his purpose; and he who had been, we believe it in our conscience, no better than a travelling mountebank or harlequin, appeared at Bulgaria House in the character of a professor of gymnastics. The governess in the first instance entertained for him just such a *penchant* as the pupil afterwards felt; the latter discovered the weakness of her mistress, and hence arose Miss Pidge's indulgence, and Miss Grampus's fatal passion.

"Mysterious being!" continued Adeliza, resuming the conversation which has been broken by the above explanatory hints, "how did I learn to love thee? Who art thou?—what dire fate has brought thee hither in this lowly guise to win the heart of Adeliza?"

"Hadeliza," cried he, "you say well; *I am not what I seem*. I cannot tell thee what I am; a tale of horror, of crime, forbids the dreadful confession. But dark as I am, and wretched, nay, wicked and desperate, I love thee, Hadeliza,—love thee with the rapturous devotion of purer days: the tenderness of happier times! I am sad now and fallen, lady; suffice it that I once was happy, ay, respectable."

Adeliza's cheek grew deadly pale, her step faltered, and she would have fallen to the ground, had she not been restrained by the strong arm of her lover. "I know not," said she, as she clung timidly to his neck,

"I know not, I bask not, if guilt 's in that art,
I know that I love thee, whatever thou art."

"*Gilt* in my heart," said Dandolo, "gilt in the heart of Roderick? No, never!" and he drew her towards him, and on her bonnet, her veil, her gloves, nay, on her very cheeks, he imprinted a thousand maddening kisses. "But say, my sweet one," continued he, "who art *thou*? I know you as yet, only by your lovely baptismal name, and your other name of Grampus."

Adeliza looked down and blushed. "My parents are lowly," she said.

"But how then came you at such a seminary?" said he; "twenty pound a quarter, extras and washing not included."

"They are humble, but wealthy."

"Ha! who is your father?"

"An alderman of yon metropolis."

"An alderman! and what is his profession?"

"I blush to tell; he is—*an oystermonger*."

"AN OYSTERMONGER!" screamed Roderick in the largest capitals. "Ha! ha! ha! this is too much!" and he dropped Adeliza's hand, and never spoke to her during the rest of her walk. They moved moodily on for some time, Miss Binx and the other young man marching astonished in the rear. At length they came within sight of the seminary. "Here is Bulgaria House," cried the maiden steadily; "Roderick, we must part!" The effort was too much for her: she flung herself hysterically into his arms.

But, oh, horror! a scream was heard from Miss Binx, who was seen scuttling at double-quick time towards the school-house. Her

young man had bolted completely; and close at the side of the lovely though imprudent couple, stood the angry—and justly angry—Miss Zela Pidge!

"Oh, Ferdinand," said she, "is it thus you deceive me? Did I bring you to Bulgaria House for this?—did I give you money to buy clothes for this, that you should go by false names, and make love to that saucy, slammerkin, sentimental Miss Grampus? Ferdinand, Ferdinand," cried she, "is this true,—can I credit my eyes?"

"D— your eyes!" said the signor angrily as he darted at her a withering look, and retired down the street. His curses might be heard long after he had passed. He never appeared more at Bulgaria House, for he received his dismissal the next day.

That night all the front windows of the Miss Pidges' seminary were smashed to shivers. * * *

On the following Thursday *two* places were taken in the coach to town. On the back seat sate the usher, on the front the wasted and miserable Adeliza Grampus. * * *

CHAPTER II.

BUT the matter did not end here. Miss Grampus's departure elicited from her a disclosure of several circumstances which, we must say, in no degree increased the reputation of Miss Zela Pidge. The discoveries which she made were so awkward, the tale of crime and licentiousness revealed by her so deeply injurious to the character of the establishment, that the pupils emigrated from it in scores. Miss Binx retired to her friends at Wandsworth, Miss Jacobs to her relations in Houndsditch, and other young ladies not mentioned in this history to other and more moral schools; so that absolutely, at the end of a single half year, such had been the scandal of the story, the Misses Pidge were left with only two pupils,—Miss Dibble, the articulated young lady, and Miss Bole, the grocer's daughter, who came in exchange for tea, candles, and other requisites supplied to the establishment by her father.

"I knew it, I knew it!" cried Zela passionately, as she trod the echoing and melancholy school-room; "he told me that none ever prospered who loved him,—that every flower was blighted upon which he shone! Ferdinand, Ferdinand! you have caused ruin there" (pointing to the empty cupboards and forms); "but what is that to the blacker ruin *here*!" and the poor creature slapped her heart, and the big tears rolled down her chin, and so into her tucker.

A very, very few weeks after this, the plate of Bulgaria House was removed for ever. That mansion is now designated "Moscow Hall, by Mr. Swishtail and assistants:"—the bankrupt and fugitive Misses Pidge have fled, Heaven knows whither! for the steamers to Boulogne cost more than five shillings in those days.

Alderman Grampus, as may be imagined, did not receive his daughter with any extraordinary degree of courtesy. "He was as grumpy," Mrs. G. remarked, "on the occasion as a sow with the measles."—But had he not reason? A lovely daughter who had neglected her education, forgotten her morals for the second time, and fallen almost a prey to villains! Miss Grampus for some months was kept in close confinement, nor ever suffered to stir, except occasionally to Bunhill-row for air, and to church for devotion. Still, though she knew him

to be false,—though she knew that under a different, perhaps a prettier name, he had offered the same vows to another,—she could not but think of Roderick.

That *Professor* (as well—too well—he may be called!) knew too well her father's name and reputation to experience any difficulty in finding his abode. It was, as every City man knows, in Cheapside; and thither Dandolo constantly bent his steps: but though he marched unceasingly about the mansion, he never (mysteriously) would pass it. He watched Adeliza walking, he followed her to church; and many and many a time as she jostled out at the gate of the Artillery-ground, or the beadle-flanked portal of Bow, a tender hand would meet hers, an active foot would press upon hers, a billet discreetly delivered was as adroitly seized, to hide in the recesses of her pocket-handkerchief, or to nestle in the fragrance of her bosom! Love! Love! how ingenious thou art! thou canst make a ladder of a silken thread, or a weapon of a straw; thou peerest like sunlight into a dungeon; thou scalest, like forlorn hope, a castle wall; the keep is taken!—the foe-man has fled!—the banner of love floats triumphantly over the corpses of the slain! *

Thus, though denied the comfort of personal intercourse, Adeliza and her lover maintained a frequent and tender correspondence. Nine times at least in a week, she by bribing her maid-servant, managed to convey letters to the Professor, to which he at rarer intervals, though with equal warmth, replied.

"Why," said the young lady in the course of this correspondence, "why, when I cast my eyes upon my Roderick, do I see him so woefully changed in outward guise? He wears not the dress which formerly adorned him. Is he poor?—is he in disguise?—do debts oppress him, or traitors track him for his blood? Oh that my arms might shield him!—Oh that my purse might aid him! It is the fondest wish of

"ADELIZA G.

"P.S.—Aware of your fondness for shell-fish, Susan will leave a barrel of oysters at the Swan with Two Necks, directed to you, as per desire.

"AD. G.

"P.S.—Are you partial to kippered salmon? The girl brings three pounds of it wrapped in a silken handkerchief. 'Tis marked with the hair of

"ADELIZA.

"P.S.—I break open my note to say that you will find in it a small pot of anchovy paste: may it prove acceptable. Heigho! I would that I could accompany it.

"A. G."

It may be imagined, from the text of this note, that Adeliza had profited not a little by the perusal of Mrs. Swipes's novels; and it also gives a pretty clear notion of the condition of her lover. When that gentleman was a professor at Bulgaria House, his costume had strictly accorded with his pretensions. He wore a black German coat loaded with frogs and silk trimming, a white broad-brimmed beaver, hessians, and nankeen tights. His costume at present was singularly changed for the worse: a rough brown frock-coat dangled down to the calves of his brawny legs, where likewise ended a pair of greasy shepherd's-plaid trousers; a dubious red waistcoat, a blue or bird's-

* We cannot explain this last passage; but it is so beautiful, that the reader will pardon the omission of sense, which the author certainly could have put in if he liked.

eye neckerchief, and bluchers, (or half-boots,) remarkable for thickness and for mud, completed his attire. But he looked superior to his fortune; he wore his grey hat very much on one ear; he incessantly tugged at his smoky shirt-collar, and walked jingling the half-pence (when he had any) in his pocket. He was, in fact, no better than an adventurer, and the innocent Adeliza was his prey.

Though the Professor read the first part of this letter with hope and pleasure, it may be supposed that the three postscripts were still more welcome to him,—in fact, he literally did what is often done in novels, he *devoured* them; and Adeliza, on receiving a note from him the next day, after she had eagerly broken the seal, and with panting bosom and flashing eye glanced over the contents,—Adeliza, we say, was not altogether pleased when she read the following:

“Your goodness, dearest, passes belief; but never did poor fellow need it more than your miserable, faithful Roderick. Yes! *I am* poor,—*I am* tracked by hell-hounds,—*I am* changed in looks, and dress, and happiness,—in all but love for thee!

“Hear my tale! I come of a noble Italian family,—the noblest, ay, in Venice. We were free once, and rich, and happy; but the Prussian autograph has planted his banner on our towers,—the talents of his haughty heagle have seized our wealth, and consigned most of our race to dungeons. I am not a prisoner, only an exile. A mother, a bed-ridden grandmother, and five darling sisters, escaped with me from Venice, and now share my poverty and my home. But I have wrestled with misfortune in vain; I have struggled with want, till want has overcome me. Adeliza, I WANT BREAD!

“The kippered salmon was very good, the anchovies admirable. But, oh, my love! how thirsty they make those who have no means of slaking thirst! My poor grandmother lies delirious in her bed, and cries in vain for drink. Alas! our water is cut off; I have none to give her. The oysters was capital. Bless thee, bless thee! angel of bounty! Have you any more sich, and a few shrimps? My sisters are *very* fond of them.

“Half-a-crown would oblige. But thou art too good to me already, and I blush to ask thee for more. “Adieu, Adeliza,

“the wretched but faithful

“RODERICK FERDINAND,

“Bell-yard, June —.”

“(38th Count of Dandolo.)

A shade of dissatisfaction, we say, clouded Adeliza's fair features as she perused this note; and yet there was nothing in it which the tenderest lover might not write. But the shrimps, the half-crown, the horrid picture of squalid poverty presented by the count, sickened her young heart; the innate delicacy of the woman revolted at the thought of all this misery.

But better thoughts succeeded: her breast heaved as she read and re-read the singular passage concerning the Prussian autograph, who had planted his standard at Venice. “I knew it!” she cried, “I knew it!—he is of noble race! O Roderick, I will perish, but I will help thee!”

Alas! she was not well enough acquainted with history to perceive that the Prussian autograph had nothing to do with Venice, and had forgotten altogether that she herself had coined the story which this adventurer returned to her.

But a difficulty presented itself to Adeliza's mind. Her lover asked for money,—where was she to find it? The next day the till of the shop was empty, and a weeping apprentice dragged before the Lord Mayor. It is true that no signs of the money were found upon him; it is true that he protested his innocence; but he was dismissed the alderman's service, and passed a month at Bridewell, because Adeliza Grampus had a needy lover!

"Dearest," she wrote, "will three-and-twenty and sevenpence suffice? 'Tis all I have: take it, and with it the fondest wishes of your Adeliza.

"A sudden thought! Our apprentice is dismissed. My father dines abroad; I shall be in the retail establishment all the night, alone."

"A. G."

No sooner had the Professor received this note than his mind was made up. "I will see her," he said; "I will enter that accursed shop." He did, and to his ruin.

That night Mrs. Grampus and her daughter took possession of the bar or counter, in the place which Adeliza called the retail establishment, and which is commonly denominated the shop. Mrs. Grampus herself operated with the oyster-knife, and served the Milton morsels to the customers. Age had not diminished her skill, nor had wealth rendered her too proud to resume at need a profession which she had followed in early days. Adeliza flew gracefully to and fro with the rolls, the vinegar bottle with perforated cork, and the little pats of butter. A little boy ran backwards and forwards to the Blue Lion over the way, for the pots of porter, or for the brandy and water, which some gentlemen take after the play.

Midnight arrived. Miss Grampus was looking through the window, and contrasting the gleaming gas which shone upon the ruby lobsters, with the calm moon which lightened up the Poultry, and threw a halo round the Royal Exchange. She was lost in maiden meditation, when her eye fell upon a pane of glass in her own window: squeezed against this, flat and white, was the nose of a man!—that man was Roderick Dandolo! He seemed to be gazing at the lobsters more intensely than at Adeliza; he had his hands in his pockets, and was whistling Jim Crow.*

Miss Grampus felt sick with joy; she staggered to the counter, and almost fainted. The Professor concluded his melody, and entered at once into the shop. He pretended to have no knowledge of Miss Grampus, but *abarded* the two ladies with easy elegance and irresistible good-humour.

"Good evening, ma'am," said he, bowing profoundly to the *elder* lady. "What a precious hot evening, to be sure!—hot, ma'am, and hungry, as they say. I could not resist them lobsters, specially when I saw the lady behind 'em."

At this gallant speech Mrs. Grampus blushed, or looked as if she would blush, and said,

"Law, sir!"

"Law, indeed, ma'am," playfully continued the Professor; "you're a precious deal better than law,—you're *divinity*, ma'am; and this, I presume, is your sister?"

* I know this is an anachronism; but I only mean that he was performing one of the popular melodies of the time.—G. G.

He pointed to Adeliza as he spoke, who, pale and mute, stood fainting against a heap of ginger-beer bottles. The old lady was quite won by this stale compliment.

"My daughter, sir," she said. "Addly, lay a cloth for the gentleman. Do you take hoysters, sir, hor lobsters? Both is very fine."

"Why, ma'am," said he, "to say truth, I have come forty miles since dinner, and don't care if I have a little of both. I'll begin, if you please, with that there, (Lord bless its claws, they're as red as your lips!) and we'll astonish a few of the natives afterwards, *by your leave*."

Mrs. Grampus was delighted with the manners and the appetite of the stranger. She proceeded forthwith to bisect the lobster, while the Professor in a *déagé* manner, his cane over his shoulder, and a cheerful whistle upon his lips, entered the little parlour, and took possession of a box and a table.

He was no sooner seated than, from a scuffle, a giggle, and a smack, Mrs. Grampus was induced to suspect that something went wrong in the oyster-room.

"Hadeliza!" cried she; and that young woman returned blushing now like a rose, who had been as pale before as a lily.

Mrs. G. herself took in the lobster, bidding her daughter sternly to stay in the shop. She approached the stranger with an angry air, and laid the lobster before him.

"For shame, sir!" said she solemnly; but all of a sudden she began to giggle like her daughter, and her speech ended with an "*Have done now!*"

We were not behind the curtain, and cannot of course say what took place; but it is evident that the Professor was a general lover of the sex.

Mrs. Grampus returned to the shop, rubbing her lips with her fat arms, and restored to perfect good-humour. The little errand-boy was despatched over the way for a bottle of Guinness and a glass of brandy and water.

"HOT WITH!" shouted a manly voice from the eating-room, and Adeliza was pained to think that in her presence her lover could eat so well.

He ate indeed as if he had never eaten before: here is the bill written by Mrs. Grampus herself.

"Two lobsters at 3s. 6d.	7s. 0d.
Sallit	1 3
2 Bottils Doubling Stott	2 4
11 Doz. Best natifs	7 4
14 Pads of Botter	1 2
4 Glasses B & W.	4 0
Bredd (love & $\frac{1}{2}$)	1 2
Brakitch of tumler	1 6

"To Sámuel Grampus, 1 5 9

"At the Mermaid in Cheapside.

"Shell-fish in all varieties. N.B. a great saving in taking a quantity."

"A saving in *taking a quantity*," said the stranger archly. "Why, ma'am, you ought to let me off *very cheap*;" and the Professor, the pot-boy, Adeliza, and her mamma, grinned equally at this pleasantry.

"However, never mind the pay, missis," continued he; "we an't agoing to quarrel about *that*. Hadd another glass of brandy and water to the bill, and bring it me, when it shall be as I am now."

"Law, sir," simpered Mrs. Grampus, "how's that?"

"*Reseated*, ma'am, to be sure," replied he as he sank back upon the table. The old lady went laughing away, pleased with her merry and facetious customer; the little boy picked up the oyster-shells, of which a mighty pyramid was formed at the Professor's feet.

"Here, Sammy," cried out shrill Mrs. Grampus from the shop, "go over to the Blue Lion and get the gentleman his glass: but no, you are better where you are, pickin' up them shells. Go you, Hadeliza; it is but across the way."

Adeliza went with a very bad grace; she had hoped to exchange at least a few words with him her soul adored; and her mother's jealousy prevented the completion of her wish.

She had scarcely gone, when Mr. Grampus entered from his dinner-party. But, though fond of pleasure, he was equally faithful to business: without a word, he hung up his brass-buttoned coat, put on his hairy cap, and stuck his sleeves through his apron.

As Mrs. Grampus was tying it, (an office which this faithful lady regularly performed,) he asked her what business had occurred during his absence.

"Not so bad," said she; "two pound ten to-night, besides one pound eight to receive;" and she handed Mr. Grampus the bill.

"How many are there on 'em?" said that gentleman smiling, as his eye gladly glanced over the items of the account.

"Why, that's the best of all: how many do you think?"

"If four did it," said Mr. Grampus, "they wouldn't have done badly neither."

"What do you think of *one*?" cried Mrs. G. laughing, "and he an't done yet. Haddy is gone to fetch him another glass of brandy and water."

Mr. Grampus looked very much alarmed. "Only one, and you say he an't paid?"

"No," said the lady.

Mr. Grampus seized the bill, and rushed wildly into the dining-room: the little boy was picking up the oyster-shells still, there were so many of them; the Professor was seated on the table, laughing as if drunk, and picking his teeth with his fork.

Grampus, shaking in every joint, held out the bill: a horrid thought crossed him; he had seen that face before!

The Professor kicked sneeringly into the air the idle piece of paper, and swung his legs recklessly to and fro.

"What a flat you are," shouted he in a voice of thunder, "to think I'm a goin' to pay! Pay! I never pay—I'M DANDO!"

The people in the other boxes crowded forward to see the celebrated stranger; the little boy grinned as he dropped two hundred and forty-four oyster-shells, and Mr. Grampus rushed madly into his front shop, shrieking for a watchman.

As he ran, he stumbled over something on the floor,—a woman and a glass of brandy and water lay there extended. Like Tarquinia reversed, Elijah Grampus was trampling over the lifeless body of Adeliza.

Why enlarge upon the miserable theme? The confiding girl,

in returning with the grog from the Blue Lion, had arrived at the shop only in time to hear the fatal name of DANDO. She saw him, tipsy and triumphant, bestriding the festal table, and yelling with horrid laughter! The truth flashed upon her—she fell!

Lost to worldly cares in contemplating the sorrows of their idolized child, her parents forgot all else beside. Mrs. G. held the vinegar-cruet to her nostrils; her husband brought the soda-water fountain to play upon her; it restored her to life, but not to sense. When Adeliza Grampus rose from that trance she was a MANIAC!

But what became of *the deceiver*? The gormandizing ruffian, the lying renegade, the fiend in human shape, escaped in the midst of this scene of desolation. He walked unconcerned through the shop, his hat cocked on one side as before, swaggering as before, whistling as before: far in the moonlight might you see his figure; long, long in the night-silence rang his demoniac melody of Jim Crow!

When Samuel the boy cleaned out the shop in the morning, and made the inventory of the goods, a silver fork, a plated ditto, a dish, and a pewter pot were found to be wanting. Ingenuity will not be long in guessing the name of *the thief*.

Gentles, my tale is told. If it may have deterred one soul from vice, my end is fully answered: if it may have taught to school-mistresses carefulness, to pupils circumspection, to youth the folly of sickly sentiment, the pain of bitter deception; to manhood the crime, the *meanness* of gluttony, the vice which it occasions, and the wicked passions it fosters; if these, or any of these, have been taught by the above tale, Goliah Gahagan seeks for no other reward.

NOTE. Please send the proceeds as requested per letter; the bearer being directed not to give up the manuscript without.

BIDDY TIBS, WHO CARED FOR NOBODY.

"MARRY in thy youth!" This golden truth is writ in one of the "gates," or articles of the "Sadder." We know not if the eyes of Jacob Tibs ever opened upon this questionable axiom; or whether the consciousness of his own weakness was the load-star which lighted him, "poor darkened traveller," to the *blessed state*. Be it as it might, Jacob, though no longer in youth, and in spite of my Uncle Toby's showing that "love is below a man,"—Jacob took unto himself a wife, —an unquestionable *better half*; seeing his share was so small in the economy of domestic life. But at how high a standard Jacob *ought* to have placed his happiness,—and marriage is with some supposed to be a good,—he held it a plague, a sickness long in killing! Jacob, as we have before stated, married, and from that seed his crops of evil sprung! *The apple of his eye*, like that of the East, was ashes to his taste. Alas! that Jacob ever married!

Biddy Tibs, "*who cared for nobody*," was, at the time we write, a small withered piece of stale old age. In her husband's days,—and they a bountiful Providence, or rather rope, had shortened; not that

he was hanged, for Jacob was a modest-minded man!—she made up in temper what she lacked in size; which temper, in the opinion of many, was the personal property of the devil! And as the most difficult conquest of Mahomet was that of his wife, so it proved with Jacob, who vainly hoped that, “as with time and patience the leaf of the mulberry-tree becomes satin,” so might his wife’s temper from sour turn to sweet! How little did Jacob appreciate the constancy of woman!

Jacob Tibs was part owner of a Liverpool West India trader, and of which he was nominally the captain. But Mrs. T., in this as in all other instances, was the great “captain’s captain:” her lungs—and never had a speaking-trumpet such lungs—were hurricane-proof! and the title of “boatswain” was not improperly a sobriquet of this fair cheapener of sugar, with which the vessel was ostensibly freighted, though upon occasions she had more slaves than her husband on board; so that, what with natural and human produce, Jacob climbed a golden ladder. Tired with a “life of storms,” he changed his vessel for a house, the sea for a quiet town, and might have rested his old age in peace; but, alas for Jacob! he was married!

Argus is reported to have slept,—can we wonder that Mrs. Tibs’s two eyes for once lost their vigilance, and left her husband the master of himself, and one day—for that she passed a short distance off; and Jacob resolved that this drop of comfort should prove a well; and in truth it *did*, as will be shown. Old Jacob had friends, as who has not that has anything to give?—and this day—the only one he could look forward to with a smile since he had been “blessed”—he determined should prove a golden one; and, spite of the servant-girl’s warnings of “How missus would wop him!” Jacob held a levee, —some dozen sons of Eve, whose mouths sucked brandy like a sponge,—good old souls of a good old age, whose modest wants ‘bacca and brandy could supply.

Jacob held his levee! but as he boasted no privy purse, no stocking with a foot of guineas, and no brandy but a bottle two-thirds full, left by strange accident in the cupboard, what was to be done? For the first time in his life Jacob was surprised into an act of rebellion; and with a death-doing hammer in one hand, and a screwdriver in the other, did Jacob invade the—to him—sanctity of the cellar. The lock was wrenched, lights were stuck in empty bottles, and Jacob, who in his young-going days had swilled it with the best, soon verified the sentiment of Le Sage, that “a reformed drunkard should never be left in a cellar.” Now, whether joy or brandy had to answer for the sin, we know not; but, certain it is, Jacob got drunk, and measured his length—he was a tall man—upon the ground. Friends should be our brothers in affliction; *his* were true ones, and at happy intervals of time they sank beside him, completely overcome,—showing how little was their pride, how great their fellowship!

How long they might have continued in this undeniable state of bliss would be an useless guess, for the last of Jacob’s friends—and he was no sudden faller-off—had scarcely deposited himself upon the ground in happy indifference for his clothes, when the cracked-bell voice of Mrs. Tibs, who had unexpectedly returned, roused the maid into a consciousness that missus had come home! Domestic contentions are at no time an interesting theme; and as most of our

readers—we allude to the married portion—have doubtless experienced them in real life, romance would fall far short of the truth; the single we advise to marry, and experience will teach them what we here pass over. When Jacob's better half beheld her bottles empty, her casks upturned, and her husband, for the first time since he had enjoyed that felicity, deaf to the music of her voice, a bucket of water from the well refreshed Jacob to a truth he would willingly have slept in ignorance of,—that the wife of his bosom was alive, and he started as a thief would at an opening door. She seized him by the collar, and, showering the first-fruits of her passion upon him who could so well appreciate it, the “boatswain” rose within her, and, after bestowing sundry terms of approbation upon his boon companions, she turned them out of the house, as the vulgar saying hath it, “with their tails between their legs.” Jacob would have slunk away, but Fortune willed it otherwise. His “rib” shouted the word of command, “Tack, you lubber, and be — to you!” Jacob recognised the voice,—how could he have mistaken it?—and waited for orders. Now it so fell out, as Mrs. Tibs ran for the bucket of water, her cap, in the press of business, caught by a twig, dropped into the well, and eighteen-pence had been that day expended in decoration. With the assistance of Nanny the maid, Jacob was to be wound down in the bucket; and, spite of his appeals to the contrary, with one foot in the tub, and both hands on the rope, he was lowered, and half soused in water, until he reached the ribbon treasure of his wife's head. The cap clutched in one hand, he was raised dripping by the windlass. Each twist brought him nearer to the top, when, sorrowful to relate, the rope gave way, and Jacob dropped like lead into the well; a hollow splash was heard in the water, and Mrs. Tibs stood by in speechless agony. At length her grief found vent, and, pitching her voice to its shrillest note, she cried, “Oh, my cap!”

Alas for Jacob! his head struck with swingeing force against the bricks, where to this day the impression may be seen: he fell stunned into the water, and before aid could be obtained, which Mrs. Tibs did in less than two hours and a half, Jacob was dead!

Now, though Jacob was dead, he was not buried. A good wife is a jewel to her husband; what must she be to his mortal remains? Biddy's affection was too great to allow any but herself to be his undertaker, and she contracted with a jobbing carpenter for a wooden shell. Jacob never loved luxuries, and the pride of cloth covered not his outside, gilt nails syllabled not his virtues. Four ploughmen were hired at a shilling a-head—half-a-crown they had the uncharity to ask—to be his bearers, and Jacob was lowered to what he had been for years a stranger to—a house of peace! * * *

In the city of C——, famous for its antiquities, its cathedral, and its hop-grounds, is a terrace, commanding an extensive view of a cattle-market and the road beyond; along which road, one sunny afternoon, a gentleman, or, for fear of mistakes, we will simply call him an officer, rode on a piebald horse. Passing along, a certain window on the terrace attracted his attention, and the officer on the piebald horse kissed his hand to its fair occupant. Now, it so happened that Miss Lauretta Birdseye was seated at the very next window, in the very next house to that on which the officer had bestowed his atten-

tions ; and no sooner was the kiss blown, than slam went the window ! A glazier who was passing felt himself a richer man by at least three and sixpence. No sooner was the window closed, than — curtains are always in the way—they were drawn aside, and a face was glued to the glass, all eyes and wire ringlets. Another kiss from the officer on the piebald horse. The lady nodded her head, and was thinking of blushing ; but as blushes, like hedge-side roses, are vulgar, and glass so thick, her prudence whispered her not to be wasteful. As the rider passed, the window was once more opened, and her head thrust out, to see what to her was indeed a sight,—a man, as she thought, looking at her,—when what should she behold at the next window but Laura Dyke, “that impudent slut,” as she said, looking after the men !” Her modesty was scandalized, and once more the window descended with a crash !

The following morning Miss Lauretta Birdseye knocked a gentle knock at the dwelling of Mrs. Tibs, her next-door neighbour. The door was opened by Laura, who filled the double capacity of drudge and niece to her loving aunt Biddy Tibs. Since the demise of the late lamented Jacob, she had led a life of widowhood, no man being found rash enough to venture where Jacob had trod before. Years had passed, and Biddy Tibs was old and withered, and her skin, like parchment, hung dry and shrivelled ! The fire of her youth was gone, but the embers still remained : what her tongue had lost in might it had gained in bitterness ; she stabbed a reputation at each word, and mixed her gall in every household hive ! Such was Biddy Tibs ; and, though possessed of no mean wealth, her avarice clung like birdlime to her. Biddy had a brother, an honest tradesman : his wife died young, and his children, for he had two, a boy and a girl, were unto him gold and jewels ! Biddy held up her hands, and called it a tempting of Providence. Long sickness and misfortunes—for brother Dick had friends—and serving others, placed him in a debtors’ prison ! Without means, and lacking food, Dick asked his sister’s aid,—a score of pounds to make him a man again. Biddy with thousands saw him want on ;—saw him, sick and feeble, die, a prisoner for a friend’s debt, and his children without a roof but heaven ! Now, whether Biddy’s conscience smote her,—and it was speculated by some that she possessed that luxury,—we know not ; but, a few weeks after, her servant-girl, for some or for no fault, had been turned out of doors in the middle of the night ; and, as her place must be supplied, pity came to Biddy’s aid, and her niece, an interesting girl of some sixteen years, was sent for. The boy, Teg, less fortunate, was left to starve ; but he was a shrewd youth, fourteen, and had a squint eye, a sign of a kind of cunning, and, if a jest may be pardoned, Teg always looked round the corner. Laura luxuriated in the waggon ; Teg, less fortunate, trudged behind, begging as he went his food. But charity dwells not on the highway, and Teg’s food was mostly unasked ; a turnip diet and a hedge-side bed ended not a youth who was never born to be choked by indigestion.

Mrs. Tibs took in the girl, for she must have a drudge ; Teg had a penny given him, and the door shut in his face. Teg cried first, then got in a passion, and, like most people in a pet, quarrelled with his bread and butter ; for he flung the penny through one of the parlour windows, when, as ill luck would have it, it missed the head of

his loving aunt, and ended the days of a cracked tea-cup. Alas! that charity should bring evil upon the giver! for, taking the window and cup into consideration, Biddy's charity cost her shillings, when she had only intended to bestow a penny.

Teg spat upon her threshold, and went, no one cared or knew whither.

Laura was now eighteen, and opened the door to Miss Lauretta Birdseye, who looked daggers of indignation,—for Laura was a pretty girl,—and asked if Mrs. Tibs were at home. Laura's meek answer was, "Yes, Miss Birdseye; will you walk in?" Lauretta did, and sat in the parlour *tête-à-tête* with Mrs. Tibs.

Mrs. Tibs was to the city of C—— what Ariadne's thread was to Theseus,—the leading-string in all amours, all stolen meetings, all clandestine marriages. Numberless were the wives and husbands, maids and bachelors, who through her means had held communion sweet with objects of their choice. Messages and letters were her peculiar province; in fact, Biddy Tibs was a post-office in her own person; and these praiseworthy efforts she exercised not altogether from mercenary motives, though, to do her justice, her pride never stood in the way where money was offered: but she loved mischief as a cat loves milk, and would cheat for nothing, rather than not cheat at all. Now, as the officer on the piebald horse had kissed his hand, as Lauretta thought, to her, she could not rest until she had consulted old Tibby, for so she was called. *There* at all events she should know all about the officer, and there, no doubt, the officer would inquire after her; and, seated opposite old Tibby, the conversation began.

"Do you know, Mrs. Tibs," commenced Lauretta, "I am horrified to think what the girls about here are come to; for *my* part, you know, I hate the men!"

"I know you do," chimed in Biddy; "your mother tells everybody so: but them gals about here have no shame!"

"None!" and Lauretta rose with her subject. "As for those Greyham's girls, I declare a man can't walk for them; and those Miss Highwaters, they are no better than they should be, I know. Look how they dress! and we all know what they have to live upon. And those Miss Cartriges, with their thick ankles, waddling up and down, and looking after the men: for *my* part, I never walk without mother's with me, for those nasty fellows do look at one so."

Here an indistinct "Hem!" escaped Biddy.

"But I never look at them again, like the girls about here! never!" Biddy looked at her from under her grey eyes, but said nothing.

"Men," continued Miss B. "are such impudent fellows, especially military men; and, would you think it? an officer on a piebald horse actually kissed his hand to me yesterday afternoon!"

Old Tibby looked up with a face full of wonder and infidelity.

"Who would have thought it!" ejaculated Lauretta.

Biddy shook her head as she added, "Who, indeed!"

"But I let him know I wasn't one of those sort of people, for I shut the window in his face, and I saw him kiss his hand again."

"What! after you had shut the window?" and Biddy looked a note of interrogation in each eye.

"Oh—I—I saw him through the curtains."

"Ah!" was Tibby's echo. "And—well, I couldn't imagine who it could be for."

"Who what was for?" inquired Miss B.

"A letter."

"A letter!" and Lauretta's voice fluttered.

"Yes," said Tibby; "but, knowing how much *you hated* the men, I never thought of you." Saying which, the old woman fumbled in her pocket, and, taking a three-cornered note from a whole phalanx of others, read the inscription,—*"To Laura."*

"People will call me Laura," said Lauretta, as she seized upon the note, broke the seal, and read as follows:—"Sweet Laura,—When I saw you at the window, and kissed my hand,"—twice, Mrs. Tibs,—*"need I say how I wished your rosy lips were near me; but, before many hours, I trust I shall whisper in your ear the love I feel for my pretty little angel."* Lauretta held her breath till she was red in the face in a vain endeavour to look celestial. The letter continued:—"And if my sweet Laura will meet me on the 'Mount,' this evening, I will fly with her from the misery she now suffers, to love and happiness. Should you not be there, I shall return to the barracks, and put an immediate end to the existence of your devoted,

"AUGUSTUS GREEN HORN, Royal Rifle Corps."

Miss Birdseye felt twenty years younger at the intelligence,—for a man must be in earnest when he threatens to kill himself,—and, with a true tragedy uplifting of the hands, she exclaimed,

"Mrs. Tibs, I wouldn't have a man's death at my door for a world! No, Augustus——" Further exclamation was cut short by a sort of titter outside the parlour-door. Now none knew better than Lauretta Birdseye how well a keyhole afforded sight and sound; and, throwing the door suddenly open, she burst into the passage. A hurried footstep on the stair convinced her of what she knew from experience to be a fact, that by the time the door is opened the listener gets out of sight.

After sundry comments upon the meanness of listening, Lauretta informed Mrs. Tibs, who sat like a cat watching a mouse, of her Christian determination to save human life by sacrificing herself, all loth as she was, to the officer of the piebald horse!

"It was the first time in her life," as she said, "a man had ever made an appointment with her,"—who shall question the truth?—and her delicacy yielded to her philanthropy!

Lauretta determined to go,—and, what is more, without her mother.

The "Mount" alluded to in Augustus Green Horn's letter is a hill planted round with winding hedges; and the lawn on which it stands forms the principal promenade of all the little gentry, all the small-consequence people, their pride stuck like a nosegay in their button-holes, who look in looks of hot-bed consequence the dignity the tradesman bows to.

It was a dark evening, and the cathedral clock struck nine as Lauretta Birdseye passed through the gates of the broad walk. Her horror may be imagined when she saw servant-maids and others,—who had nothing but their character to live upon, stealing in and out the trees in loving paces with—Lauretta shut her eyes—the fellows! 'Prentice boys were here whispering golden precepts in the ears of willing

maids, who, as servant-maids are not supposed to blush, cried "La!" Lauretta hurried across the green,—doubtless to escape such infamy,—to the foot of the "Mount;" a man and some "impudent hussy" were coming down the way she was to go up,—and, or her eyes deceived her, no less a hussy than Laura Dyke! who, she shuddered to think, had picked up a new man. Lauretta heard—or fancied she heard—a titter as they passed; and the man—he looked very like an officer—laughed outright. Lauretta bridled in the full virginity of three-and-thirty, and walked up the opposite side! How long she walked up and down, this side and that side, from the top to the bottom, and sate "like Patience" on one of the seats at the top, we will not here describe. Suffice it, after waiting two hours and three-quarters, a boy, who brought the candles, laid hold of her in the dark, and, spite of her exertions to the contrary,—Lauretta was strong and bony,—ravished a kiss! Whether the boy's taste was not matured, or what, we know not, but he did not offer to repeat his rashness; and Lauretta, who held kissing a vice, after telling him "what a rude boy he was," and "hoping he would not do it again," walked very slowly down the "Mount," waited ten minutes at the bottom, and then, with a heavy heart went home to bed, strengthened in the truth that men have no taste, and women no shame!

To her gentle summons on the next morning, Biddy herself opened the door. Lauretta looked, and so did Biddy as she cried, "What you! then where's that devil's niece of mine? the jade's been out all night, and——"

"With some of the fellows, take my word for it. Mrs. Tibs, the age we live in is a disgrace to our sex—look at *me*!"

"Well, if I do," half screamed the old woman, "I do more than the men do. And haven't you been carried off after all? Oh! oh!" and Biddy wheezed and chuckled like an old grey ape.

"Ma'm!" and Lauretta looked a vestal, "I am not aware, ma'm, what you mean."

"What! not of the officer on the piebald horse?" Biddy's countenance changed, and she turned white with passion as she added, "And that beggar's slut of mine, I'll teach her to cross me!" But, as her eye rested upon Lauretta, her face changed again, and pursed into a thousand wrinkles as she chuckled, "How long did you wait? Oh! oh!" and she gloated on the wincing countenance of her next-door neighbour.

"Mrs. Tibs!" and Lauretta spoke with the conscious dignity of a Cleopatra; "I have had a strange thought about Laura, and I am afraid we have made a little mistake."

"Mistake!" and Biddy's eyes opened like an owl's.

"Yes; for, after the officer kissed his hand, I opened the window, and there I saw that good-for-nothing girl of yours looking after him, and he *might* have blown his filthy kisses to her; and last night,—I won't be certain,—but I think I saw her coming down the 'Mount' with a man, and he looked very like my dear Augustus——"

The countenance of Biddy fell, and her skin became lead as she gasped, "Bat that I was not to see it; that letter was for her after all!"

"Instead of *me*!" and Lauretta waxed wrathful as she added, "She heard us read it through the key-hole. I thought I heard a titter."

Let us not mistake the passion of Biddy Tibs ; it was not the ruin of her niece grieved her,—no ! she could get another servant from the workhouse ; but she had fattened on the idea that, Lucretia as Lauretta was, she had at length stumbled on a Tarquin !—it was wine and oil to her heart. But, to find herself cozened, to have hatched the wrong egg !—her fury knew no bounds. She raved, and—we trust, for the first time in her life—uttered curses, and in so wild a scream that neighbours came running to her assistance ; when, lashed by her own temper, the amiable Biddy Tibs fell down in a swoon, having burst a blood-vessel, and was carried to bed.

Miss Birdseye took the opportunity of informing a room-full of attentive listeners, “ that the shameless hussy, Laura Dyke, had gone off with a man ! ” and so great was her horror, that, upon the butcher-boy’s bringing the meat, she wouldn’t suffer him to come into the passage, but kept the door ajar, for fear, as she said, “ the fellow should look at her ! ”

The sick lion was a baby to Biddy Tibs, and, though *she* “ cared for nobody,” everybody cared for her—last will and testament. Her wealth had been looked upon by the telescopic eyes of an attentive few, who brought her—as “ trifles show respect ”—trifles of the least ambitious nature ; and now, when Biddy was ill, and not likely to last above a day or two, their consideration knew no bounds. One would bring her—they were so cooling—some currants, on a cabbage leaf ; another, a pot of jam ; a third, an invitation,—if she *could* go, it would do her so much good. Biddy was not expected to live the day. But—oh, the ingratitude of this old creature !—ill as she was, her grey eyes looked like glass upon them, and twinkled with a cunning light ; and in the course of the day she promised, in no less than six different quarters, the house she lived in, and a legacy beside. How good are they who wait upon the sick ! but, though sick, Biddy, as the saying is, was “ hard to die,” and the doctor was justly surprised, who, after giving her over the preceding night, found her alive the next morning ; and, notwithstanding she had three doctors, in the space of a few weeks, as her friends justly lamented, Biddy had cheated the devil, and, what was of still more consequence, themselves of currants and jam.

In due course of time Mrs. Tibs was restored to health ; and not only left the city of C——, but her loving friends, who looked their last of Biddy Tibs, “ who cared for nobody.”

We have now to trace the history of Teg Dyke, who, we before said, was a shrewd boy, and, like most shrewd children taught by bad example, he became of the bad the worst. Driven from his aunt’s door, without shelter and without food, Teg turned his steps where chance directed, and, “ with Providence for his guide,” before night-fall was some miles on the London road. Begging or stealing his way, as accident and his necessity compelled, the poor lad found himself sore-footed, hungry, hopeless, in the outskirts of London, which then, even more than now, was a huge nursery for crime,—a living chess-board, and circumstance the player ! Teg was ragged, and none would employ him ; begging was so unprofitable there was no living by it. Without food for two whole days Teg grew desperate, and, tempted by the smell, stole from the door of a cook-shop a plateful of savoury tit-bits,—the third lost that morning ; and, in the

act of tasting, Teg was detected, seized, and, by a merciful magistrate sent to the House of Correction. Teg, himself no sinner, was here shut round by sin. Teg stole a meal, urged by the crying wants of hunger, and he was here mated with those who held theft a principle; and, like a bur, he clung to vice, since honesty had cast him down: and, to say truth, Teg found more fellowship in a jail, more communion, than in the outer world; for here they took delight in teaching what they knew without a premium. Where else could Teg have learnt a trade so cheaply? "The cove was quick and willing," and, respecting nothing else,—they must have been rogues,—respected genius! Genius lies hid in corners; and Teg who, had his aunt not thrust him from her door, might have become merely an honest man, sent to jail for stealing what none would give him,—food,—became, with a little practice, an accomplished thief!

Who shall say Biddy was to blame for shutting her door on so much depravity? Again, was not her wisdom shown in her behaviour to her niece? Should she have treated her with the least appearance of kindness, who, driven like a dog, had the wickedness to stain her threshold with ingratitude? Had she bestowed a sign of goodness upon her, she had then deserved it. But, no; she had treated her niece like a beast of burthen, and how had she returned her affection? Biddy trembled as she thought of it!

Laura's ingratitude must have risen like a ghost upon her sleepless eye! What must have been her self-accusation when, deserted by the Honourable Augustus Green Horn, she found herself not only a mother, but a beggar, halting in the streets, and with a pale and stricken countenance suing for bread? Then, indeed, must her aunt's loving-kindness have come in sweet dreams of the past, and whispered love and gentleness! But Laura had a callous mind, and, strange to say, never once felt her deprivation, or she would have sunk beneath it, as an outcast from society, her freshness gone; her beauty, like an autumn's leaf, seared, and cast forth unto the winds; her heart bruised, and her hopes destroyed, she crawled at midnight through the worst streets of London's worst quarter, the scoff of many, the despised of all, the debauched victim of any, her child a cripple from its birth, and in the malignity of a fever dead! And yet Laura, midst all these evils, wept hot tears; but, what proved she must have been dead to feeling, she never once thought of the motherly kindness of Biddy Tibs. * * *

Some years had passed since Biddy turned her back upon the city of C——, and left a name blushing with its good deeds behind her. She now lived in a small town in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, where her riches formed the subject of many an alehouse gossip. But, as old age fell upon her, the vice of gold came with it, and she lived in a crazy wooden house, without the fellowship of a breathing thing, and for the best of reasons. No cat could live upon her fare, and hope to be alive at the end of the month,—no dog was ever seen to stop at a bone Biddy threw away; her charity never descended to her garden, nor did the sparrows,—they knew it would be a waste of time;—and thus she lived without kin and without kind, no servant being so little a feeder as to live upon abuse. And it was noted as a peculiar fact, that, the older she grew, the more evil grew her tongue. Characters fell like grass before her.

Young or old, weak or strong, all felt her lash! And upon one occasion she made such inroads upon the chastity of two maiden ladies, sisters, and worthy to be so of the far-famed Irish giant, that, under pretence of tea and scandal, Biddy could not resist the temptation; she was induced to pay them a visit. A stream ran through these maiden sisters' grounds; and lifting Biddy in their arms,—a mere shuttlecock to two such battledores,—she was gently dropt into the water, where she enjoyed, what she had been for years a stranger to, a comfortable wash. So runs the story; and Biddy, vowing vengeance and the law, which last she obtained, for Biddy was rich, added so much by her daily tales to their reputations, that in the end she remained sole mistress of the field,—the maiden ladies leaving Biddy and the town behind them.

It was a cold November night, the wind howled, and the rain beat against the windows as Biddy Tibs sat in her room; the night was without moon or stars, and the sky looked black as the old woman peered through the window into the garden, and the fields at the back of her house; the rain fell in streams, and the wind moaned like a human voice. For an instant she saw, or thought she saw, a light shoot across the garden. She looked, and looked, and—she closed the shutters, and sat closer to the fire; and, rocking herself over it in her chair, mumbled, "Blind eyes that I have!—how should a light get there? I could see in the dark once like a cat; but now—" and the old woman rocked over the fire, with her head bent double to the grate. A rushlight with a long snuff burnt on the table, and the room looked shadowy and full of forms.

'Twas midnight; but still Biddy sat within her chair, and rocked, and rocked, and looking at the fire, as cinder after cinder blackened in the grate, she muttered, and spoke as to herself, "They're none of my getting,—none of my flesh! Didn't I feed, clothe her?—she ran away from my roof, and let her want. A night like this will break her spirit, and teach her what it is to be without one—'twill——" She paused suddenly, and bent her ear as in the act of listening; her grey eyes gazed round the room as she said, "It sounded like a door creaking, or a bolt;" and again she listened. The candle burnt dimly on the table, and the embers grew darker and darker as Biddy spread her hands to catch their warmth, and muttered, "At night, one is full of fancies; it's only the wind;" and, communing with herself, she added, "I've paid them back their own, and given them lies for lies, and they hate me for it: but they fear me, too,—that's one comfort,—for they know I'm rich. Rich—ha! ha! there's a sly cupboard there," and she pointed to a recess in the wall, where a concealed door stood half ajar; "there's a nest holds more eggs than they think for; and if I had liked—but the boy is none of mine—the boy—" A draught of air as from an opened door made her look round. She sat frozen to her chair as the figure of a man darkened in the room; a second, masked like his fellow, stood in the shadow of the door; and Biddy, with a fixed stare, looked like a corpse, blue-lipped and hollow-eyed. Her chair shook under her, and her voice came not, though her mouth opened, and her throat worked as if to scream! The man moved a step; it was electric! Biddy started to her feet, and with a hollow voice cried "Murder!" The ruffian with a curse darted at her throat, and, in a hissing whisper between his teeth, cried, "Quiet, you

hag, or I'll settle you!" Biddy, old and feeble as she was, fastened with both hands upon his, and struggled in his grip. The mask fell from his face, and with starting eyes she looked at what seemed to scorch them, uttered a choking scream, and— Let us draw the curtain.

The next morning speculation was busy that at so late an hour the shutters of Mrs. Tibs's house remained unopened; she was an early riser, and now 'twas noon: their knocking obtaining no answer, the door was forced; and in the back room they found Biddy Tibs upon the ground, dead, with a handkerchief knotted round her throat. The small cupboard in the recess was thrown wide open, and her drawers forced; and it was soon spread over the town that Biddy Tibs was murdered!

A few weeks had passed, and anxious and expectant thousands were seen moving in a huge mass on the road to Tyburn. A man was to be hanged! And, as the people have so little recreation, of course the roads were thronged with delighted crowds, all hastening to the "gallows-tree." Women yelled their execrations at the head of the pale and shaking culprit, for he had murdered one of their own sex; and clapped and shouted as the cart drew from under his clinging feet. Men, "as it was only for a woman," "thought hanging too bad," and merely hooted, groaned, and hissed. Indeed, so popular was the excitement, that ladies—*real* ones, for they paid guineas for a sight on a waggon,—waved their handkerchief, and wondered such wretches were suffered to exist.

As the last struggle of the swinging corpse left him stiff and dead, a half-clothed and haggard woman asked, in a hoarse and shaking voice, the name of the murderer.

"What, that 'ere?" was the reply, and a finger pointed to the stripling figure of the hanging man; "he as murdered his aunt?—why Slashing Bill, *alias* Teg Dyke."

A scream—a wild and shrieking scream rang through the air, and Laura dropt senseless.

The bulk of Mrs. Tibs's property came to her niece, but disease had left her scarce a shadow of herself. Her eyes looked leaden! Want, sorrow, and dissipation had writ their blight upon her, and, at the end of six months,—an apothecary having been frequent in his visits,—poor Laura was no more!

How different had been the fate of Biddy Tibs had she lent her brother Dick the score of pounds! Teg would have been an honest tradesman like himself, Laura a tradesman's wife, Biddy had lived for years, and the pillow of her death-bed been smoothed by the hands of loving friends. But, as it was, her brother died from want; Biddy fell, strangled by her nephew's hand. He had been seen in a taproom, where the wealth of the old woman who lived at the wooden house was talked of; part was traced to him; his companion confessed; and Teg died a felon's death; Laura, from the effects of want and dissipation!

Biddy's property was the subject of a law-suit between two of her distant relations, which, to the best of our knowledge, remains unsettled to this day!

In a village churchyard in the neighbourhood of London the grass grows rank about a tombstone which is still pointed at as the grave of "*Biddy Tibs, who cared for nobody!*"

THE REGATTA.—No. I

RUN ACROSS CHANNEL.

ONCE more upon the dark blue water ! It is noon,—the sun shines gloriously ; the sea, undulated by a slight swell from the Atlantic, falls gently on the beach, or breaks upon the beetling precipice which forms the headland of Rathmore. The wind has almost “sighed itself to rest,” and, coming across the sparkling surface of the ocean in partial eddies, ruffles it for a moment and passes on. Fainter and fainter still,—nothing but an occasional cat’s-paw is visible, far as the helmsman’s eye can range. The cutter has no longer steerage way : the folds of the ample mainsail flap heavily as the yacht rolls in the run of the tide, which, setting rapidly to the eastward, drifts the unmanageable vessel along a chain of rocky islands, severed by some tremendous convulsion from the main, to which they had been originally united.

A more magnificent and a more varied scene than that visible from the yacht’s deck could not be imagined. A-beam lay the grey ruins of Dunluce, lighted up by a flood of sunshine ; the shores of Portrush, with its scattered bathing-houses, and the highlands of Donegal at the extreme distance, appeared astern. On the left was an expanse of ocean, boundless, waveless, beautiful : the sea-gull was idly resting on the surface, the puffin and the cormorant diving and appearing continually ; while a league off a man-of-war brig, covered to the very trucks with useless canvass, lay as if she rode at anchor. Beyond the motionless vessel, the Scottish coast was clearly defined ; the bold outline of the shores of Isla presented itself : and, half lost in the haze, the cone of Jura showed yet more faintly. On the starboard bow the Giant’s Causeway rose from the water, and with a glass you could trace its unequal surface of basaltic columns ; while right ahead Bengore and Rathlin completed this mighty panorama.

Nor was the cutter from which this scene was viewed an object void of interest. She was a vessel of some seventy tons, displaying that beauty of build and equipment for which modern yachts are so remarkable. The low black hull was symmetry itself, while the taunt spars and topmast displayed a cloud of sail, which at a short distance would appear to require a bark of double the size to carry. Above deck everything was simple and ship-shape ; below, space had been accurately considered, and not an inch was lost. Nothing could surpass the conveniency of the cabins, or the elegance with which the fittings and furniture were designed.

Four hours passed,—not a breath of wind stirred : a deadlier calm I never witnessed. We drifted past the Causeway, and, leaving the dangerous rock of Carrickbanon between us and the flying bridge of Carrick-a-rede, found ourselves at five o’clock rolling in the sound of Rathlin, with Churchbay and Ballycastle on either beam.

There is not in calm or storm a nastier piece of water than that which divides the island from the main. Its currents are most rapid ; and, from the peculiar inequality of the bottom, in calms there is a

heavy and sickening roll, and in storms a cross and dangerous sea. Without a leading wind, or plenty of it, a vessel finds it difficult to stem the current; and, in making the attempt with a light breeze, a man is regularly hung up until a change of tide enables him to slip through.

Judging from the outline of Rathlin, this island must have been originally disparted from the main; and the whole bottom of the sound evinces volcanic action. Nothing can be more broken and irregular than the under surface. At one cast the lead rests at ten, and at the next it reaches thirty fathoms. Beneath, all seems rifted rocks and endless caverns, and easily accounts for the short and bubbling sea that flows above. Everything considered, the loss of life occasioned by the passage of this sound is trifling. For weeks together all communication with the main land is frequently totally interrupted; and, until the weather moderates, the hardest islander will not dare to venture out. But as the sea seldom gives up its dead, and the furious under-currents sweep them far from the place where they perished, many a stranger has here met his doom, and his fate remained a mystery for ever.

Still the calm continued, the tide was nearly done, and we had the comfortable alternative of anchoring in Churchbay or drifting back "to the place from whence we came." It would have vexed a saint, had there been one on board. Calculating on a speedy and certain passage, we had postponed our departure until the last hour. On Monday the regatta would commence; and we should have been in the Clyde the day before. A breeze for half an hour would have carried us clear of the tides, and liberated us from this infernal sound; and every man on board had whistled for it in vain. Dinner was announced, and, wearied with rolling and flapping, we briskly obeyed the summons. I paused with my foot within the companion: the master's eye was turned to the brig outside us; mine followed in the same direction.

"It's coming—phew!" and he gave a low and lengthened whistle, as if the tardy breeze required encouragement to bring it on. The light duck in the brig's royals fluttered for a moment, and then blew gently out; the top-gallant sails filled; presently the lower canvass told that the wind had reached it. The vessel has steerage way again; the breeze steals on, curling over the surface of the water, and in a few minutes we too shall have it.

On it came: the short and lumbering motion of the yacht ceased; she heeled gently over, and the table swung steadily as with increasing velocity the vessel displaced the water, and flung it in sparkling sheets from her bows. Next minute the master's voice gave comfortable assurance from the skylight—"The breeze was true, and before sunset there would be plenty of it."

Those who prefer the security of the king's highway to breasting "the pathless deep," build upon the certainty with which their journeyings shall terminate, and argue that there is safer dependence in trusting to post-horses than to the agency of "wanton winds." No doubt there is; the worst delay will arise from a lost shoe or a broken trace. The traveller has few contingencies to dread; he will reach the Bear for breakfast, and the Lion for dinner; and, if he be a borrower from the night, he will be surely at the Swan, his halting-place,

ere the town-clock has ceased striking and the drum has beaten its *reveille*. To me that very regularity is not to be endured; the wheels grate over the same gravel that the thousand which preceded them have pressed before; the same hedge, the same paling meets the eye; there hangs the well-remembered sign; that waiter has been there these ten years,—ay, the same laughing barmaid, and obsequious boots, and bustling hostler, all with a smile of welcome, cold, mechanical, and insincere; not even the novelty of a new face among them,—all rooted to their places like the milestones themselves. Pish! one wearies of the road; it has no danger, no interest, no excitement. Give me the deep blue water; its very insecurity has charms for me. Is it calm?—mark yon cloud-bank in the south! There is wind there, for a thousand! It comes, but right ahead. No matter; my life for it, it will shift ere morning. Let it but change a point or two, and we shall lie our course. It comes—and fair at last, and, rushing forward with augmenting speed, the gallant vessel disparts the sparkling waters, and the keel cleaves the wave that keel never cleft before; and objects fade, and objects rise, while, “like a thing of life,” the good ship hurries on. Cold must that spirit be which owns no elemental influence, nor feels buoyant as the bark that bears him onward to his destination!

As dinner ended, the altered motion of the yacht announced that we had rounded Ushet Point, and left the shelter of the island. We were now in the channel which separates Rathlin from the Scotch coast, and the cutter felt the rising swell as her sharp bows plunged in the wave, and flung it aside as if in scorn. The hissing noise with which the smooth and coppered sides slipped through the yielding waters marked our increased velocity. Yet we experienced little inconvenience; on the morocco-cushioned sofa even a Roman might have reclined in comfort. To every movement of the yacht the table gave an accommodating swing: fragile porcelain and frail decanter remained there in full security; and, though the wine-glass was filled to the brim, the rosewood surface on which it stood was unstained by a single drop. Human luxury cannot surpass that which a well-appointed yacht affords.

When we left the cabin for the deck, a new scene and a new sky were presented. Evening was closing in; the light blue clouds of morning were succeeded by a dark and lowering atmosphere; the wind was freshening, and it came in partial squalls, accompanied by drizzling rain. Rathlin, and the Irish highlands were fading fast away, while the tower on the Mull of Cantire flung its sparkling light over the dark waters, as if soliciting our approach. Two or three colliers we had passed, were steering for the Clyde close astern; while a Glasgow steamer, bound for Derry, came puffing by, and in a short time was lost in the increasing haze.

Is there on earth or sea an object of more interest or beauty than that lone building which relieves the benighted voyager from his uncertainty? In nothing has modern intelligence been more usefully displayed than in the superior lighting of the British seas. Harbour, and rock, and shoal, have each their distinguishing beacon; and, when he once sees the chalk cliffs of his native island, the returning mariner may count himself at home. Light after light rises from the murky horizon: there, flaring with the brilliancy of a fixed star; here, meteor-

like, shooting out its stream of fire, and momentarily disappearing. On, nothing doubting, speeds the adventurous sailor, until the anchor falls from the bows, and the vessel "safely rides."

The light upon Cantire burns steadily, and in moderate weather it is visible at the distance of fifteen miles. It stands high, being upwards of two hundred and thirty feet above the level of the sea. We skirted the base of the cliff it occupies, and steered for the little island of Sanna. Momentarily the sea rose, the night grew worse, the dim and hazy twilight faded away, the wind piped louder, and the rain came down in torrents. When the weather looked threatening the cutter had been put under easy canvass, and now a further reduction was required. The mainsail was double-reefed, the third jib shifted for a smaller one, all above and below "made snug," and on we hurried.

The night was dark as a witch's cauldron when, rounding Sanna, we caught the Pladda lights, placed on opposite towers, and bearing from each other N. and S. It was easy to discover that we had got the shelter of the land, as the pitching motion of the yacht changed to a rushing velocity; but, though we found a smoother sea, the wind freshened, the rain fell with unabated violence, and the breeze, striking us in sudden gusts as it roared through the openings of the islands, half-flooded the deck with a boiling sea that broke over the bows, or forced itself through the lee-scuppers. Anxious to end our dreary navigation, "Carry on!" was the word, and light after light rose, and was lost successively. We passed the lights on Cumray; and, presently, that on Toward, in Dumbarton, minutely revolving, burst on the sight after its brief eclipse with dazzling brilliancy; while from the opposite shores of the Frith the beacons of Air and Trune were now and then distinctly visible. Our last meteor guide told that our midnight voyage was nearly ended, and the pier-light of Greenock enabled us to feel our way through a crowd of shipping abreast the town. "Stand by, for'ard!—let go!" The anchor fell, the chain went clattering through the hawse-hole; in a few seconds the cutter swung head to wind, and there we were, safe as in a wet dock!

We descended to the cabin, first discarding our outward coverings at the foot of the companion ladder. We came down like mermen, distilling from every limb, water of earth and sky in pretty equal proportions; but, glory to the Prophet and Macintosh! Flushing petticoats, pea-jackets, sou'westers, and India-rubber boots, proved garments of such excellent endurance, notwithstanding a three hours' pitiless pelting of spray and rain, that we shuffled off our slough, and showed in good and dry condition, as if we had the while been snug in the royal mail, or, drier yet, engaged at a meeting of the *Temperance Society*. And then came supper,—they *can* cook in yachts!—and we had run ninety miles since dinner; and that lobster salad, and those broiled bones, with the joyous prospect which bottles of varied tint upon yonder locker-head present, all would make—ay—a teetotalter himself forswear his vows for ever.

All is snug for the night. The men have shifted their wet clothes, and, as their supper is preparing, they crowd around the galley fire; and jest and "laugh suppressed" are audible. What a change these few brief minutes have effected! To the dreary darkness of a flooded

deck, the luxury of this lighted and luxurious cabin has succeeded. The wind whistles through the shrouds, the rain falls spattering on the skylight,—what matter?—*we* heed them not; they merely recall the discomfort of the past, which gives a heightened zest to the pleasure of the passing hour. On rolled “the sandman” Time! the dial’s finger silently pointing at his stealthy course, and warning us to separate.

Presently every sound below was hushed. All felt that repose which comfort succeeding hardship can best produce. In my own cabin I listened for a brief space to the growling of the storm; sleep laid his “leaden mace upon my lids;” I turned indolently in my cot, muttering with the honest Boatswain in the “Tempest,”

“Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!”

and next moment was “fast as a watchman.”

THE KEY OF GRANADA.

“Many of the families of Ghar el Milah are descendants of the Spanish Moors; and, though none of them have retained any portion of the language of Spain, yet many still possess the keys of their houses in Granada and other towns.”—*Sir Grenville Temple’s “Barbary States.”*

I.

I KEEP the key,—though banish’d
From blest Granada long,
Our glorious race has vanish’d,
Or lives alone in song.
Though strangers in Alhambra
May, idly musing, gaze
On all the dying splendours
That round her ruins blaze;
Those towers had once a home for me,
And still I keep the sacred key!

II.

Alas! my eyes may never
That lovely land behold,
Where many a gentle river
Flows over sands of gold.
The sparkling waves of Darro
For me may flow in vain;
No Moorish foot may wander
In lost, but cherish’d Spain!
Yet once her walls had room for me,
And still I keep the sacred key!

III.

There often comes in slumber
A vision sad and clear,
When through Elvira’s portals
Abdalla’s hosts appear.
The keys of lost Granada
To other hands are given,
And all the power of ages
One fatal hour has riven!
No name,—no home remains for me,—
But still I keep the sacred key!

GLORVINA, THE MAID OF MEATH.

(*Concluded from Vol. I. page 619.*)

THE board was spread. He sat at it abstracted for a time. The dead silence of the place at last recalled him to himself. He was alone! He sprang from his seat, and darted breathlessly to the outward door! No one was in sight. Niall heaved a sigh that seemed to rend his breast, as he wished that the eyes which looked in vain were closed for ever. He returned to the table of repast; he took a small chain of hair from his neck; he laid it on the cover that was before him: he approached the door again. But the keepsake, that had never left its seat for many a year, was too precious to him to be so discarded. He returned: he lifted it, and, thrusting it into his bosom, pressed it again and again to his heart, then again and again to his lips, drinking his own tears, that fell fast and thick upon the loved and about-to-be-relinquished token; he looked at it as well as he could through his blinded eyes, convulsively sobbing forth the name of Glorvina. He made one effort, as it were a thing which called for all the power of resolution, to achieve that he desired to accomplish; and, violently casting the gift of Glorvina down again, he tore himself away!

Oh, the feet which retrace in disappointment the path which they trod in hope, how they move! Through how different a region do they bear us—and yet the same! Niall's limbs bore him from the retreat of Glorvina as if they acted in obedience to a spirit repugnant to his own. He cast his eyes this way and that way to divert his thoughts from the subject that engrossed them, and fix them upon the beauties of the landscape; but there was no landscape there. Mountain, wood, torrent, river, lake, were obliterated! Nothing was present but Glorvina. Rich she stood before him in the bursting bloom of young womanhood! Features, complexion, figure, voice—everything changed; and, oh, with what enhancing! Her eyes, in which, four years before, sprightliness, frankness, kindness, and unconsciousness used to shine,—what looked from them now? New spirits! things of the soul which time brings forth in season. Expression,—that face of the heart,—the thousand things that it told in the moment or two that Niall looked upon the face of Glorvina! A faintness came over the young man; his limbs seemed suddenly to fail him; he felt as if his respiration were about to stop; he stood still, he staggered, utter unconsciousness succeeded.

Niall opened his eyes. Slowly recollection returned. He was aware that he had fainted, but certainly not in the place where he was reclining,—a bank a few paces from the road. The repulse he had met with from Glorvina returned to his recollection in full force. He sighed, and thrust his hand into his bosom to press it to his overcharged heart. His hand felt something there it did not expect to meet! It drew forth the token of Glorvina! Niall could scarce believe his vision. He looked again and again at the precious gift; he pressed it to his lips; he thrust it into his breast; snatched it thence to his lips again, and looked at it again; divided between incredulity and certainty, past agony and present rapture. He looked

about him ; no one was in sight. "How came it here?" exclaimed he to himself. "Glorvina! Glorvina!" he continued, in tender accents, "was it thy hand that placed it here? Hast thou been near me when I knew it not? Didst thou follow me in pity,—perhaps, O transporting thought! in kindness,—guessing from the untasted repast and the abandoned pledge that Niall had departed in despair? If so, then art thou still my own Glorvina! then shalt thou yet become the wife of Niall!"

"The wife of Niall!" repeated the echo, and echo after echo took it up.

Niall listened till the last reverberation died away.

"The wife of Niall!" he reiterated, in a yet louder voice, in the tone of which exultation and joy were mingled.

"The wife of Niall!" cried the voice of the unseen lips.

"Once more, kind spirit!" exclaimed Niall; "once more!"

"Once more!" returned the echo.

"The wife of Niall!" ejaculated the youth, exerting his voice to its utmost capacity; but he heard not the voice of the echo. The arms of Glorvina were clasped about his neck, and her bright face was laid upon his cheek!

"Companion of my childhood!—friend!—brother!" she exclaimed; and would have gone on, but checked herself, looked in his eyes for a moment, her forehead and her cheeks one blush, and buried her face in his breast.

"Glorvina! Glorvina!" was all that Niall could utter in the intervals of the kisses which he printed thick upon her shining hair. "Glorvina! Glorvina!"

"Come!" said Glorvina, with a voice of music such as harp never yet awakened; "come!" and straight led the way to her retreat.

Slow was their gait as they walked side by side, touching each other. They spake not many words for a time. With the youth all language seemed to be concentrated in the name of Glorvina; in the name of Niall with the maid. Suddenly Niall paused.

"How many a time," exclaimed Niall, "when I have been miles and miles away, have I thought of the days when we used to walk thus! only my arm used then to be around your waist, while yours was laid upon my shoulder. Are we not the same Niall and Glorvina we were then?" The maid paused in her turn. She hesitated, but the next second her arm was on the shoulder of Niall; Niall's arm was again the girdle of Glorvina's waist. Language began to flow. Glorvina related minutely, as maiden modesty would permit her, the cause of her secluded retirement and reported death. As she spake, Niall drew her closer to him, and she shrank not; he leaned his cheek to hers, and she drew not away; he drank her breath as it issued in thrilling melody from her lips, and she breathed it yet more freely; she ceased, and those lips were in contact with his own, and not compulsively. Simultaneously Niall and Glorvina paused once more; they gazed—they cast a glance of thankfulness to heaven—gazed again—and, speechless and motionless, stood locked in one another's arms.

"Glorvina!" cried a voice.

The maid started and turned. Malachi stood before his daughter, the bard behind him.

"Niall!" said Malachi. The youth was at the feet of the king. In a moment the maid was there also. Malachi stood with folded arms, looking thoughtfully and somewhat sternly down upon the prostrate pair. No one broke silence for a time.

The bard was the first to speak.

"Malachi," said the bard, "what is so strong as destiny? Whose speed is so swift? Whose foot is so sure? Who can outrace it, or elude it? Thy stratagem is found out. The Dane asks for thy fair child, although thou told'st him she was in the custody of the tomb. If thou showest her not to him, he will search for her. Niall has come in time. The voice of the prophetic Psalter has called him hither; he has come to espouse thy fair child; a bride thou must present her to the Dane. In the feast must begin the fray; by the fray will the peace be begotten that shall give safety and repose to the land. Malachi, reach forth thy hands! Lift thy children from the earth, and take them to thy bosom; and bow thy head in reverence to Fate!"

The aged king obeyed. He raised Glorvina and Niall from the earth; he placed his daughter's hand in that of the youth: he extended his arms; they threw themselves into them.

* * * * *

Bright shone the hall of Malachi at the bridal feast in honour of the nuptials of Niall and Glorvina; rapturously it rang with the harp and with the voice of many a minstrel; but the string of the bard was silent; his thoughts were not at the board; his absent looks rebuked the hour of mirth and gratulation; watchfulness was in them, and anxiety, and alarm. Still the mirth halted not, nor slackened. The king was joyous; on the countenances of Niall and Glorvina sat the smile of supreme content; the spirits of the guests were quickening fast with hilarity; and dancing eyes saluted every new visitor as he entered,—for the gates of the castle were thrown open to all. Suddenly the eyes of the whole assembly were turned upon the bard. He had started from his seat, and stood in the attitude of one who listens.

"Hark!" he cried. He was obeyed. The uproar of the banquet subsided into breathless attention; yet nothing was heard, though the bard stood listening still. The feast was slowly renewed.

"Cormack," said Malachi, in a tone of mingled good-nature and sarcasm, "what did you call upon us to listen to?"

"The sound of steps that come!" replied the bard with solemnity, and slowly resuming his seat.

"It is the steps of thy fingers along the strings then!" rejoined the king. "Come!—strike! A joyful strain!"

"No joyful strain I strike," said the bard, "till the land shall be free from him whose footsteps now are turned towards thy threshold, and shall cross it ere the feast is half gone by."

"No joyful strain thou'lt strike till then!" said the king. "Come, take thy harp, old man, and show thy skill; and play not the prophet when it befits thee to be the reveller!"

The bard responded not by word, action, or look, to the command or request of Malachi. He sat, all expectation, on the watch for something that his ear was waiting for.

"Nay, then," said the king, "an thou wilt not play the bard, whose office 'tis, thy master will do it for thee!" and Malachi pushed back

his seat, and reached to the harp, which stood neglected beside the bard: he drew it towards him; his breast supported it; he extended his arms, and spread his fingers over the strings. "Now!" said Malachi.

"Now!" said the bard, starting up again, as the harsh blast of a trumpet arrested the hand of the king on the point of beginning the strain. Malachi started up too. All were upon their feet; and every eye was fixed upon the portal of the hall, beneath which stood Turgesius with a group of attendants.

"He is come!" said the bard. "The feast is not crowned without the fray! He is come!" he repeated, as Malachi strode from his place, and with extended hand approached the visitor, who smilingly bowed to his welcome, and followed him to the head of the board, round which he cast his eyes till they alighted upon Glorvina. Malachi pointed to the seat beside himself, as Niall half gave place.

"No!—there!" said Turgesius, pointing to the side of Glorvina. He approached the place where she sat with a cheek now as white as her nuptial vest; the person next her mechanically resigned his seat, and the rover took it.

"The cup!" cried Turgesius. It was handed to him. With kindling eyes he lifted it, holding it for a second or two at full length; then, turning his gaze upon the bride, he gave "The health of Glorvina!"

"Glorvina!—Glorvina and Niall!" rang around the board. The Dane started to his feet, snatching the cup from his lips, that were about to touch it; and lifting it commandingly on high, "Glorvina!" he repeated, casting a glance of haughty defiance round him; and, taking a deep draught, with another glance at the company, sat down, riveting his eyes upon the bride.

The cloud of wrath overcast the bright face of Niall as he watched the licentious Dane. Frequently did he start, as upon the point of giving way to some rash impulse, and then immediately check himself. Now and then he looked towards the king, and turned away in disappointment to see that Malachi thought of nothing but the feast, and noted not the daring gaze which the rover kept bending on his child. He looked round the board, and saw with satisfaction that he was not the only one in whom festivity had given place to indignation; and, with the smile of fixed resolve, he interchanged glances with eyes lighted up with spirits like his own.

Turgesius plied the cup; and, as he drained it, waxed more and more audacious. Regardless of the sufferings of the fair maid who sat lost in confusion, he praised aloud the charms of Glorvina, and gave utterance to the unholy passion with which they had inspired him. Nor had he arrived at the limits of his presumption yet. He caught her delicate hand, and held it in spite of her gentle, remonstrating resistance. He dared to raise it to his lips, and hold it there, covering it with kisses, till, the dread of consequences lost in the dismay of outraged modesty, the royal maid by a sudden effort wrested it from him, at the same time springing upon her feet with the design of flying from the board; but the bold stranger, anticipating her, was up as soon as she, and, grasping her by the rich swell of her white arms, constrained her from departing.

"No!" cried Turgesius, bending his insolent gaze upon the now

burning face and neck of Glorvina. "No! enchanting one! Thus may not the Dane be served by the woman that inflames his soul with love," and at the same moment attempted to throw his arms around her.

"Desist, robber!" thundered forth the voice of Niall, and, at the same moment, a goblet directed by his unerring aim stretched the Dane upon the floor. Outcry at once took place of revelry. The attendants of Turgesius, baring their weapons, rushed in the direction of Niall, but stopped short at the sight of treble the number of their glaives waving around him. They looked not for such hinderance. Since the Dane had got the upper hand, the Irish youth had been forbidden the practice or wearing of arms. They stopped, and stood irresolute. The voice of the king restored order.

Malachi had hitherto sat strangely passive. He noted not the distress of Glorvina, the audacity of the Dane, or the gathering wrath of Niall; but the act of violence which had just taken place aroused him from his abstraction. He rose; and, extending his hand, commanded in a voice of impressive authority that the sword should be sheathed, and the seats resumed. Then calling to his attendants, he pointed to his prostrate guest, and signed to them to raise him, assisting them himself, and giving directions that he should be conveyed to his own chamber, and laid upon his own couch. This being performed, he motioned to Glorvina to withdraw from the hall, which she precipitately did, followed by her bridemaids and other female friends, and casting an anxious, commiserating look upon Niall, whose wonder at the meaning of such a farewell was raised to astonishment, when, turning towards the king, he encountered the stern, repelling, and indignant gaze of Malachi.

"Niall!" said the king, in a voice of suppressed rage, "depart our castle! Depart our realms! Withdraw from all alliance with our house! Our honour has been stained by thee to-night in thy unparalleled violation of the rights of hospitality. This roof never witnessed before now, the person of a guest profaned by a blow from its master, or from its master's friend. Consummation awaits not the rites that have been performed to-day. The obligation of those rites shall be dissolved! We mingle blood no further! Thou art henceforward an alien—an outlaw; and at the peril of thy life thou cross'est, after this, our threshold, or the confines of our rule!" So saying, Malachi resumed his seat, and sat pointing in the direction of the door. Niall stood for a moment or two without attempting to move. His countenance, his limbs, his tongue seemed frozen by dismay and despair. At length he clasped his hands, and lifting them along with his eyes, to heaven, turned slowly from the king, and strode from the bridal feast.

Niall felt his cloak twitched as he issued from the portal. It was the bard, who had quitted the hall before him, and remained waiting for the young man.

"Niall," said the reverend man, "wilt thou now believe in the song of Destiny? From the knowledge of the past confide for the future. Hear what the Psalter saith:—'*The Dane shall rise from the couch, and shall sit at the feast again; but in the fray that shall follow that feast, he shall fall to rise no more.*' The mountains are lofty in Moran, my son, where Slieve Dannard sits, with his feet in the sea, his head

"Turgesius has demanded thy bride for his mistress, and Glorvina —" The son of Cuthell stopped short, as if what was to follow was more than he had fortitude to give utterance to.

"Has consented?" interrogated Niall, with a look of furious distraction.

"Has consented," rejoined the young man.

Niall stood transfixed for a minute or two; then smote his forehead fiercely with his hand, groaned, and cast himself upon the earth.

The son of Cuthell left him to himself for a time. He spake not to him till he saw that his passion had got vent in tears; then he accosted him.

"Revenge," said he, "stands upon its feet. It braces its arm for the blow! Not to see thee thus did I spur my steed into foam soon as I learned the news. Within a month did Glorvina promise to surrender herself to the arms of the rover. Five days remain unexpired. Up! Call thy friends around thee! inform them of the wrong, the dishonour that awaits thee. Ask them to avenge thee. Not a spear but will be grasped; not a foot but will be ready! You shall march upon the castle of Malachi. You shall demand your bride. You shall have her!"

Niall sprang from the ground; he hastened towards his bands; his looks and pace spoke the errand of wrath and impatience. His friends were on their feet without the summons of his tongue. They simultaneously closed around him when he drew near, eagerness and inquiry in their eyes, whose sparkling vouched for spirits that were not slow to kindle.

Niall told what he came to say; no voice replied to him. Silently the warriors formed themselves into the order of march; then turned their eyes upon Niall, waiting his command. He raised his sword aloft, and his eyes went along with it, followed by the eyes of all his little host. Slowly he bent the knee. Not a knee besides but also kissed the earth.

"To Meath!" exclaimed Niall, springing up.

"To Meath!" shouted every warrior, as the whole stood erect.

Niall placed himself in the van; he moved on; they followed him.

The last morning of the month lighted up the towers of Malachi; but gloomy was the brow of their lord. He paced his hall with hurried steps, every now and then casting an uneasy glance towards the door that communicated with the interior of the castle. The bard was seated near the exterior portal, his harp reclining on his breast, his arms extended across his frame, his fingers spread over its strings. Lively and loud was the chord that he struck, and bold was the strain that he began.

"What kind of strain is that?" demanded the king, suddenly stopping, and directing towards the aged man a look of reproachful displeasure.

"The strain befits the day and the deed," replied the bard, and went on.

"Peace!" commanded Malachi.

"Not till the feet are announced," rejoined the bard, "that bring

the strife which maketh peace;" and he resumed the strain with new, redoubled fire, nor paused till the portal resounded with the summons of one impatient for admittance.

The portal opened. Pale and breathless was he that passed in.

"Thy news?" demanded Malachi.

He whom he accosted tried to find utterance, but could not. He had come in speed; his strength and breath were exhausted. He stood for a minute or two, tottering; then staggered towards a seat.

"A friend is coming," said the bard; "but he wears the face of a foe. Nor does he come alone; but prepared to demand what was forbidden;—to take what was withheld. Niall, with a host of warriors, is at thy gate. Thy bands that watch thy foe have left thy friend free to approach thee; but he comes in the form of the avenger."

Scarcely had the bard pronounced the last word when the b was half filled with armed men; Niall at their head. Jaded, fierce, were his looks. He strode at once up to the king, and stood silent for a time, confronting him.

"Niall!" said the king, confounded; and paused.

"Yes," said Niall, "it is I! the son-in-law of thy own election, come to demand his rights! Where is my bride, king of Meath? Where is thy daughter? the wedded maid who, denied to the arms of her bridegroom, has consented to surrender herself to unhallowed embraces! O, Malachi! accursed was the day when thou gavest welcome to the stranger, whose summons at thy gate was the knock which he gave with the hilt of his sword,—was the blast of the horn of war! Low lies the glory of thy race! From the king of a people art thou shrunk into the minion of a robber, no, not content with making a mockery of thy crown, brings only pollution to thy blood! Where is thy child? Does the roof of her father still shelter her head? or does she hang it in shame beneath that of Turgesius? Where is she? Reply O king, and promptly! for desperation grasps the weapons that we bring, and which we have sworn shall receive no sheaths at our hands but the breasts of those who dishonour us!"

So spake the youth, his glaive in his hand, his frame trembling with high-wrought passion, his eye flashing, and his cheek on fire with the hectic of rage, when Glorvina entered the hall.

She did not hang her head; she bore it proudly erect. A tiara of gems encircled her brow; fair fell a robe of green from her graceful shoulders. A girdle of gold round her waist confined the folds of her under-dress, swelling luxuriantly upwards and downwards, and falling to within an inch of her ankles, each of which a palm of a moderate span might encircle. She advanced three or four paces into the apartment, right in the direction of Niall, and then stood still; still fixing her eyes steadily upon her bridegroom with an expression in which neither defiance nor deprecation, neither reproach nor fear, neither recklessness nor shame, but love—all love—was apparent. Niall scarcely breathed! An awe came over his chafed spirit as he surveyed his bride. The more he looked, the more the clouds of wrath rolled away from his soul, until not a vestige of tempest remained. He uttered tenderly the name of Glor-

when thou wast no longer near me. I came with thee—unknown to thee—for protection; for by thy side alone I feel security. I feel I have a right to find it!—nowhere so entitled to it! nowhere so sure to meet it!”

Glorvina ceased. Niall, still kneeling, kept gazing upon her face, watching her lids till she would raise them. Slowly she lifted them, as again and again he breathed her sweet name; till at length her eyes encountered Niall's, beaming with reverence and love. He drew her gently towards him. She did not resist. She bowed her fair head till it rested on his shoulder; her arm half encircled his neck! It was a moment of unutterable bliss,—yet but a moment! The very next was one of alarm. The hoofs of a steed were heard. Niall darted towards the door; his sword flew from its scabbard.

“Who comes?” he exclaimed, in a voice of defiance.

“A friend,” replied the horseman; “but a friend who is the forerunner of foes. You are pursued. I had only a dozen minutes the start of them,—if so much! Listen to the words of one who loves thee—the words of Cormack—of the bard. ‘Tell him,’ said he, ‘thus saith the Psalter:—*The land must obtain her freedom ere the bridegroom his rights. What the altar shall grant must be enjoyed by means of the sword!*’ Niall must journey on to the lake of the lonely shieling! Thither shall gather to him the choice and true among the sons of the land. Them shall he train in arms. Them shall he bring with him to fetch his bride, long wedded ere a wife. Glorvina must return! Niall stood confounded; but Glorvina was herself. She rose from her seat. She approached the door, and listened.

“They are at hand!” she cried. “I hear their trampling. Niall, I am resolved ‘Tis vain to resist fate. Its hand it is that severs us for the present. Thy life is in peril if they find thee. I go to meet them. I will thereby stop pursuit. Farewell!”

Niall heard not. Glorvina reached her hand to the horseman, who helped her up behind him. Niall saw it not! She extended her white arms towards him; he moved not. Once more she said farewell, and not a word did he utter in reply. She departed. Niall took no more note of her vanishing form, than the post of the door against which he was leaning.

* * * *

Malachi impatiently awaited the return of those whom he had despatched in pursuit of his daughter; whose flight, a Dane imposed upon the confidence of Malachi as a spy, had betrayed to the king. Sternly the father fixed his eyes upon his child as she entered; but with amazement encountered looks as firm, as indignant as his own. He forgot the reproaches that stood ready upon his lips. He gazed, but spake not. Glorvina broke silence.

“Why hast thou taken back by force,” said the maid, “what thou gavest of free will? To whose custody behoves it thee to give thy child—her husband's, or the ravisher's? Didst thou not sanction the vow? Didst thou not say ‘amen’ to the blessing? Why are they then of no avail, and through thee? Did not thy command as a father cease when thou resignedst me to a husband? Why is it then resumed, and that husband alive? Did not the holy man pronounce us one? Why stand I here then in thy castle without him by my

side? Love, honour, obedience, did I swear to render him; why have I been constrained to desert him, and by the father too who listened to the oath?"

The maiden paused. Malachi remained silent. Yet longer she awaited his reply; still he spake not.

"Thou hast welcomed in thy hall," she resumed, "whom thou shouldst have laid dead at thy threshold!" Her eyes now flashed as she spoke. "Thou hast extended the hand where thou shouldst have opposed the sword, though thou, and thine, and ail allied to thee, had perished by the sword. Thou, a king, hast made friends with a robber, who, after stripping thy neighbours, advanced to plunder thee; and holdest that friendship on at the risk of dishonour to thy child,—whose modesty was outraged at thy board with impunity from thee to the offender, and with injury to him who dared resent the wrong. The dread of similar insult—if not of worse, stronger than the opposition of maiden reserve, compelled that child—unasked, unexpected, unpermitted—to fly for protection where protection had been promised, accepted, and sanctioned, but never experienced yet; and scarce had she found it when she was wrested from it, and brought back—brought back to the hall which the spoiler, whom she dreads, is as free to enter as she! And now—" She broke off. The eyes of Malachi were fixed on the ground; confusion, and care, and regret, were in his looks; a tear was trickling down his cheek! The maiden essayed to go on, but could not. Resolution wavered—it yielded more and more—it melted utterly away; she rushed towards her father, and fell, kneeling at his feet, and dissolved into tears. Malachi threw his arms around his child, lifted her to his breast, and held her there, mingling his tears with hers; both unconscious that Turgesius had entered the apartment, and stood glaring upon them.

"She is found then?" said Turgesius. The father and child started, and withdrew from one another's embrace. "'Tis well!" continued he; "and now I will speak to thee what I have long borne in my mind to tell thee. I love thy daughter."

Malachi stared at the Dane. His self-possession seemed to have utterly left him. Not so was it with Glorvina. She drew her tall and stately figure up till it towered again, as she stood collected with an expression of calm scorn upon her brow and lip. Her eyes were cast coldly down; her arms were folded upon her breast; she moved no more than a statue.

"I love thy daughter," repeated the Dane impatiently.

"Well?" faltered forth Malachi.

"Well!" echoed the Dane. "Dost thou not comprehend my speech? Is it not enough to say I love her? Need I tell thee I would *have* what I love? Requirest thou such wasting of words? Well, then, I love thy child, and desire that thou wilt give her to me!"

Malachi mechanically moved his hand in the direction of his belt, but his sword was not there. He rose—he advanced towards Turgesius—he fixed upon him a look of fire—his lips trembling, and his cheek wavering between red and pale, his hands clenched and trembling. Turgesius in spite of himself drew back a pace.

"Dane," said the king, in the voice of rage suppressed, yet ready to break forth, "dost thou ask me for the honour of my child? Dost thou offer to bring shame upon the roof that has given thee welcome, refreshment, and repose,—the roof of a king!—a king of ancient line!—a warrior, and thy host!"

Turgesius stood momentarily abashed.

"Thy honour!" at length he cried, "the honour of thy child can stand in no peril from me—a conqueror who profits wherever he smiles!—whose favour is honour, wealth, life!" he added emphatically,—“life, without which wealth and honour are of little avail! Come!" continued he, suddenly grasping the wrists of the old king as if in cordiality. "Come! Be no wrath between us! Thy armed men are few, and those less thy subjects than my slaves! My hands hover on the borders of thy kingdom; a part of them are here with their master in the very heart of it. True thou hast said. Thou hast been my host; thou hast received me as thy friend! I would not thou shouldst turn me into thy foe; for little, as thou knowest, it would avail thee. Talk not of things that are only imaginary, but pay heed to those that are real; for it is they that concern thee most. I love thy daughter. Give her to me, and 'tis well! Refuse her to me, and it is well still—for I will have her!"

"Not with life in her!" exclaimed the frantic father, suddenly freeing himself from the hold of the Dane, rushing up to his daughter, plucking from her hair the large golden pin that held her tresses up, and pointing it to her heart. Turgesius stood transfixed. Glorvina never started nor flinched; but leaned her cheek forward upon her father's breast, looking up in his face and smiling. The king arrested his hand. The savage stood lost in amaze.

"I thank thee, O my father!" Glorvina at length exclaimed; "thou lovest indeed thy child! It is destiny, and not thou, that has afflicted her. But—listen to thy Glorvina. On one condition I consent to leave thy hall, and present me at the castle of Turgesius to await his pleasure."

"Name it, fair maiden!" cried Turgesius, his eyes sparkling up.

"Twenty fair cousins have I," resumed Glorvina, "whose beauty far surpasses mine. They shall accompany me to the hold of Turgesius; he shall compare them with me, and if he finds one among them whom he prefers, her shall he take as my ransom. I doubt not of their consent. In ten days we shall present ourselves at his gate. Agrees he to wait that time, and retire to his hold till it expires? The conqueror of a king is not unworthy a king's daughter!"

Malachi stared in amaze upon his child. Not so Turgesius. The countenance of the libertine was lighted up with triumph. "Be it so!" he exclaimed. "At the expiration of ten days I shall expect thee, attended as thou promisest; but if thou exceedest the time the half of another day, thou wilt not blame me, fair one, if I come to fetch thee?" He then approached Malachi, and taking the hand of the king without questioning whether it was given or not, shook it. Glorvina's hand next endured his obtrusive courtesy. He clasped it, raised it to his audacious lips, kissed it; and, turning exultingly away, with confident tread strode down the hall, and, summoning his attendants, departed from the castle.

Ere a week had elapsed, the solitudes of Moran were peopled with the youth of the adjacent country. From miles they gathered; one spirit animating the breasts of all, one resolve,—to free the land, or perish! Readily they placed themselves under the command of Niall. He had won fame even while yet a boy. Then he had no competitor in the feats of strength or dexterity; while his ever-mo-dest, generous bearing, divested defeat of chagrin on the part of the unsuccessful. Since then, he had sojourned with the Saxon, whose art of warfare he had thoroughly mastered, trained by the greatest captain of that nation. With avidity his young countrymen availed themselves of his instructions, and learned a mode of attack and defence superior to that they had hitherto known. They practised incessantly the advance, the retreat, the wheel, the close and open order, the line, and the square, the use of the javelin, the sword, and the shield. Hour after hour their numbers swelled. The first quarter of the moon had witnessed the commencement of their gathering; the fourth looked upon them, a host prepared, and almost equal to give battle to the Dane.

"Welcome, son of Cuthell!" exclaimed Niall, to a youth who, on a steed of foam, drew near. "Welcome! You see what a company we have here to greet you," continued he. "You see how we banquet! You like our revelry, and are come to make one among us! You are welcome, son of Cuthell! right welcome!"

The youth gazed with wonder upon the bands that, reclined upon the borders of the lake of the lonely shieling, were enjoying a moment's repose in an interval of practice; then, turning upon Niall a look full of sad import, alighted, took him kindly by the hand, and led him yet further apart from the companions of his exile.

"Niall!" began the young man, "it is a stout heart that defies the point of the spear, or the edge of the glaive; but greater is the fortitude that cowers not before the unseen weapons of misfortune. My soul is heavy with the tidings that I bring. Shall I speak them? Will Niall hear them, and not allow his manly spirit to faint?"

"Speak them!" said Niall. "Stay! Whom concern they? The evil thou wouldst avert hath nearly come to pass. My soul sickens already! To whom do the tidings relate that demand such preparation? To whom *can* they relate but to Glorvina?" The head of Niall dropped upon his breast.

"Injury," rejoined the other, "hath ever its solace with the brave, —revenge!"

"It has!" exclaimed Niall, rearing his head, and directing towards his friend a glance of fire. "Is the maid in danger, or hath she suffered wrong? the wedded maid that plighted her troth to Niall: the bride that has not pressed the bridal couch?"

"The couch that she shall press with another," resumed the young man, "is spread for her in the castle of Turgesius!" He paused, alarmed at the looks of Niall, from whose face the blood had fled.

"Go on!" said Niall, after a time, articulating with difficulty; and, with clenched hands, folding his arms tightly upon his breast. "Go on!" he repeated, observing that the young man hesitated. "Tell me the whole! It is worse, I see, than I feared; but go on! Keep nothing from me!"

in the cloud, and his back to the lake of the lonely shieling. Turn thy steed thither! Lo, the sound of his feet! He is coming to receive thee."

One on horseback appeared, leading another steed.

"Mount," cried the bard, "and be ready."

Niall was in the saddle. "Glorvina!" was all he could utter as he wrung the old man's hand. Several others on horseback came up. They were the friends of Niall, who had come to the bridal feast.

"Come!" cried one of them.

"Not yet," interposed the bard. "There are more to join you. Hear you not their horses' feet? You cannot be too many in company. Listen!"

Another came up, and another.

"Spurs!" exclaimed the old man; and the band of friends were in motion, and away. Little they spoke,—merely what sufficed to concert a plan for future meetings; and they dropped off one by one as the destination of each called him from the common track, till three of the party were all that now remained together,—Niall and two others.

"We may progress softly now," remarked one of his companions. "We have crossed the boundaries of Meath, and half an hour will bring my lord to the place where he is to rest."

In the voice of the speaker Niall recognised that of one of the oldest of Malachi's household.

"The place where I am to rest?" echoed Niall.

"Yes, my lord," rejoined the other. "It has been prepared for you; nor must you leave it till night sets in again. You will then forward your steed till you are met by those who expect you, and will conduct you to where you must repose again. It will take you four nights to reach your place of destination, whither I precede you."

"They who foresaw, have provided," said Niall, sighing.

"They have," responded the other.

"Had I been gited with their reach of sight," exclaimed the young man, "I should have provided too, and Glorvina were now at my side! I would not have waited for the bridal feast! I would have borne her away the moment the holy man had blessed us."

No further word was uttered, till, suddenly striking down a path that belted a small wood, they came all at once upon a hut, at the door of which they halted.

"Alight!" said Niall's guide.

Niall alighted, but the other kept his saddle; though his companion, the third of the riders, had dismounted, unobserved by Niall till now.

"And now, my lord, good night!" said he that remained on horseback. "The door opens, and light streams from it. You see you are expected. I leave one to wait upon you while I go forward to make preparations for your further progress. So, again good night!" added he, putting spurs to his steed.

Niall entered the hut, the hearth of which was blazing. He threw himself into a seat before the fire, and looked around him. The door of an inner apartment was open. He saw that a couch was ready for

him, and such a one as he could hardly expect to meet with, in such an abode.

"Come in!" said the owner of the hut,—an aged woman. "Come in!"

"What's the matter?" inquired Niall.

"Thy companion stands without," replied the dame, "and will not come in. Come in!" she repeated, but with no better success.

"Come in, friend," said Niall. "Nay," added he, "there is no need of ceremony here;" and rising, went to the door, and reached his hand to the other, who hesitatingly took it. "Whoever thou art, we are companions for the time!" exclaimed Niall; "and, if they have no other couch for thee, I will even give thee share of my own!"

Niall felt that his companion trembled as he pulled towards him the hand that he held. A seat, hastily placed, received the figure, which, but for the now supporting arms of Niall, would have fallen. Niall quickly threw open the folds of an ample cloak to give the owner air. What was his amazement to discover the form of a female! His heart stopped for a second or two at the thought that flashed across him! Another moment decided a question almost as momentous to him as that of life or death, when, removing a hat that was slouched over the face of the stranger, the bridegroom beheld his bride! Niall gazed upon his Glorvina half-swooning in his arms!

"Revive!—revive, my loved one! My own!—my bride!—my wife!—my Glorvina!—revive!" rapidly ejaculated Niall. "Not so bright breaks the sun out of the storm, as thou, sweetest, my vision now! Where, a moment ago, could I have found, in my soul, hope—comfort—anything that belongs to happiness?—and, lo! now it overflows, full beyond measure with content—bliss—transport!—Revive, my Glorvina! Speak to me! Thy form is in my arms! They feel that they surround thee, yet with a doubt. Assure me 'tis thyself! Pour on my entranced ear the music of thy rich voice! Convince me that it is indeed reality!—no dream—no vision—but Glorvina—my own Glorvina encircled within my arms—enfolded to the breast of Niall!"

Half-suspended animation became suddenly restored; the blood rushed to the face and neck of the fair bride; she made an effort as if she would be released from the embrace in which she sat locked, but it resisted her. She desisted. She fixed her full eyes upon her lover. Affection, and modesty, and honour, were blended in the gaze which they bent upon him! The soul of Niall felt subdued. His arms, gradually relaxing their pressure, fell from the lovely form which they could have held prisoner for ever. He dropped on his knee at her feet; he caught her hand, and pressed it to his lips with the fervour and deference of duteous, idolizing love.

"Niall," said Glorvina, "I am thy bride; I have plighted my troth to thee! Whatever be my worth,—in person, feature, heart, and mind,—I am thine!—all thine!—thine, as the hand that now is locked in thy own is a part of me! Yet—" She faltered, and her eyes fell; and she raised them not again till she had concluded what she meant to say. "Yet," she resumed, "I had not left my father's roof this night to follow thee, but from the dread of outrage

her other hand slowly along its border, till they reached the opposite extremity—She sobbed aloud: “So kind a lady!” said Beatrice Grey.—“So excellent a wife!” responded Sir Guy.—“So good!” said the damsel.—“So dear!” said the knight.—“So pious!” said she.—“So humble!” said he.—“So good to the poor!”—“So capital a manager!”—“So punctual at matins!”—“Dinner dished to a moment!”—“So devout!” said Beatrice.—“So fond of me!” said Sir Guy.—“And of Father Francis!”—“What the devil do you mean by that?” said Sir Guy de Montgomeri. * * *

The knight and the maiden had rung their antiphonic changes on the fine qualities of the departing lady, like the *Strophe* and *Antistrophe* of a Greek play. The cardinal virtues once disposed of, her minor excellencies came under review:—She would drown a witch, drink lambswool at Christmas, beg Dominie Dumps’s boys a holiday, and dine upon sprats on Good Friday!—A low moan from the subject of these eulogies would intimate that the enumeration of her good deeds was not altogether lost on her,—that the parting spirit felt and rejoiced in the testimony.

“She was too good for earth!” continued Sir Guy.

“Ye—Ye—Yes!” sobbed Beatrice.

“I did not deserve her!” said the Knight.

“No-o-o-o!” cried the damsel.

“Not but that I made her an excellent husband, and a kind; but she is going, and—and—where, or when, or how—shall I get such another?”

“Not in broad England,—not in the whole wide world!” responded Beatrice Grey; “that is, not *just* such another!”—Her voice still faltered, but her accents on the whole were more articulate; she dropped the corner of her apron, and had recourse to her handkerchief; in fact, her eyes were getting red,—and so was the tip of her nose.

Sir Guy was silent; he gazed for a few moments steadfastly on the face of his lady. The single word “Another!” fell from his lips like a distant echo;—it is not often that the viewless nymph repeats more than is absolutely necessary.

“Bim! bome!” went the bell.—Bandy-legged Hubert had been tolling for half an hour;—he began to grow tired, and St. Peter fidgety.

“Beatrice Grey!” said Sir Guy de Montgomeri, “what’s to be done? what’s to become of Montgomeri Hall?—and the buttry,—and the servants? and what—what’s to become of me, Beatrice Grey?”—There was pathos in his tones; and a solemn pause succeeded. “I’ll turn Monk myself!” said Sir Guy.

“Monk!” said Beatrice.

“I’ll be a Carthusian!” repeated the knight, but in a tone less assured: he relapsed into a reverie.—Shave his head!—he did not so much mind that,—he was getting rather bald already; but, beans for dinner,—and those without butter,—and then a horse-hair shirt!

The knight seemed undecided: his eye roamed gloomily round the apartment, paused upon different objects, but as if it saw them not; its sense was shut, and there was no speculation in its glance: it rested at last upon the fair face of the sympathizing damsel at his side, beautiful in her grief.

Her tears had ceased; but her eyes were cast down, and mournfully fixed upon her delicate little foot, which was beating the devil’s tattoo.

There is no talking to a female when she does not look at you. Sir Guy turned round,—he seated himself on the edge of the bed, and, placing his hand beneath the chin of the lady, turned up her face in an angle of fifteen degrees.

"I don't think I shall take the vows, Beatrice; but what's to become of me? Poor, miserable, old,—that is, poor, middle-aged man that I am!—No one to comfort, no one to care for me!"—Beatrice's tears flowed afresh, but she opened not her lips. "'Pon my life!" continued he, "I don't believe there is a creature now would care a button if I were hanged to-morrow!"

"Oh! don't say so, Sir Guy!" sighed Beatrice; "you know there's—there's Master Everard, and—and Father Francis—"

"Pish!" cried Sir Guy testily.

"And—and there's your favourite old bitch!"

"I am not thinking of old bitches!" said Sir Guy de Montgomeri.

Another pause ensued: the Knight had released her chin, and taken her hand;—it was a pretty little hand, with long taper fingers, and filbert-formed nails, and the softness of the palm said little for its owner's industry.

"Sit down, my dear Beatrice," said the Knight thoughtfully: "you must be fatigued with your long watching; take a seat, my child."—Sir Guy did not relinquish her hand; but he sidled along the counterpane, and made room for his companion between himself and the bed-post.

Now this is a very awkward position for two people to be placed in, especially when the right hand of the one holds the right hand of the other: in such an attitude, what the deuce can the gentleman do with his left? Sir Guy closed his till it became an absolute fist, and his knuckles rested on the bed a little in the rear of his companion.

"Another!" repeated Sir Guy, musing: "if indeed I could find such another!" He was talking to his thought, but Beatrice Grey answered him.

"There's Madam Fitzfoozle!"

"A frump!" said Sir Guy.

"Or the Lady Bumbarton."

"With her hump!" muttered he.

"There's the Dowager—"

"Stop—stop!" said the knight, "stop one moment!"—He paused; he was all on the tremble; something seemed rising in his throat, but he gave a great gulp, and swallowed it. "Beatrice," said he, "what think you of—" his voice sank into a most seductive softness,—"what think you of—Beatrice Grey?"

The murder was out:—the Knight felt infinitely relieved; the knuckles of his left hand unclosed spontaneously, and the arm he had felt such a difficulty in disposing of, found itself, nobody knows how, all at once encircling the jimp waist of the pretty Beatrice.

The young lady's reply was expressed in three syllables. They were,—*"Oh, Sir Guy!"*—The words might be somewhat indefinite, but there was no mistaking the look. Their eyes met; Sir Guy's left arm contracted itself spasmodically: when the eyes meet,—at least, as theirs met,—the lips are very apt to follow the example. The knight had taken one long, loving kiss—nectar and ambrosia! He thought on Doctor Butts and his *Repetatur haustus*,—a prescription Father Francis had taken infinite pains to translate for him:—he was about to repeat it, but the dose was interrupted *in transitu*.

Doubtless the alage "There is many a slip
'Twixt the cup and the lip,"

hath reference to medicine. Sir Guy's lip was again all but in conjunction with that of his bride elect.

It has been hinted already that there was a little round polished patch on the summit of the knight's *pericranium*, from which his locks had gradually receded; a sort of *oasis*,—or rather a *Mont Blanc* in miniature, rising above the highest point of vegetation. It was on this little spot, undefended alike by Art and Nature, that at this interesting moment a blow descended, such as we must borrow a term from the Sister Island adequately to describe,—it was a "Whack!"

Sir Guy started upon his feet, Beatrice Grey started upon hers; but a single glance to the rear reversed her position,—she fell upon her knees and screamed.

The Knight, too, wheeled about, and beheld a sight which might have turned a bolder man to stone.—It was She!—the all but defunct Rohesia,—there she sat, bolt upright! Her eyes no longer glazed with the film of impending dissolution, but scintillating like flint and steel; while in her hand she grasped the bed-staff,—a weapon of nickle might, as her husband's bloody coxcomb could now well testify. Words were yet wanting, for the quinsy, which her rage had broken, still impeded her utterance; but the strength and rapidity of her guttural intonations augured well for her future eloquence.

Sir Guy de Montgomeri stood for a while like a man distraught; this resurrection—for such it seemed—had quite overpowered him. "A husband oftentimes makes the best physician," says the proverb; he was a living personification of its truth. Still it was whispered he had been content with Doctor Butts, but his lady was restored to bless him for many years.—Heavens, what a life he led!

The Lady Rohesia mended apace; her quinsy was cured; the bell was stopped, and little Hubert, the Sacristan, kicked out of the chapelry; St. Peter opened his wicket, and looked out.—There was nobody there;—so he flung to the gate in a passion, and went back to his lodge, grumbling at being hoaxed by a runaway ring.

Years rolled on.—The improvement of Lady Rohesia's temper did not keep pace with that of her health; and, one fine morning, Sir Guy de Montgomeri was seen to enter the *porte cochère* of Durham House, at that time the town residence of Sir Walter Raleigh. Nothing more was ever heard of him; but a boat full of adventurers was known to have dropped down with the tide that evening to Deptford Hope, where lay the good ship, the *Darling*, commanded by Captain Keymis, who sailed next morning on the Virginia voyage.

A brass plate, some eighteen inches long, may yet be seen in Denton chancel, let into a broad slab of Bethersden marble; it represents a lady kneeling, in her wimple and hood; her hands are clasped in prayer, and beneath is an inscription in the characters of the age,

"Praise for y^e soule of y^e Ladye Kynse,
And for alle Christen soules!"

The date is illegible; but it appears that she lived at least till Elizabeth's time, and that the dissolution of monasteries had lost St. Mary Rouncival her thousand marks.—As for Beatrice Grey, it is well known that she was living in 1588, and then had virginity enough left to be a Maid of Honour to "good Queen Bess."

THE TEMPTATIONS OF ST. ANTHONY.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

"He would have passed a pleasant life of it, in despite of the devil and all his works, if his path had not been crossed by a being that causes more perplexity to mortal man than ghosts, goblins, and the whole race of witches put together, and that was—a woman."—*Sketch-Book*.

ST. ANTHONY sat on a lowly stool,
And a book was in his hand ;
Never his eye from its page he took,
Either to right or left to look,
But with steadfast soul, as was his rule,
The holy page he scanned.

"We will woo," said the imp, "St. Anthony's eyes
Off from his holy book :
We will go to him all in strange disguise,
And tease him with laughter, whoops, and cries,
That he upon us may look."

The Devil was in the best humour that day
That ever his highness was in :
And that's why he sent out his imps to play,
And he furnished them torches to light their way,
Nor stinted them incense to burn as they may,—
Sulphur, and pitch, and rosin.

So they came to the Saint in a motley crew,
A heterogeneous rout :
There were imps of every shape and hue,
And some looked black, and some looked blue,
And they passed and varied before the view,
And twisted themselves about :
And had they exhibited thus to you,
I think you'd have felt in a bit of a stew,—
Or so should myself, I doubt.

There were some with feathers, and some with scales,
And some with warty skins ;
Some had not heads, and some had tails,
And some had claws like iron nails ;
And some had combs and beaks like birds,
And yet, like jays, could utter words ;
And some had gills and fins.

Some rode on skeleton beasts, arrayed
In gold and velvet stuff,
With rich tiaras on the head,
Like kings and queens among the dead ;
While face and bridle-hand, display'd,
In hue and substance seemed to cope
With maggots in a microscope,
And their thin lips, as white as soap,
Were colder than enough.

And spiders big from the ceiling hung,
From every creek and nook :
They had a crafty, ugly guise,
And looked at the Saint with their eight eyes ;
And all that malice could devise
Of evil to the good and wise
Seemed welling from their look.

Beetles and slow-worms crawled about,
 And toads did squat demure ;
 From holes in the wainscoting mice peeped out,
 Or a sly old rat with his whiskered snout ;
 And forty-feet, a full span long,
 Danced in and out in an endless throng :
 There ne'er has been seen such extravagant rout
 From that time to this, I'm sure.

But the good St. Anthony kept his eyes
 Fixed on the holy book ;—
 From it they did not sink nor rise ;
 Nor sights nor laughter, shouts nor cries,
 Could win away his look.

A quaint imp sat in an earthen pot,
 In a big-bellied earthen pot sat he :
 Through holes in the bottom his legs outshot,
 And holes in the sides his arms had got,
 And his head came out through the mouth, God wot !
 A comical sight to see.

- * And he drummed on his belly so fair and round,
 On his belly so round and fair ;
 And it gave forth a rumbling, mingled sound,
 'Twixt a muffled bell and a growling hound,
 A comical sound to hear :
 And he sat on the edge of a table-desk,
 And drummed it with his heels ;
 And he looked as strange and as picturesque
 As the figures we see in an arabesque,
 Half hidden in flowers, all painted in fresque,
 In Gothic vaulted ceils.

Then he whooped and hawed, and winked and grinned,
 And his eyes stood out with glee ;
 And he said these words, and he sung this song,
 And his legs and his arms, with their double prong,
 Keeping time with his tune as it galloped along,
 Still on the pot and the table dinned
 As birth to his song gave he.

“ Old Tony, my boy ! shut up your book,
 And learn to be merry and gay :
 You sit like a bat in his cloistered nook,
 Like a round-shoulder'd fool of an owl you look ;
 But straighten your back from its Wooby crook,
 And more sociable be, I pray.

“ Let us see you laugh, let us hear you sing ;
 Take a lesson from me, old boy !
 Remember that life has a fleeting wing,
 And then comes Death, that stern old king,
 So we 'd better make sure of joy.”

But the good St. Anthony bent his eyes
 Upon the holy book :
 He heard that song with a laugh arise,
 But he knew that the imp had a naughty guise,
 And he did not care to look.

Another imp came in a masquerade,
 Most like to a monk's attire :
 But of living bats his cowl was made,
 Their wings stitched together with spider thread ;
 And round and about him they fluttered and played ;
 And his eyes shot out from their misty shade
 Long parallel bars of fire.

And his loose teeth chattered like clanking bones,
 When the gibbet-tree sways in the blast :
 And with gurgling shakes, and stifled groans,
 He mocked the good St. Anthony's tones
 As he muttered his prayer full fast.

A rosary of beads was hung by his side,—
 Oh, gaunt-looking beads were they !
 And still, when the good Saint dropped a bead,
 He dropped a tooth, and he took good heed
 To rattle his string, and the bones replied,
 Like a rattle-snake's tail at play.

But the good St. Anthony bent his eyes
 Upon the holy book ;
 He heard that mock of groans and sighs,
 And he knew that the thing had an evil guise,
 And he did not dare to look.

Another imp came with a trumpet-snout,
 That was mouth and nose in one :
 It had stops like a flute, as you never may doubt,
 Where his long lean fingers capered about,
 As he twanged his nasal melodies out,
 In quaver, and shake, and run.

And his head moved forward and backward still
 On his long and snaky neck ;
 As he bent his energies all to fill
 His nosey tube with wind and skill,
 And he sneezed his octaves out, until
 'Twas well-nigh ready to break.

And close to St. Anthony's ear he came,
 And piped his music in :
 And the shrill sound went through the good Saint's flame,
 With a smart and a sting, like a shred of flame,
 Or a bee in the ear,—which is much the same,—
 And he shivered with the din.

But the good St. Anthony bent his eyes
 Upon the holy book ;
 He heard that snout with its gimlet cries,
 And he knew that the imp had an evil guise,
 And he did not dare to look.

A thing with horny eyes was there,
 With horny eyes like the dead :
 And its long sharp nose was all of horn,
 And its bony cheeks of flesh were shorn,
 And its ears were like thin cases torn
 From feet of kine, and its jaws were bare ;
 And fish-bones grew, instead of hair,
 Upon its skinless head.

Its body was of thin birdy bones,
 Bound round with a parchment skin ;
 And, when 'twas struck, the hollow tones
 That circled round like drum-dull groans,
 Bespoke a void within.

Its arm was like a peacock's leg,
 And the claws were like a bird's :
 But the creep that went, like a blast of plague,
 To loose the live flesh from the bones,
 And wake the good Saint's inward groans,
 As it clawed his cheek, and pulled his hair,
 And pressed on his eyes in their beating lair,
 Cannot be told in words.

But the good St. Anthony kept his eyes
 Stull on the holy book ;
 He felt the clam on his brow arise,
 And he knew that the thing had a horrid guise,
 And he did not dare to look.

An imp came then like a skeleton form
 Out of a charnel vault :
 Some clings of meat had been left by the worm,
 Some tendons and strings on his legs and arm,
 And his jaws with gristle were black and deform,
 But his teeth were as white as salt.

And he grinned full many a lifeless grin,
 And he rattled his bony tail ;
 His skull was decked with gill and fin,
 And a srike of bone was on his chin,
 And his bat-like ears were large and thin,
 And his eyes were the eyes of a snail.

He took his stand at the good Saint's back,
 And on tip-toe stood a space :
 Forward he bent, all rotten-black,
 And he sunk again on his heel, good lack !
 And the good Saint uttered some ghostly groans,
 For the head was caged in the gaunt rib-bones,—
 A horrible embrace !
 And the skull hung o'er with an elvish pry,
 And cocked down its Indian-rubber eye
 To gaze upon his face.

Yet the good St. Anthony sunk his eyes
 Deep in the holy book ;
 He felt the bones, and so was wise
 To know that the thing had a ghastly guise,
 And he did not dare to look.

Last came an imp,—how unlike the rest !—
 A beautiful female form :
 And her voice was like music, that sleep-oppress'd
 Sinks on some cradling zephyr's breast ;
 And whilst with a whisper his cheek she press'd,
 Her cheek felt soft and warm.

When over his shoulder she bent the light
 Of her soft eyes on to his page,
 It came like a moonbeam silver bright,
 And relieved him then with a mild delight,
 For the yellow lamp-lustre scorched his sight,
 That was weak with the mists of age.

Hey ! the good St. Anthony boggled his eyes
 Over the holy book :
 Ho ho ! at the corners they 'gan to rise,
 For he knew that the thing had a lovely guise,
 And he could not choose but look.

There are many devils that walk this world,—
 Devils large, and devils small ;
 Devils so meagre, and devils so stout ;
 Devils with horns, and devils without ;
 Sly devils that go with their tails upcurled,
 Bold devils that carry them quite unfurled ;
 Meek devils, and devils that brawl ;
 Serious devils, and laughing devils ;
 Imps for churches, and imps for revels ;
 Devils uncouth, and devils polite ;
 Devils black, and devils white ;
 Devils foolish, and devils wise ;
 But a laughing woman, with two bright eyes,
 Is the worst devil of all.

T. H. S.

THE NEW YEAR.

*Lines on George Cruikshank's Illustration of January, in the Comic Almanack
 for 1838.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HEADLONG HALL."

A GREAT philosopher art thou, George Cruikshank,
 In thy unmatched grotesqueness ! Antic dance,
 Wine, mirth, and music, welcome thy New Year,
 Who makes her entry as a radiant child,
 With smiling face, in holiday apparel,
 Bearing a cornucopiæ, crowned and clustered
 With all the elements of festal joy :
 All smiles and promises. But looking closely
 Upon that smiling face, 'tis but a mask ;
 Fitted so well, it almost seems a face ;
 But still a mask. What features lurk beneath,
 The rolling months will show. Thy Old Year passes,—
 Danced out in mockery by the festive band,—
 A faded form, with thin and pallid face,
 In spectral weeds ; her mask upon the ground,
 Her Amalthæa's horn reversed, and emptied
 Of all good things,—not even hope remaining.
 Such will the New Year be : that smiling mask
 Will fall ; to some how soon : to many later :
 At last to all ! The same transparent shade
 Of wasted means and broken promises
 Will make its exit : and another Year
 Will enter masked and smiling, and be welcomed
 With minstrelsy and revelry, as this is.

Edinburgh, 1st January 1838.

Volume Seventh of the Life of Sir Walter Scott, which completes the Work, will appear in February.

LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

BY J. G. LOCKHART, ESQ.,

HIS LITERARY EXECUTOR

VOLUME SIXTH,

Published Saturday, 30th December.

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LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT,

VOLUME THE FIFTH.

PERIODICAL CRITICISM.

THE sketches given in this volume of Scott's manners, of his wit, and of his bearing in Society, are extremely graphical and lively; and the brilliant scenes of hospitality at Abbotsford, which often comprised some of the greatest characters of the day, are described with a force, and at the same time with a judicious detail, which is in the highest degree picturesque and striking. The volume contains a period of four years, from 1820 to 1824, and forms one of the busiest periods of Sir Walter's busy life, during which were published the *Abbot*, *Kenneth*, the *Fortunes of Nigel*, *Peveril of the Peak*, *Quentin Durward*, *St. Ronan's Well*, and *Redgauntlet*; all of which had a rapid and extensive sale, and brought to their author an overflow both of wealth and honour. The volume contains, besides, interesting sketches of cotemporary characters, and of the friendly intercourse and the social scenes to which intimacies of this nature gave rise. The account of the Blair Adam Club, and of the meeting held at the house of the Lord Chief Commissioner Adam, &c. is a pleasing picture of that best description of society, of which kindly feeling is the basis. The visit of George IV. to Edinburgh, the coronation, and the pageantry of which, in all its various details, was managed by Sir Walter, with other incidents, such as the loss of friends, which deeply affected his feeling mind, complete the materials of the present volume, which yields not in interest to any of its predecessors, and bids fair for equal popularity.—*Edinburgh Courier*.

After the first volume, the present is by far the most interesting of these very interesting memoirs. Not only was the Great Novelist in the full blaze of his fame at this period, and holding familiar intercourse with the highest personage in the land; but the biographer himself appears to have put forth more than ordinary exertions in his department, as if the rising importance of the subject had demanded a larger amount of care and skill for its successful treatment.—*Edinburgh Advertiser*.

The publication of this interesting work, suspended for a few months, has been resumed, and we think that the general interest so strongly excited by what has already appeared of the memoir, is increased by the present volume. The period of the great novelist's life which it embraces is a very busy one. The difficulty we find in quoting from it is to know when to stop.—*Edinburgh Observer*.

The general character of this singularly interesting work being long since established, we need say no-

thing more of the present volume, in so far as the biographer is concerned, than that it possesses all the excellencies of its predecessors.—*Scotman*.

From the period of the Biographer's becoming personally acquainted with Sir Walter Scott, the narrative of this invaluable and delightful biography assumes a still more lively and amusing character than it previously possessed. Few readers were prepared for so great and decided a change in the style and character of the work as that which it underwent when Mr Lockhart met the Author of *Waverley* at his own hearth, and remained with him. When relieved from the load of anxiety, consequent on his want of personal acquaintance with the subject, and when the path is clear and unobstructed, Mr Lockhart rises superior to himself, shows the verdant road of the reader with the choicest flowers of anecdote, the fruit of his own acute observation, and neglects nothing which can gratify, either in the correspondence or daily conversation of Scott.—*Dundee Courier*.

This volume equals if not exceeds, in interest, any of the preceding. It contains the history of Sir Walter Scott's most prosperous days, from 1820 to 1825, in which period he published *The Abbot*, *Fortunes of Nigel*, *Peveril of the Peak*, *Quentin Durward*, *St. Ronan's Well*, and *Redgauntlet*. We are astonished at the magnificence of his hospitality. "It would hardly, I believe, be too much to affirm," says his biographer, "that Sir Walter Scott entertained under his own roof in the course of the seven or eight brilliant seasons when he was at the height, as many persons of distinction in rank, in politics, in art, in literature, and in science, as the most princely noblemen of his age ever did in the like space of time." "Alas!" that so dark a cloud should have succeeded to this bright sunshine. We have an interesting account of a Christmas at Abbotsford, in extracts from the *MS. Journal of Captain Basil Hall*; and the volume closes with this sad note:—"Thus terminates Captain Hall's *Abbotsford Journal*, and with this flourish of trumpets I must drop the curtain on a scene of unclouded prosperity and splendour. The unfiled drum is in prospect."—*Durham Advertiser*.

After an interval of three months, Mr. Lockhart has again introduced us within the circle of the Great Magician, and in the present dull season he could not have performed a more acceptable service. From political speculations, which spring up and die in a day, we gladly turn to inhale the pure breath and freshness of nature and genius; and our readers can-

not be better employed than in perusing these affectionate memorials of one of the best and greatest of men that our country ever produced. Mr. Lockhart's materials, like the imagination or the memory of his hero, seems inexhaustible, and he has had two able coadjutors in this volume, in Mr. Adolphus and Captain Basil Hall, both of whom kept copious journals during their visits at Abbotsford. There are also some delightful snatches from a journal of the Lord Chief Commissioner Adam, while the visit of Miss Edgeworth, the journeys to London, and the endless letters, legends, anecdotes, projects, and creations of all sorts that surround the movements of Scott—like the trappings and equipage of an Eastern potentate on a journey—invent the whole with a dazzling interest, novelty, and variety. The narrative has certainly increased in interest.—*Inverness Courier*.

Having in a recent number pointed out what we deemed the peculiar merits of this most able and interesting work, we feel that it would be unpertinent to again enlarge upon them. Be it sufficient to say, and the extracts which follow bear out our assertions, that the present volume is equal to any of its predecessors in rich and varied interest.—*Kelso Chronicle*.

Since *Darrell's Life of Johnson*, there has been no work like this, at once full of interest and crowded with details. It is as exciting in these details as one of the wonderful romances which Scott's wealth of imagination was wont to cast before the world. No man could have done justice to the biography of Scott except one who knew him, and such a one as his son-in-law, Mr. Lockhart.—*Liverpool Mail*.

The present volume is as fraught with interesting matter as any of its predecessors. It unfolds the private history of the illustrious Scott during a period of unclouded prosperity, and introduces us into the circle of his acquaintance at Abbotsford, giving the particulars of his intercourse with those kindred spirits Sir Humphrey Davy, Henry Mackenzie, Dr. Woolaston, Sir W. S. Rose, &c. One of the most valuable portions of the volume is the Diary kept by Captain Basil Hall, during his residence at Abbotsford. His graphic delineation of Scott's character will be perused with great pleasure. We are glad to find that the gifted biographer continues to avail himself of the extended correspondence of the master mind whose history he has hitherto so successfully traced. The public, we are confident, will not soon be satiated by these delicious repasts. The work when completed will form one of the most important biographies ever published.—*Liverpool Standard*.

This volume is as interesting as any of the preceding. It contains the last and highest period of Sir Walter's prosperity, during which George IV. visited Scotland, and Abbotsford was so greatly enlarged and adorned as to make it a residence worthy of the great antiquarian and poet. The volume opens many scenes of lively interest in the private intercourse and public engagements of Sir Walter. As he was visited by many of the most distinguished men of letters and science in the kingdom, and kept up a free correspondence with others, the biography is quite dramatic in its effect. This volume still heightens our admiration of the wonderfully fertile genius and unwearied energy of Scott.—*Leeds Mercury*.

Every page of it is well worthy of the most attentive

perusal and deepest reflection, and is full of entertaining and instructive matter. Open the book at any page you please, and it is impossible to do otherwise than to proceed onwards—onwards—page after page, and chapter after chapter, till you have exhausted the whole.—*Montreal Gazette*.

This volume is in no respect less interesting than the preceding ones, and the perusal of its pages can only have the effect of producing, if possible, a more favourable opinion of the illustrious subject of them.—*Manchester Courier*.

We rejoice at the return of the publishing season, which has brought us the continuation of this delightful work. The period included in the present volume is from 1820 to 1823, crowded, as usual, with literary labours and voluminous correspondence, among the former being *Iranhoe*, the *Monastery*, the *Abbot*, *Kentworth*, the *Pirate*, the *Fortunes of Nigel*, *Quentin Durward*, *St. Ronan's Well*, *Redgauntlet*, *Tales of the Crusaders*. The private history of these immortal romances is already before the public, but Mr. Lockhart has added many interesting details connected with their progress and success, which gives to the relation the character of novelty as well as of elucidation. The chief interest of the volume, however, continues, as formerly, in the correspondence.—*Perthshire Courier*.

This is, beyond dispute, the most important work that has issued from the press for years, and is sure of holding, in some shape or other, a high place among our standard classics. We freely confess that we read these volumes with delight. As a writer for chasteness of diction and transparent ease of narrative, Mr. Lockhart has few rivals, and but one living superior; nor in these particulars is his present book a whit behind his beautiful "Life of Burns," while his near connection with the "Great Unknown," and his hearty sympathy for his joys and sorrows have lent a reality, an individuality to his sketches of Sir Walter's character, such as no one can reach who has not eaten, and trifled, and thought with the man he writes about.—*Sherborne Journal*.

This volume is altogether one of the best that has yet been published. It brings the "Great Unknown" to so highly an important period of his life and his story, that every page is replete with the most pleasing accounts both of himself and those connected with him. We are more and more satisfied that no one could have better written or edited a life of Sir Walter than Mr. Lockhart.—*Tyne Mercury, Newcastle*.

Every volume of this curious piece of biography excites rather than palls the appetite. The fifth is pregnant with interest, approaching, as it does, the time when, to use the words of Mr. Lockhart, "the muffled drum is in prospect." With the history of the rapid production of works from the inexhaustible mine of Sir Walter's fancy, we have new characters brought upon the scene, and old ones removed by death; the changes in the author's family—the architectural labours at Abbotsford—politics—the drama—literary criticism—the visit of George the Fourth to Scotland (a remarkable incident in Scott's history)—and last, not least in interest, Captain Basil Hall's vivid picture of the "doings" at an Abbotsford Christmas. This biography of Scott will communicate a new source of pleasure to the readers of his novels for the first time.—*Adelphi Journal, December*.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

Published, 18th March 1837.

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PERIODICAL CRITICISM.

A

The appearance of Lockhart's Life of Scott has been looked forward to with no ordinary degree of expectation. The interest which its announcement excited was as general as it was intense. It is impossible that the task of bringing out such a book could have fallen into better hands. If anything were wanting to prove Mr. Lockhart's fitness for the duty which has devolved upon him, it is to be found in his "Life of Burns."—*Aberdeen Herald*.

There can be little doubt that this biography of Scott will be the most popular publication that has appeared for many years past. The volume abounds throughout with the most interesting materials.—*Aberdeen Journal*.

We are glad to acknowledge that we have suffered no sort of disappointment in our perusal of the first volume of this work. It is replete with valuable and well collated material illustrative of the early life of its subject; and the comments that the various newly

discovered MSS., letters, &c. have elicited, evince the sterling taste and judgment which Mr. Lockhart's previous literary reputation allows him to possess. It is sure of commanding a prodigious sale.—*Alexander's East India Magazine, April*.

This is the first volume of a biography which promises a rich harvest of amusement to the admirers of the great Magician of the North. It is rich in correspondence, anecdotes, and traits of character. In short, if we end as we began, the biography will prove a rich treat.—*Asiatic Journal, April*.

There has rarely appeared a book so admirably calculated to speak for itself; our expectations have been more than satisfied.—*Athenæum*.

B

The delicacy of a near relative with the discriminating friend, added to the talent which could develop, and the kindred genius to appreciate the mighty

works of the departed—these are requisites which the most gifted of men can scarcely dare to hope for in their biographer. Sir Walter Scott's memory has attained this singular good fortune, this curious felicitas.—*Berkshire Chronicle*.

This work has been received with an almost unanimous expression of approbation by the public and the press.—*Berwick Advertiser*.

The interest excited by the announcement of this work has been amply justified by the first volume. Its details of the greatest author of his generation—taking him all in all, we hesitate not to pronounce Sir Walter Scott.—are such as to raise still higher our admiration of the writer and the man, while the judgment displayed by Mr. Lockhart in the execution of his task, are highly creditable to himself.—*Brighton Gazette*.

Whether it be owing to our own prepossession, or to the skill of the writer, we find its execution immeasurably superior to that of any similar work that has of late years issued from the press.—*Brighton Guardian*.

Every one is willing to hear about Sir Walter Scott; and Mr. Lockhart has provided, in the memoirs which he gives of the poet's early life, and the notices and anecdotes which he everywhere scatters with the most liberal hand,—entertainment which will more than satisfy all expectation.—*Bristol Mercury*.

C

Mr. Lockhart has done full and ample justice to the task imposed upon him by the last will and testament of his talented and lamented relative.—*Cambridge*.

It is a work of high interest, and Mr. Lockhart has performed his task in a manner worthy of the Editor of the *Quarterly Review*.—*Cambridge Chronicle and Journal*.

Sir Walter Scott, singularly fortunate in his living celebrity, has been fortunate in the hand to which he has bequeathed its care when the grave should have sealed all his labours. Mr. Lockhart had been not merely chosen for this purpose, but furnished with every material important to its fulfilment,—memoiranda by the author himself, his correspondence, and a vast variety of letters from that crowd of the literary world, with whom he kept upon an active intercourse for nearly a quarter of a century.—*Colburn's New Monthly Magazine*, April.

Mr. Lockhart is, perhaps, the most competent person living to write the Life of Scott. So far as this volume goes, he appears to have dedicated himself industriously to his labour of love, and we are satisfied, from the specimen it affords of the whole, that the work will abundantly repay the curiosity of the public. We cannot close the book without earnestly commending it to our readers. The work is fairly entitled to take its place amongst the best biographies in our language.—*Court Magazine and Monthly Critic*, April.

We take our leave for the present of this interesting work, the complete success and speedy completion of which must be desired by every reader of Scott—that is, by the entire British public.—*Courier*.

D

Mr. Lockhart has discharged the task imposed upon him by the will of Sir Walter with great tact and ability.—*Derby Reporter*.

Of all the delightful volumes we have recently read, this is the most delightful; it constitutes the best and most interesting Biography which modern times have produced.—*Dublin Evening Mail*.

This long and anxiously looked for work will not disappoint public expectation. The Life of Sir Walter Scott is a gem in its class of literature which will impress its value upon every reader, and sparkle with distinctive brilliancy in whatever light of intellect it shall be placed.—*Dublin Standard*.

Amid the mass of ephemerals, such as have for the last six or seven years darkened rather than brightened our literary atmosphere—brief in existence, and often as insignificant as insects floating in the beams of a summer's sun—it is indeed refreshing and invigorating to inhale such copious draughts of the richness and richness contained in the work now before us, while the contents too of its succeeding volumes, present a still richer bill of fare of literary gratification awaiting and courting the appetite.

With such a subject, and such profusion of materials, the writer cannot fail to produce a literary biography more generally interesting and successful than any other since the period of Boswell's life of Johnson, and in as far as the present volume enables us to judge, he proceeds with his labours unprompted and fearlessly.—*Dunfriess and Galloway Courier*.

We have here a recurrence of that pleasing excitement, through all the reading world, which was wont to attend the appearance of each new "Waverley novel." The voice of the mighty minstrel again rises, as it were, from the grave, and we cease for a time in the midst of the anxious and feverish contentions of faction, to listen to the tones which delighted and astonished our earlier years. This volume, indeed, unexpectedly possesses all the interest of a new sweep from the lyre which was supposed for ever dumb.—*Dundee Chronicle*.

It is a most instructive, amusing, and in every way satisfactory biography, and well in time as widely circulated, and universally read, as the works of the mighty "Wizard of the North."—*Dundee Courier*.

E

Mr. Lockhart has, as was to be expected from his own eminent talents, performed the task confided to him in a manner worthy of the subject. If Boswell's Life of Johnson has been pronounced the model or beau ideal of biography, the present work is equally entitled to the compliment.—*Edinburgh Advertiser*.

This is one of the most interesting publications which has for a long time past issued from the press, and will prove, if we judge from the specimen now given, a valuable accession to the literature of the day. To the taste and judgment, with which the editor has made his selections, the work is indebted for much of its interest.—*Edinburgh Courier*.

This volume is, in every respect, calculated to gratify the admirers of Sir Walter Scott, and to realize

all the expectations which they may have formed with respect to the peculiar qualifications of the biographer. The details are minute, copious, and characteristic. Every incident, adventure, or saying, connected with Scott, in any way calculated to exhibit the man, is brought forward and related in a manner the most attractive. Mr. Lockhart displays that admirable tact so indispensable in a biographer, which enables him to go along with his subject *con amore*.—*Edinburgh Evening Post*.

We shall at once express our unbounded approbation of this admirable book.—*Edinburgh Caledonian Mercury*.

Never have we turned over the leaves of any production of the kind with more intense delight. Mr. Lockhart has executed his task, so far as he has proceeded, in an admirable manner. Indeed, such a performance was to be expected from the pen of him who wrote so admirable a biography of Burns.—*Edinburgh Observer*.

There has not been, we will venture to say, a work published the last quarter of a century—perhaps we might, with all safety, double the period—which has been looked for with a more general, more eager, and more intense curiosity, than that whose title stands at the head of this notice. A feeling of impatience for its appearance, and of deep interest by anticipation in its contents, pervaded all classes from the peer to the peasant.

With regard to the execution of the work, we shall only say,—and we could not say more in effect although we were to write half a dozen columns on the subject—that it is, in every respect, calculated to gratify all reasonable curiosity, and to satisfy all reasonable expectations, and this most amply.—*Edinburgh Scotsman*.

Mr. Lockhart appears to us to have approached his task in the best possible spirit, and with a sincere desire to convey to his readers at once, simply and directly, the various and extensive information which circumstances have placed within his reach. There is nothing about this commencement of the work which is in any way officious or egotistical. It is manly and unaffected throughout, and will realize, we think, all the expectations that are likely to have been formed about it.—*Examiner*.

Such a work as this requires no recommendation: the title-page alone is sufficient to gain for it a rapid and most extensive sale.—*Exeter & Plymouth (Woolmer's) Gazette*.

G

Mr. Lockhart, by industriously collecting the fullest information, and digesting his materials with proper caution, has produced a work worthy of the illustrious deceased, and which, we feel confident, will add in no small degree to his own fame as an author.—*Glasgow Argus*.

This volume will add largely to Mr. Lockhart's reputation, and detract nothing from that of his distinguished relative. Whatever judgment, scholarship, and cultivated taste may be capable of effecting, have been accomplished by Mr. Lockhart. The tone of the book is manly and unaffected—the style remarkable for its simplicity and energy.—*Glasgow Courier*.

To-day, a delightful volume will be introduced to the notice of the reading public. The subject of it is the Great Magician of the North. The volume is a trying one for Mr. Lockhart—he acquires himself nobly of his task.—*Glasgow Scots Times*.

To say that this is the most interesting volume we have opened, since the "Waverley Novels," is merely to say that it really is what it purports to be, a faithful account of the noble and simple character of its distinguished subject.—*Globe*.

H

This is a work for all times, and should be in the possession of every body. In our opinion, it must be impossible to read it without delight of the purest kind. Almost every page is fraught with instruction, the value of which is greatly enhanced by the kindly, generous, and truly English spirit and style in which it is communicated.—*Hull Packet*.

I

The present volume has all the freshness of novelty, and is so full of heart, of life, and adventures, that it stirs up almost like one of those romances with which the Great Magician himself, in days, alas! never to return, held captive his countless readers.—*Interess Courier*.

K

The work is in itself a literary treasure, full of incident and interesting facts, gathered from the most authentic sources. The whole is cast in Lockhart's usual mould of elegance and discrimination.—*Kelso Chronicle*.

We are certain that this work will obtain for Mr. Lockhart golden opinions from all; and we apprehend that he has executed it in such a way as will entitle it to rank in the highest class of this department of literature.—*Kelso Mail*.

L

Mr. Lockhart's "illustrations," and the subsequent chapters of the volume, which bring up the biography to the publication of "Sir Tristram," in 1804, just previous to that of "the Lay of the Last Minstrel," prove him fully adequate to the duty imposed on him, and which he has undertaken *con amore*.—*Leeds Mercury*.

To most of our readers in England and Scotland, this review will be a *pass-over*: for, we dare say, the charming volume has by this time been perused with pleasure by that literature-loving majority.—*Literary Gazette*.

The ample means of obtaining authentic materials for the composition of these memoirs, by their author, his acknowledged competence for his task, and, above all, the intense interest excited by every thing relative to their illustrious subject, have combined to keep the public for a long time "on the tip-toe of expectation." The Memoirs, so far, at least, as they yet extend, are calculated to gratify the most sanguine anticipations which have been cherished respecting them.—*Liverpool Chronicle*.

High as were the expectations formed, from the acknowledged ability of Mr. Lockhart, and the ample sources of information at his command, the per-

sent specimen justifies us in saying that these expectations will be exceeded, not disappointed.—*Liverpool Mercury*.

M

We congratulate the reading public on the appearance of this work. Mr. Lockhart has performed his task with the judgment and ability which were expected from him; and, in his endeavour to do justice to the character of his illustrious relative, he has increased his own reputation, and he has produced a volume of which almost every page teems with interest.—*Manchester Courier*.

However high may have been the anticipation formed regarding this work, we feel assured that the present specimen will occasion no disappointment.—*Monthly Review, April*.

It is related of Haydn, that when urged by his friends to bring to a conclusion his great work, the oratorio of *The Creation*, in the composition of which he had spent several years, he used to say calmly, "I spend a long time upon it because I intend it to last a long time." Mr. Lockhart has probably often made some such answer to expressions of surprise and disappointment at the non-appearance of the long-expected life of his illustrious father-in-law. But independently of what he owed to his own reputation, he had to perform a sacred duty to the great man who had intrusted it to him. That he has been sedulously engaged in the performance of this duty, and that its execution will be worthy of his subject as well as of himself, the volume now given to the public sufficiently shows. Sir Walter Scott was anything but a secluded man of letters, known to the world solely by the productions of his pen. He was in habits of intercourse with all that was great or distinguished in the literature and society of his time. In order to do justice to his biography, it was requisite to collect material from a thousand sources; and the labour, skill, and judgment necessary to extract from them the substance of a narrative at once copious and well digested, must have been many times greater than even the industry employed in accumulating so immense a mass. Sir Walter's correspondence, in particular, was of extraordinary extent. Mr. Lockhart interweaves it with his narrative, and to judge from the volume before us) employs it in throwing light and interest over every part of Sir Walter's history.—*Morning Chronicle*.

Few modern publications have been anticipated with so much impatience as the Memoirs of Scott, by Lockhart, and a rapid perusal of the first volume of the work has enabled us to predict with confidence that still fewer are destined to be received with so much pleasure.—*Morning Post*.

N

This is the first of six, and, if all be as interesting as that before us, the work will be one of the most valuable, as well as the most amusing and instructive, that have been published in the present age.—*Newcastle Tyne Mercury*.

After an attentive perusal of this volume, we can say, without hesitation, that it has realised all the hopes and wishes which we ever entertained. And these, we need say, were of no common order.—*Northampton and Cambridge Advertiser*.

P

The first volume of this long-promised and expected work has at length made its appearance, and its contents amply repay the delay. It is in every respect worthy of the subject, and of the high literary character of its author.—*Perthshire Courier*.

S

With a friendly hand and an affectionate heart, Mr. Lockhart has gone over every stage in the Life of his illustrious relative; and, in plain, simple, and unaffected language, has endeavoured to pourtray the leading peculiarities of a character of infinite interest.—*Sheffield Iris*.

We are convinced that the anticipations of the reading public will be amply realised by this Biography of one of the most eminent authors of his age.—*Staffordshire Advertiser*.

Mr. Lockhart's Life of his illustrious relative, will not, so far as it has yet proceeded, disappoint the expectations that have been formed of it. The dramatic form in which the work is cast, greatly heightens its effect, for Mr. Lockhart does not put himself prominently forward, but stands modestly in the background, leaving Sir Walter, assisted by the recollections of his own personal friends, to be his own biographer.—*Sun*.

T

The first volume of Mr. Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott has been sent to us. We have not had time to give more than a glance at it, but even in this cursory view we have seen that it is a book which will interest every reader. Besides some new and curious matter furnished by Mr. Lockhart, the volume contains an autobiographical memoir of the early life of the most popular of modern authors. It is written in that graceful, unaffected, manly style, which characterises all the writings of Sir Walter Scott, who, if not the first literary man of his age, had certainly the most healthy and wholesome mind among all the whole tribe. His intellect was untainted with the dandyism from which Byron was not always free, or with the constantly ostentatious cant of the overrated Coleridge (we purposely omit the names of living authors); it was alert and energetic; it sympathised, like Shakespeare's, with every class of human existence, without the fantastical whining of Sterne, or the unprincipled recklessness of Voltaire; and if it did not attain the higher flight of more contemplative students, it was certainly not from want of strength of wing, but because the keen observer and just thinker was disposed to see in the realities of life a more extended field for the exercise of his great talents, and a more ample harvest of usefulness to his fellow-creatures, than in the abstruse theories of metaphysics, or the loftiest excursions of imagination.—*Times*.

U

Here is the characteristic commencement of a life destined to be the most popular in British Biography. The opening sample is delicious: authentic, characteristic, familiar, abounding with anecdote and interest descriptive of striking scenes and congenial chronicle, this volume is a feast.—*United Service Journal*.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

Published, 1st May 1837.

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- CHAP. II.**—Partnership with James Ballantyne—Literary Projects—Edition of Dryden undertaken—Earl Morra, Commander of the Forces in Scotland—Sham Battles—Criticism in the Edinburgh Review—Commencement of Waverley—Letter on Ossian—Mr. Skene's Reminiscences of Ashiestiel—Excursion to Cumberland—Alarm of Invasion—Visit of Mr. Southey—Correspondence on Dryden with Ellis and Wordsworth, 1805.
- CHAP. III.**—Affair of the Clerkship of Session—Letters to Ellis and Lord Dalkeith—Visit to London—Earl Spencer and Mr. Fox—Caroline Princess of Wales—Joanna Baillie—Appointment as Clerk of Session—Lord Melville's Trial—Song on his Acquittal, 1806.
- CHAP. IV.**—Dryden—Critical Pieces—Edition of Slingsby's Memoirs—Marmion begun—Visit to London—Ellis—Rose—Canning—Miss Seward—Letters to Southey, &c.—Publication of Marmion—Anecdotes—The Edinburgh Review of Marmion, 1806-1808.
- CHAP. V.**—Edition of Dryden Published—Weber's Romances—Editions of Queenhoo-Hall—Captain Carleton's Memoirs—The Memoirs of Robert Cary, Earl of Monmouth—The Sadler Papers and Somers's Tracts—Edition of Swift begun—Letters to Joanna Baillie, George Ellis, &c. on the affairs of the Peninsula—John Struthers—James Hogg—Visit of Mr. Morritt—Mr. Morritt's Reminiscences of Ashiestiel—Scott's Domestic Life, 1808.
- CHAP. VI.**—Quarrel with Messrs. Constable and Hunter—John Ballantyne established as a Bookseller in Edinburgh—Scott's Literary Projects—The Edinburgh Annual Register, &c.—Meeting of James Ballantyne and John Murray—Murray's Visit to Ashiestiel—Correspondence with Ellis, Gifford, Murray, and Southey, concerning the Quarterly Review, and the Affairs of Spain, 1808-1809.
- CHAP. VII.**—Case of a Poetical Tailor condemned to death at Edinburgh—His letter to Scott—Death of Camp—Scott in London—Morritt's Description of him as a Lion in town—Dinner at Mr. Sotheby's—Coleridge's, Fire, War, and Famine,—The Quarterly Review started—First Visit to Rokeby—The Lady of the Lake begun—Excursion to the Trossachs and Loch Lomond—Letter on Byron's English Bards and Scotch Reviewers—Death of Daniel Scott—Correspondence about Mr. Canning's Duel with Lord Castle-reugh—Miss Baillie's Family Legend acted at Edinburgh—Theatrical Anecdotes—Kemble—Siddons—Terry—Letter on the Death of Miss Seward, 1809-1810.
- CHAP. VIII.**—Affair of Thomas Scott's Extractorship discussed in the House of Lords—Speeches of Lord Lauderdale, Lord Melville, &c.—Lord Holland at the Friday Club—Publication of the Lady of the Lake—Correspondence concerning versification with Ellis and Canning—The Poem criticised by Jeffrey and Mackintosh—Letters to Southey and Morritt—Anecdotes from James Ballantyne's Memoranda, 1810.
- CHAP. IX.**—First Excursion to the Hebrides, Staffa, Skye, Mull, Iona, &c.—The Lord of the Isles projected—Letters to Joanna Baillie, Southey, and Morritt, 1810.
- CHAP. X.**—Life of Miss Seward—Waverley resumed—Ballantyne's Critique on the First Chapter of the Novel—Waverley again laid aside—Unfortunate Speculations of John Ballantyne & Co.—Scott's Essay on Judicial Reform—His Scheme of going to India—Letters on the War in the Peninsula—Death of Lord President Blair—and of Lord Melville—Publication of the Vision of Don Roderick—The Inferno of Altiidora, &c., 1810-1811.
- CHAP. XI.**—New Arrangement concerning the Clerks of Session—Scott's First Purchase of Land; Abbotsford: Turn again, &c.—Joanna Baillie's Orra, &c.—Death of James Graham—and of John Leyden, 1811.
- CHAP. XII.**—The Poem of Rokeby begun—Correspondence with Mr. Morritt—Death of Henry Duke of Burcklench—George Ellis—John Wilson—Apprentices of Edinburgh—Scott's "Nick-Nack Stories" Letter to Miss Baillie on the publication of Child Harold—Correspondence with Lord Byron, 1811-1812.

PERIODICAL CRITICISM.

Mr. Lockhart has treated this portion of Scott's life with all the ability which could have been wished. The expectations formed from the first volume are fully realised, and a decided opinion concerning the great merits of these memoirs may now be safely pronounced. The two volumes before us are full of the most interesting anecdotes, told with great simplicity

and effect. The criticisms interspersed through the work are acute and judicious.—*Aberdeen Journal*.

We admire the impartial spirit in which Mr. Lockhart has treated the biography of his great relative, as much as the ability which he has displayed in digesting the vast mass of materials, and the style of the narrative.—*Asiatic Journal*.

B

The second volume of this work is even more interesting than the first; for it exhibits Scott in the character of a popular author.—*Berwick Advertiser*.

The present volume is even more interesting than its predecessor. It continues to furnish ample proof of that goodness of heart and amiable qualities, which adorned the talents of Sir Walter Scott, and which distinguish him so favourably above most of his literary contemporaries.—*Brighton Gazette*.

C

This volume of the Life of Sir W. Scott is by no means inferior in interest to its predecessor. Sir Walter's "literary executor" has thrown over the pages of the second portion of his work as great an abundance of literary anecdotes, correspondence, and particulars respecting Sir Walter's publications, as delighted us in those of the first. Biography is the most attractive of all reading, and we can imagine none more pleasing than Scott's.—*The Cambrian*.

Of the second volume of this truly delightful work, it is not saying too much to assert that its interest increases with its growth; and we become acquainted, by means of the extensive epistolary correspondence of him whom every man of taste and feeling delighted to honour, with the habits, pursuits, and opinions of the great "Wizard of the North."—*Cambridge Chronicle*.

D

However high may have been the expectations raised with respect to the manner in which Mr. Lockhart would execute the task of biographer,—a task rendered, perhaps, more difficult by the exalted station which the illustrious author occupied in the literary hemisphere, he has hitherto performed the duties to which he has been assigned to the satisfaction of all,—to the immediate friends of Sir Walter, and to his innumerable admirers in all parts of the world. It is minute without being tedious, and communicative without being dull.—*Doncaster Gazette*.

We can easily venture now to predict that Lockhart's Life of Scott will be found equal, if not superior in interest, to Boswell's Life of Johnson, which has hitherto been considered quite unapproachable in the department of Biography; the spirit and tact with which he has used his materials, and more especially his manly impartiality, are conspicuous throughout.—*Dumfries and Galloway Herald and Advertiser*.

We have perused this volume without feeling any diminution of interest from what we experienced from the perusal of the first. The interest is kept up without flagging, so ample and interesting are the materials, and so skillfully are they managed. Scott's character is unfolded to us in every capacity, whether as regards his Sheriffship, his Clerkship of Session, his authorship, or his political partisanship. Mr. Lockhart has proved himself admirably qualified for the duty he has been called upon to discharge. His style is clear and manly. As a monument to the memory of our country's pride, this undertaking, judging from what we have already seen, will, when completed, be more gratifying, lasting, and useful, than any which can be reared by human hands.—*Dundee, Perth, and Cupar Advertiser*.

The interest excited by the appearance of the first volume of the Life of the great Poet, Historian, and Novelist, occasioned an anxious and very general desire for the second volume, which is now before the world. Its contents are highly interesting, and cannot fail to gratify even the most fastidious reader.—*Durham Advertiser*.

E

The first volume of this interesting Biography was calculated to give great promise of future entertainment; nor do we think, judging from the present volume, that those expectations will be disappointed. The progress of Sir Walter's Life, and the opening of that brilliant course which he was destined to run, his multifarious literary schemes, his commercial connections, and the widening circle of his acquaintance, afford ample topics to his biographer, which he handles with equal skill and talent; and though last, not least, with impartiality, for he does not withhold censure when he thinks censure due.—*Edinburgh Courier*.

No preface is necessary on our part to bring before our readers the Second Volume of Mr. Lockhart's Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott. It well sustains the promise of its predecessor; and as we are carried into what may be regarded as one of the busiest and most important periods of the Poet's History, the work increases proportionally in attraction.—*Edinburgh Saturday Post*.

With regard to the Biographer's share of this volume, we need say no more than that all the praise which we bestowed upon the first, is equally applicable to the second. It is most pleasantly and most ably written.—*Scotman (Edinburgh)*.

The second volume of this valuable work is we think an improvement even on the first.—*Exeter Western Luminary*.

G

Need we say, that we strongly recommend this book to the public. In after years it will be one of the classics of the language; at this moment it is one of the most readable and delightful works which the present century has seen.—*Glasgow Courier*.

The Second Volume of this most interesting biography has just appeared, and it more than realises the expectations which we were led to form of it, from the masterly execution of the first.—*Glasgow Scots Times*.

I

In this volume Mr. Lockhart seems more at home than in the first, and there is more breadth and freedom in his manner.—*Inverness Courier*.

K

If clearness of arrangement,—apt and interesting collection of a vast variety of heterogeneous information,—authenticity of statements,—impartiality of narration,—a thorough insight into the character of the "Great Unknown" when breathing forth his inmost thoughts and feelings to his literary contemporaries, can recommend the work before us, then we are assured the public will pronounce the performance complete.—*Kelso Chronicle*.

The favourable opinion which we then formed of the literary merit of this publication, has been confirmed and increased, rather than weakened and diminished, by a perusal of the second volume. — *Kelso Mail*.

I.

The continuation of this delightful literary treasure shews that, intense as was the interest excited, it was far from being exhausted in the first volume; and, on the contrary, is maintained with almost equal spirit, and certainly introducing persons and discussions of more universal concern. — *Literary Gazette*.

The second volume of this most interesting work has just appeared, and is, so far as we can judge from a somewhat hasty perusal, in every way equal in merit to the first. We recommend the work in the most unqualified manner to the notice of our readers. — *Liverpool Chronicle*.

The qualifications of Mr Lockhart for the task he has undertaken, or rather that has been imposed upon him, become progressively more developed as the work advances. The abundance of his materials is amply sufficient to satisfy the most craving curiosity, and the good taste of the biographer in the selection of the materials, has ensured that curiosity shall not be thrown away. We are fully warranted in saying, that this will be the most correct, as well as the most complete life of Sir Walter Scott that has yet appeared. — *Liverpool Courier*.

The first volume of these most interesting memoirs of the Great Magician, has created such an extraordinary sensation in the literary world, that we are sure the continuation in the present and succeeding volumes, will be hailed with the most cordial satisfaction by the reading public in general, not only in Great Britain, but in every part of the civilized world. — *Liverpool Standard*.

M

The second volume is in no respect less interesting than the first, and the perusal of it must produce an impression honourable to Scott, whether considered in his private character, or as an author. There are many passages which, if we had room, we should gladly transfer to our columns. — *Manchester Courier*.

N

The interest of this attractive work grows with its growth, and the volume now before us is one of the most delightful it was ever our good fortune to read. A more valuable addition to what may be called the contemporaneous history of letters, can scarcely be desired. — *Newcastle Journal*.

The pleasure of accompanying the poet and novelist

through his busy and enterprising career is greater as we advance, and the modest and agreeable manner in which the narrative is carried on by the able historian, gives a charm to the work which none who have not read it can possibly appreciate. Suffice it to say, that if the memoirs, as the author humbly calls them, continue as pleasing as we have found the first two volumes, they will rank their author as one of the best biographical writers of this, or indeed of any age. — *Newcastle Tyne Mercury*.

P

The interest of Mr. Lockhart's narrative rises with the progress of the work; and those, who, like ourselves, anticipated at his hands a record worthy of his literary fame, as well as of his subject, will find in this volume new evidence of its realization. — *Yorkshire Courier*.

S

We like the present volume much better than its predecessor, and recommend it to our readers as a rich intellectual treat. — *Sheffield Iris*.

To any one who knew nothing of Scott but what he had gained from the earlier editions of his works, it is probable that the first volume of Mr. Lockhart's work would be the most interesting. We must confess, however, that we prefer the second, as fresher, and, consequently, more attractive in its matter; and as exhibiting Scott in a new light in his maturer years, and when his character was formed. Mr. Lockhart, moreover, appears to have improved in the execution of his task; and it would be difficult to extol too highly the impartial spirit with which he has gone about it. — *Spectator*.

The pleasure derived in reading the first volume, is greatly enhanced in the second. — *Stirling Observer*.

T

If *Baswell's Life of Johnson*, even in the present day, be read with avidity, with how much more of interest and general sympathy must not that of Scott be read, whose biographer is so far more eminent—whose life was so mixed up with popular adoration—whose works are almost ubiquitous, and whose death is so comparatively recent? The Editorship, as far as it has been already exemplified, is as amply satisfactory to the personal friends of Sir Walter, as it must be to the thousands and tens of thousands of admirers of his voluminous and delightful works. Matter for extract abounds in almost every page of the work, and next week (if not partially in this) we hope to afford our readers some very pleasant quotations. — *Taunton Courier*.

This is decidedly one of the most interesting publications of the day. — *The Yorkshireman*.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

Published, 1st June 1837.

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CHAP. II.—Affairs of John Ballantyne and Co.—Causes of their derangement—Letters of Scott to his partners—Negotiations for relief with Messrs. Constable and Co.—New Purchase of land at Abbotsford—Embarrassments continued—John Ballantyne's expresses—Drumlanrig—Penrith, &c.—Scott's meeting with the Marquis of Abercorn at Longtown—His application to the Duke of Buccleuch—Offer of the Poet-Laureateship—Considered, and declined—Address of the City of Edinburgh to the Prince Regent—Its reception—Civic honours conferred on Scott—Question of taxation on literary income—Letters to Mr. Morritt, Mr. Southey, Mr. Richardson, Mr. Crabbe, Miss Bailie, and Lord Byron. 1813.

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CHAP. V.—Diary on board the Light-house Yacht continued—The Orkneys—Kirkwall—Hoy—The Standing Stones of Stennis, &c. August 1814.

CHAP. VI.—Diary continued—Stromness—Bessie Millie's charm—Cape Wrath—Cave of Snow—The Hebrides—Scalpa, &c. 1814.

CHAP. VII.—Diary continued—Isle of Harris—Monuments of the Chiefs of M'Leod—Isle of Skye—Dunvegan Castle—Loch Corriakin—Macalister's Cave. 1814.

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CHAP. IX.—Letters in verse from Zetland and Orkney—Death of the Duchess of Buccleuch—Correspondence with the Duke—Altrive-Lake—Negotiation concerning the Lord of the Isles completed—Success of Waverley—Contemporaneous Criticisms on the Novel—Letters to Scott from Mr. Morritt, Mr. Lewis, and Miss Maclean Clephane—Letter from James Ballantyne to Miss Edgeworth. 1814.

CHAP. X.—Progress of the Lord of the Isles—Correspondence with Mr. Joseph Train—Rapid completion of the Lord of the Isles—"Six weeks at Christmas"—"Refreshing the Machine"—Publication of the Poem—and of Guy Mannering—Letters to Morritt, Terry, and John Ballantyne—Anecdotes by James Ballantyne—Visit to London—Meeting with Lord Byron—Dinners at Carlton House. 1814-1815.

CHAP. XI.—Battle of Waterloo—Letter of Sir Charles Bell—Visit to the Continent—Waterloo—Letters from Brussels and Paris—Anecdotes of Scott at Paris—The Duke of Wellington—The Emperor Alexander—Blucher—Platoff—Party at Ermenonville, &c.—London—Parting with Lord Byron—Scott's Birmingham Knife—Return to Abbotsford—Anecdotes by Mr. Skene, and James Ballantyne—Notes on "The Field of Waterloo," 1815.

CHAP. XII.—Poem on the Field of Waterloo published—Revision of Paul's Letters, &c.—Quarrel and reconciliation with Hogg—Football match at Carterhaugh—Songs on the banner of Buccleuch—Dinner at Bowhill—Design for a piece of plate to the Sutors of Selkirk—Letters to the Duke of Buccleuch—Joanna Bailie and Mr. Morritt—The Durham Garland. 1815.

PERIODICAL CRITICISM.

C
The contents of this volume occupy a period of three years, and is full as interesting as any of the preceding ones.—*Cambridge Chronicle*.

D
The third volume of this charming Biography, gives us some of the most pleasing, as well as most painful, passages in the life of the illustrious Scott. It contains, also, much new and interesting correspondence. Besides a Diary kept by Scott during a visit to Orkney and Shetland, and the Western Islands of Scotland.—*Dumfriess Herald*.

The volume contains a period of three years from

1812 to 1815, during which time Sir Walter Scott produced Rokeby, the Bridal of Triermain, the Lord of the Isles, the Field of Waterloo, Paul's Letter, and the novels of Waverley and Guy Mannering. We anticipated that this volume would be still more animating than any of the preceding, and certainly there never was a task of a more difficult nature than that performed by Mr. Lockhart, accomplished with such uniform and gratifying success.—*Dundee Courier*.

E
All the various matters of this volume are full of interest. The narrative of them is interspersed with amusing anecdotes; and the biographer still executes his task with unabated vigour. We indulge in the

most sanguine expectations of entertainment from the succeeding volumes, seeing that the story must increase in interest as the celebrity of the hero gradually extends.—*Edinburgh Courant*.

The third volume is in some respects more interesting than either of the two previously published, and, from ample materials in the shape of correspondence, which must be within the reach of Mr. Lockhart's arm, it will form one of the most delightful biographies ever published.—*Edinburgh Observer*.

The present volume of these charmingly written and most interesting Memoirs contains some of the brightest, as well as darkest passages in the life of Sir Walter Scott. Beginning with the "fitting" of the poet's family from Ashestiel to Abbotsford, with the characteristic details of so important an event, the literary progress and personal fortunes of Sir Walter are minutely related in the succeeding chapters; the publication of *Rokeby*, the *Bridal of Triermain*, the Lord of the Isles, and, greater than all, *Waverley* and *Guy Mannering*. The interior history of these popular works, particularly the novels, is full of the deepest interest, and nothing could be better calculated to satisfy the reader's curiosity than the thorough unfolding of the author's proceedings, which has been done in Mr. Lockhart's happiest manner.—*Edinburgh Evening Post*.

Mr. Lockhart has amply redeemed the pledge which his first volume gave, and, so far from there being any falling off, either in the execution or interest of the narrative, there is a marked improvement at every step we take.—*Glasgow Argus*.

Another delightful volume. It brings the narrative down to the year 1815: and contains a little world of character, fact, and anecdote made yet more interesting by the good taste with which it is presented. A diary of a visit to Stromness, the Hebrides, and other places in the north, shows how completely the mind of Sir Walter Scott was able to invest an apparently barren subject with strong interest.—*Hull Packet*.

The interest of this biography continues undiminished; for no cloud has yet come over the brilliant career of Scott, and he is engaged in a thousand schemes, full of life, hope, business, imagination, or pleasure. When was so much of mind, of inventive genius and observation, and of stirring life, crowded into three years of one man's existence? We were prepared by the comments of some periodical critics to find this volume not so good as the two first, but we can honestly say, that in the perusal we discovered no falling off. Mr. Lockhart certainly does not do much himself, but his materials are admirably disposed for effect, and they are so rich in themselves that they require no setting at the hands of another.—*Inverness Courier*.

This work, as it progresses, grows upon our affections. The literary associations with which it is conversant, and the ever-varying scintillations of a genius such as Scott's, must render the perusal of the valuable correspondence contained in it a matter both of delight and of instruction, and, we will not say to Scotsmen, but to Britons, of honest pride, that Sir Walter was one of us. Every Borderer should make himself master of a copy of this publication.—*Kelso Chronicle*.

It is our conviction that the present volume will be read with increasing interest. The work is destined to become a part of the standard literature of Great Britain, and, as such, will occupy a place in every library of consequence in the world.—*Liverpool Standard*.

The volume contains Scott's diary of a trip to the Orkney and Shetland Isles, which abounds in touches of descriptive incident and character, just such as we should expect from such an observer on such a voyage. Lockhart's Life of Scott is likely to be, if it proceeds as it has begun, one of the best executed and most interesting pieces of biography in the language.—*Liverpool Mercury*.

The third volume continues this most entertaining Memoir from 1812 to 1815, and embraces an account of a highly interesting portion of Scott's life. The most interesting portion is Sir Walter's diary of a voyage to the Shetland and Orkney islands, which occupied the whole month of August and part of September 1814. "It affords," says his biographer, "such a complete and artless portraiture of the man, as he was in himself, and as he mingled with his friends and companions, at one of the most interesting periods of his life, that I am persuaded every reader will be pleased to see it printed in its original state." Besides this, the volume contains excellent letters to various correspondents, and an account of Sir Walter's excursion to the field of Waterloo, &c.—*Manchester Courier*.

Among the interesting passages which crowd every page of this volume, it is almost impossible to give a preference. The work increases in interest as it proceeds, and this portion of it is enriched by the insertion of a large quantity of Scott's MSS. than either of its predecessors.—*Perthshire Courier*.

The interest excited by the perusal of the two preceding volumes of this work is still kept up, we may say increased, by the present. We congratulate Mr. Lockhart on the discrimination displayed by him in selecting materials for these volumes, and we would recommend all the admirers of the once *Great Unknown* to place this alongside his works on the shelves of their library.—*Sheffield Iris*.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

Published, 1st July 1837.

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CHAP. II.—Harold the Dauntless published—Scott aspires to be a Baron of the Exchequer—Letter to the Duke of Buccleuch concerning Poachers, &c.—First attack of Cramp in the Stomach—Letters to Morritt, Terry, and Mrs. Maclean Clephane—Story of the Doom of Devorgoil—John Kemble's retirement from the Stage—William Laidlaw established at Knaresdale—Novel of Rob Roy projected—Letter to Southey on the relief of the Poor, &c.—Letter to Lord Montagu on Hogg's Queen's Wake, and on the death of Frances Lady Douglas. 1817.

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PERIODICAL CRITICISM.

The interest of this work increases so deeply as it proceeds, that the prospect of its termination excites pain and regret. We never remember to have read a biography which more strongly enchaind the attention, or exhibited so distinct and vivid a picture of

the original. The fourth volume introduces his biographer, Mr. Lockhart, as an actor on the scene, and his description of Scott is highly graphic. *Artistic Journal.*

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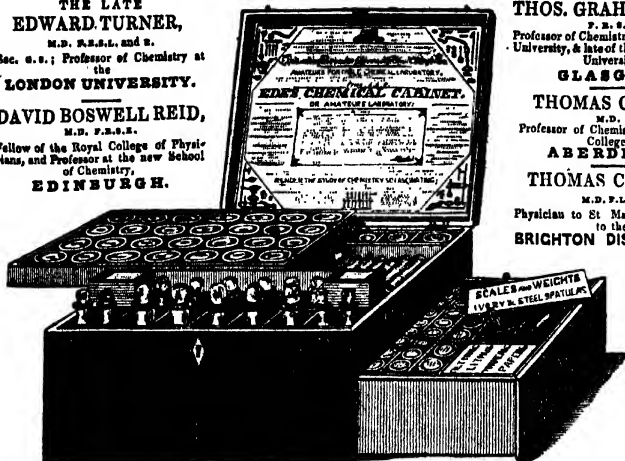
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LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

"PETER SIMPLE."—The very popular novels of the author of "Peter Simple" will be published by Mr. Bentley in Monthly Volumes, price Six Shillings each. The first volume, containing "Peter Simple" complete, embellished with engravings, is now ready. "Jacob Faithful" will be published with the Magazines at the end of January. These will be followed by "Japhet in Search of a Father," "Newton Forster," "King's Own," and "Midshipman Easy." These works have a character of permanence about them; they have taken their places in the rank of English classics, and no library can be complete without them. They are now regarded with the same enthusiasm as the productions of Fielding and Smollett; but they possess one great advantage over them—a freedom from those instances of bad taste, both of thought and language, which render the productions of those great masters of fiction not exactly suitable for the perusal of the young.

Mrs. TROLLOPE's New Work, entitled "VIENNA AND THE AUSTRIANS," will be published during the present month. This clever writer had rare opportunities of observing the society of this, the gayest capital in Europe. Accordingly her new work is said to abound in a variety of piquant anecdotes, such as gave so much popularity to the previous productions of one of the most entertaining female writers of the present day. The work is to be illustrated by numerous engravings.

THE COURT OF LE GRAND MONARQUE.—MR. JAMES, so well known by his popular novels, "Dorothy," "Richelieu," &c. has just completed "THE LIFE AND TIMES OF LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH." This was a desideratum in literature, from the circumstance of the abundance of important new facts and anecdotes recently discovered relative to this most interesting period. The work is profusely embellished with portraits of all the most distinguished personages who graced, certainly, the most splendid and gayest court in Europe: among others, we have the fascinating La Vallière, Turenne, the intriguing Montespan, Coudé, Louis—*le plus galant des hommes*—when entering upon manhood, Mazarin, the witty and graceful Sevigné, Louis in middle age, Madame de Maintenon, &c. Since the days of the celebrated "Memoirs of Grammont," a book more full of anecdotes, wit, and general entertainment, has not issued from the press.

The long-announced "NARRATIVE OF THE RESIDENCE IN LONDON OF THE THREE PERSIAN PRINCES" who visited this country a year or two since, may be expected to appear shortly. Mr. James Baillie Fraser, the eminent Oriental traveller, attended them both here and till their return to Constantinople. The work will not only give the Princes' views of English society,—and from the circumstance of their arriving in England direct from the East, without passing through the continent of Europe, this is exceedingly curious; but will also detail the various perilous adventures which befel them in Persia previously to their escape. Portraits of the young Princes will accompany the work, from the paintings by Mr. Partridge.

"THE ELOPEMENT."—The novel under this title may be expected to appear in a few days. Its subject embraces the career of a young couple who had in early life made a runaway match; the husband being a Cambridge student, and the wife a young lady scarcely out of her sixteenth year. The time of the story is in the reign of George the Second; and the adventures that befel the fugitives in London and in Paris (to which latter place they had flown for safety from the machinations of their *friends*) are beyond everything striking and romantic. The profligate monarch, Louis the Fifteenth, is brought on the scene with singular effect, and the incidents are of the most curious and unprecedented character.

"THE REIGN OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA."—A most valuable and entertaining book is announced, relating to this interesting period of Spanish history. It is the production of a writer who has been engaged upon it during twelve years, in England, France, Italy, and Spain. When it is recollected that this period embraces the romantic details of the overthrow of the Moorish power in Spain, the consequent consolidation of the Spanish Kingdom, the administration of the able Cardinal Ximenes, the victories of the Great Captain, Gonsalvez de Cordoba, the dark doings of the Inquisition, established during this reign, the history of Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits, the discovery of a New World, and the strange and stirring adventures of the dauntless Columbus; we can imagine no work more full of exciting interest.

SIR WILLIAM KNIGHTON.—The forthcoming *Memoirs* of this distinguished personage, and great favourite of his Majesty George the Fourth, will comprise a great number of most interesting letters from celebrated characters, including those of the Highest Personage. The work will be published in the course of the present month.

THE NEW WORK Edited by "Boz."—"THE MEMOIRS OF GRIMALDI," the most renowned Clown of modern times, will be published in a week or two. Edited by "Boz," and illustrated by George Cruikshank. Such a work is well calculated to increase the merriment of the happy groups round the Christmas firesides. From the variety of droll adventures and anecdotes incidental to such a subject, we may expect as much amusement as in a Christmas Pantomime, when Grimaldi himself convulsed the audience with his irresistible fun.

LORD DE SAUMAREZ.—The *Memoirs* of this gallant officer have been prepared by Sir John Ross, from the letters of the Admiral and other papers in the possession of the noble Lord's family. Sir John Ross, it will be recollected, served under him for many years. The work, which will be embellished with engravings of the various actions in which Lord De Saumarez was engaged, and with two fine portraits, will be more effectual in illustrating the Naval History of Great Britain during the late memorable war with France, than any other hitherto published.

Mr. Bentley's Edition of the "*LETTERS OF HORACE WALPOLE*," so long announced, will certainly be published in the course of the present season. The embellishments will be very numerous from original pictures in the possession of Lord Waldegrave, Sir Alexander Johnstone, &c. In this, the only complete edition of the Letters of the Prince of English Epistolary Writers, all the previously published letters will appear, together with several hundred others, never before published.

"DAMASCUS AND PALMYRA."—Such is the title of a new work of Travels announced by Mr. Addison. This publication is the result of a recent Journey to the East. Any new facts relating to these celebrated cities (and Mr. Addison we hear has been very fortunate in his researches) cannot fail to be interesting to all. His account of Ibrahim Pacha, and his own personal adventures, are understood to be very entertaining.

"THE OLD SAILOR."—A new story by this very popular writer is on the eve of publication, under the title of "*TOPSAIL KING, OR THE NAVAL FOUNDLING*." It will be illustrated by the inimitable George Cruikshank.

A new and cheaper Edition of that useful little work, "*THE NAVAL OFFICER'S GUIDE FOR PREPARING SHIPS FOR SEA*," by Lieutenant Martelli, R.N., is announced. It will thus be placed within the reach of the humblest persons engaged in the Queen's or Merchant Service. No officer or seaman ought therefore to be without it, and it should be in the cabin-library of every yacht.

Mr. COOPER, the celebrated author of "*The Pilot*," &c. is preparing for publication an account of his "*RESIDENCE IN ITALY*." Although we have had many works on this subject, yet, treated by such a writer, it cannot fail to prove entertaining; for he has avoided topics frequently discussed, and his book will present us, we are informed, not only with adventure, but with original and interesting pictures of society and manners.

Dr. WALSH has just prepared a correct edition of his "*RESIDENCE AT CONSTANTINOPLE DURING THE GREEK AND TURKISH REVOLUTION*." His previous work, a "*Journey from Constantinople to England*," is deservedly popular. As Dr. Walsh was in Constantinople during the period of the greatest excitement of the Revolution, and also during the prevalence of the plague, he was daily a witness to many striking events. These, with his well-known ability, he has very vividly described in this work.

BENTLEY'S

MISCELLANY.

JANUARY, 1838.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Editor regrets that he cannot avail himself of the undermentioned Papers. "T. J. S." (the haunted king); "C. P. of Mile End," (who has founded his verses on too old a story); "H. W. M.;" "Kappa;" "Godfrey Goodfellow;" "The Polar Expedition;" "T—;" "Sternmost Jack;" "A— L—;" "T. W. S.;" "The New Year's Eve;" "The Painter of Ghent;" "C. B. H.," (the incident of whose paper is too slight); "Miss Horner;" "Aliquis;" "Rosalie."

We should have been happy to have availed ourselves of "Vaslyn's" paper, but for its most disagreeable conclusion.

We are sorry to say, "The bet is lost."

A note is left for H. D. at the Publisher's.

Accepted — "Edgar;" "Rose Glaston;" "Minstrel's Curse;" "G. F. W.;" "Eliza C."

The Editor begs to thank "M. E. M. T.," and to inform him that no portion of this Magazine is devoted to critical notices of books.

BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

OLIVER TWIST;

OR, THE PARISH BOY'S PROGRESS.

BY BOZ.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.



CHAPTER THE TWENTIETH.

WHEREIN OLIVER IS DELIVERED OVER TO MR. WILLIAM SIKES.

WHEN Oliver awoke in the morning, he was a good deal surprised to find that a new pair of shoes with strong thick soles had been placed at his bedside, and that his old ones had been removed. At first he was pleased with the discovery, hoping it might be the forerunner of his release; but such thoughts were quickly dispelled on his sitting down to breakfast alone with the Jew, who told him, in a tone and manner which increased his alarm, that he was to be taken to the residence of Bill Sikes that night.

"To—to—stop there, sir?" asked Oliver anxiously.

"No, no, my dear, not to stop there," replied the Jew. "We shouldn't like to lose you. Don't be afraid, Oliver; you shall come back to us again. Ha! ha! ba! We won't be so cruel as to send you away, my dear. Oh no, no!"

The old man, who was stooping over the fire toasting a piece of bread, looked round as he bantered Oliver thus, and chuckled as if to show that he knew he would still be very glad to get away if he could.

"I suppose," said the Jew, fixing his eyes on Oliver, "you want to know what you're going to Bill's for—eh, my dear?"

Oliver coloured involuntarily to find that the old thief had been reading his thoughts; but boldly said, Yes, he did want to know.

"Why, do you think?" inquired Fagin, parrying the question.

"Indeed I don't know, sir," replied Oliver.

"Bah!" said the Jew, turning away with a disappointed countenance from a close perusal of Oliver's face. "Wait till Bill tells you, then."

The Jew seemed much vexed by Oliver's not expressing any greater curiosity on the subject; but the truth is, that, although he felt very anxious, he was too much confused by the earnest

cunning of Fagin's looks, and his own speculations, to make any further inquiries just then. He had no other opportunity; for the Jew remained very surly and silent till night, when he prepared to go abroad.

"You may burn a candle," said the Jew, putting one upon the table; "and here's a book for you to read till they come to fetch you. Good-night!"

"Good-night, sir!" replied Oliver softly.

The Jew walked to the door, looking over his shoulder at the boy as he went, and, suddenly stopping, called him by his name.

Oliver looked up; the Jew, pointing to the candle, motioned to him to light it. He did so; and, as he placed the candlestick upon the table, saw that the Jew was gazing fixedly at him with lowering and contracted brows from the dark end of the room.

"Take heed, Oliver! take heed!" said the old man, shaking his right hand before him in a warning manner. "He's a rough man, and thinks nothing of blood when his own 'is up. Whatever falls out, say nothing; and do what he bids you. Mind!" Placing a strong emphasis on the last word, he suffered his features gradually to resolve themselves into a ghastly grin; and, nodding his head, left the room.

Oliver leant his head upon his hand when the old man disappeared, and pondered with a trembling heart on the words he had just heard. The more he thought of the Jew's admonition, the more he was at a loss to divine its real purpose and meaning. He could think of no bad object to be attained by sending him to Sikes which would not be equally well answered by his remaining with Fagin; and, after meditating for a long time, concluded that he had been selected to perform some ordinary menial offices for the housebreaker, until another boy, better suited for his purpose, could be engaged. He was too well accustomed to suffering, and had suffered too much where he was, to bewail the prospect of a change very severely. He remained lost in thought for some minutes, and then, with a heavy sigh, snuffed the candle, and, taking up the book which the Jew had left with him, began to read.

He turned over the leaves carelessly at first, but, lighting on a passage which attracted his attention, soon became intent upon the volume. It was a history of the lives and trials of great criminals, and the pages were soiled and thumbed with use. Here, he read of dreadful crimes that make the blood run cold; of secret murders that had been committed by the lonely way-side, and bodies hidden from the eye of man in deep pits and wells, which would not keep them down, deep as they were, but had yielded them up at last, after many years, and so maddened the murderers with the sight, that in their horror they had confessed their guilt, and yelled for the gibbet to end their agony. Here, too, he read of men who, lying in their beds at dead of

night, had been tempted and led on by their own bad thoughts to such dreadful bloodshed as it made the flesh creep and the limbs quail to think of. The terrible descriptions were so vivid and real, that the sallow pages seemed to turn red with gore, and the words upon them to be sounded in his ears as if they were whispered in hollow murmurs by the spirits of the dead.

In a paroxysm of fear the boy closed the book and thrust it from him. Then, falling upon his knees, he prayed Heaven to spare him from such deeds, and rather to will that he should die at once, than be reserved for crimes so fearful and appalling. By degrees he grew more calm, and besought, in a low and broken voice, that he might be rescued from his present dangers: and that if any aid were to be raised up for a poor outcast boy, who had never known the love of friends or kindred, it might come to him now, when, desolate and deserted, he stood alone in the midst of wickedness and guilt.

He had concluded his prayer, but still remained with his head buried in his hands, when a rustling noise aroused him.

"What's that!" he cried, starting up, and catching sight of a figure standing by the door. "Who's there?"

"Me—only me," replied a tremulous voice.

Oliver raised the candle above his head, and looked towards the door. It was Nancy.

"Put down the light," said the girl, turning away her head: "it hurts my eyes."

Oliver saw that she was very pale, and gently inquired if she were ill. The girl threw herself into a chair, with her back towards him, and wrung her hands; but made no reply.

"God forgive me!" she cried after a while, "I never thought of all this."

"Has anything happened?" asked Oliver. "Can I help you? I will if I can; I will indeed."

She rocked herself to and fro, and then, wringing her hands violently, caught her throat, and, uttering a gurgling sound, struggled and gasped for breath.

"Nancy!" cried Oliver, greatly alarmed. "What is it?"

The girl burst into a fit of loud laughter, beating her hands upon her knees, and her feet upon the ground, meanwhile; and, suddenly stopping, drew her shawl close round her, and shivered with cold.

Oliver stirred the fire. Drawing her chair close to it, she sat there for a little time without speaking, but at length she raised her head and looked round.

"I don't know what comes over me sometimes," said the girl, affecting to busy herself in arranging her dress; "it's this damp, dirty room, I think. Now, Nolly, dear, are you ready?"

"Am I to go with you?" asked Oliver.

"Yes; I have come from Bill," replied the girl. "You are to go with me."

"What for?" said Oliver recoiling.

"What for!" echoed the girl, raising her eyes, and averting them again the moment they encountered the boy's face. "Oh! for no harm."

"I don't believe it," said Oliver, who had watched her closely.

"Have it your own way," rejoined the girl, affecting to laugh. "For no good, then."

Oliver could see that he had some power over the girl's better feelings, and for an instant thought of appealing to her compassion for his helpless state. But then the thought darted across his mind that it was barely eleven o'clock, and that many people were still in the streets, of whom surely some might be found to give credence to his tale. As the reflection occurred to him, he stepped forward, and said somewhat hastily that he was ready.

Neither his brief consideration nor its purport were lost upon his companion. She eyed him narrowly while he spoke, and cast upon him a look of intelligence which sufficiently showed that she guessed what had been passing in his thoughts.

"Hush!" said the girl, stooping over him, and pointing to the door as she looked cautiously round. "You can't help yourself. I have tried hard for you, but all to no purpose. You are hedged round and round; and, if ever you are to get loose from here, this is not the time."

Struck by the energy of her manner, Oliver looked up in her face with great surprise. She seemed to speak the truth; her countenance was white and agitated, and she trembled with very earnestness.

"I have saved you from being ill-used once, and I will again, and I do now," continued the girl aloud; "for those who would have fetched you, if I had not, would have been far more rough than me. I have promised for your being quiet and silent; if you are not, you will only do harm to yourself and me too, and perhaps be my death. See here! I have borne all this for you already, as true as God sees me show it."

She pointed hastily to some livid bruises upon her neck and arms, and continued with great rapidity.

"Remember this, and don't let me suffer more for you just now. If I could help you I would, but I have not the power: they don't mean to harm you; and whatever they make you do, is no fault of yours. Hush! every word from you is a blow for me: give me your hand—make haste, your hand!"

She caught the hand which Oliver instinctively placed in hers, and, blowing out the light, drew him after her up the stairs. The door was opened quickly by some one shrouded in the darkness, and as quickly closed when they had passed out. A hackney cabriolet was in waiting; and, with the same vehemence which she had exhibited in addressing Oliver, the

girl pulled him in with her, and drew the curtains close. The driver wanted no directions, but lashed his horse into full speed without the delay of an instant.

The girl still held Oliver fast by the hand, and continued to pour into his ear the warnings and assurances she had already imparted. All was so quick and hurried, that he had scarcely time to recollect where he was, or how he came there, when the carriage stopped at the same house to which the Jew's steps had been directed on the previous evening.

For one brief moment Oliver cast a hurried glance along the empty street, and a cry for help hung upon his lips. But the girl's voice was in his ear, beseeching him in such tones of agony to remember her, that he had not the heart to utter it; and while he hesitated, the opportunity was gone, for he was already in the house, and the door was shut.

"This way," said the girl, releasing her hold for the first time. "Bill!"

"Hallo!" replied Sikes, appearing at the head of the stairs with a candle. "Oh! that's the time of day. Come on!"

This was a very strong expression of approbation, and an uncommonly hearty welcome, from a person of Mr. Sikes's temperament; Nancy, appearing much gratified thereby, saluted him cordially.

"Bullseye's gone home with Tom," observed Sikes as he lighted them up. "He'd have been in the way."

"That's right," rejoined Nancy.

"So you've got the kid," said Sikes, when they had all reached the room: closing the door as he spoke.

"Yes, here he is," replied Nancy.

"Did he come quiet?" inquired Sikes.

"Like a lamb," rejoined Nancy.

"I'm glad to hear it," said Sikes, looking grimly at Oliver, "for the sake of his young carcass, as would otherways have suffered for it. Come here, young 'un, and let me read you a lectur', which is as well got over at once."

Thus addressing his new *protégé*, Mr. Sikes pulled off his cap and threw it into a corner; and then, taking him by the shoulder, sat himself down by the table, and stood Oliver in front of him.

"Now first, do you know wot this is?" inquired Sikes, taking up a pocket-pistol which lay on the table.

Oliver replied in the affirmative.

"Well then, look here," continued Sikes. "This is powder, that 'ere's a bullet, and this is a little bit of a old hat for waddin'."

Oliver murmured his comprehension of the different bodies referred to, and Mr. Sikes proceeded to load the pistol with great nicety and deliberation.

"Now it's loaded," said Mr. Sikes when he had finished.

"Yes, I see it is, sir," replied Oliver, trembling.

"Well," said the robber, grasping Oliver's wrist tightly, and putting the barrel so close to his temple that they touched, at which moment the boy could not repress a shriek; "if you speak a word when you're out o' doors with me, except when I speak to you, that loading will be in your head without notice—so, if you *do* make up your mind to speak without leave, say your prayers first."

Having bestowed a scowl upon the object of this warning, to increase its effect, Mr. Sikes continued.

"As near as I know, there isn't anybody as would be asking very partickler arter you, if you *was* disposed of; so I needn't take this devil-and-all of trouble to explain matters to you if it warn't for your own good. D'ye hear?"

"The short and the long of what you mean," said Nancy, speaking very emphatically, and slightly frowning at Oliver, as if to bespeak his serious attention to her words, "is, that if you're crossed by him in this job you have on hand, you'll prevent his ever telling tales afterwards, by shooting him through the head, and take your chance of swinging for it as you do for a great many other things in the way of business every month of your life."

"That's it!" observed Mr. Sikes approvingly; "women can always put things in fewest words, except when it's blowing-up, and then they lengthens it out. And now that he's thoroughly up to it, let's have some supper, and get a snooze afore starting."

In pursuance of this request, Nancy quickly laid the cloth, and, disappearing for a few minutes, presently returned with a pot of porter and a dish of sheep's heads, which gave occasion to several pleasant witticisms on the part of Mr. Sikes, founded upon the singular coincidence of "jemmies" being a cant name common to them and an ingenious implement much used in his profession. Indeed, the worthy gentleman, stimulated perhaps by the immediate prospect of being in active service, was in great spirits and good-humour; in proof whereof it may be here remarked, that he humorously drank all the beer at a draught, and did not utter, on a rough calculation, more than fourscore oaths during the whole progress of the meal.

Supper being ended,—it may be easily conceived that Oliver had no great appetite for it,—Mr. Sikes disposed of a couple of glasses of spirits and water, and threw himself upon the bed, ordering Nancy, with many imprecations in case of failure, to call him at five precisely. Oliver stretched himself, in his clothes, by command of the same authority, on a mattress upon the floor; and the girl, mending the fire, sat before it, in readiness to rouse them at the appointed time.

For a long time Oliver lay awake, thinking it not impossible that Nancy might seek that opportunity of whispering some

further advice, but the girl sat brooding over the fire without moving, save now and then to trim the light: weary with watching and anxiety, he at length fell asleep.

When he awoke, the table was covered with tea-things, and Sikes was thrusting various articles into the pockets of his great-coat which hung over the back of a chair, while Nancy was busily engaged in preparing breakfast. It was not yet daylight, for the candle was still burning, and it was quite dark outside. A sharp rain, too, was beating against the window-panes, and the sky looked black and cloudy.

"Now, then!" growled Sikes, as Oliver started up; "half-past five! Look sharp, or you'll get no breakfast, for it's late as it is."

Oliver was not long in making his toilet; and, having taken some breakfast, replied to a surly inquiry from Sikes, by saying that he was quite ready.

Nancy, scarcely looking at the boy, threw him a handkerchief to tie round his throat, and Sikes gave him a large rough cape to button over his shoulders. Thus attired, he gave his hand to the robber, who, merely pausing to show him, with a menacing gesture, that he had the pistol in a side-pocket of his great-coat, clasped it firmly in his, and, exchanging a farewell with Nancy, led him away.

Oliver turned round for an instant when they reached the door, in the hope of meeting a look from the girl; but she had resumed her old seat in front of the fire, and sat perfectly motionless before it.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIRST.

THE EXPEDITION.

It was a cheerless morning when they got into the street, blowing and raining hard, and the clouds looking dull and stormy. The night had been very wet, for large pools of water had collected in the road, and the kennels were overflowing. There was a faint glimmering of the coming day in the sky, but it rather aggravated than relieved the gloom of the scene, the sombre light only serving to pale that which the street-lamps afforded, without shedding any warmer or brighter tints upon the wet housetops and dreary streets. There appeared to be nobody stirring in that quarter of the town, for the windows of the houses were all closely shut, and the streets through which they passed noiseless and empty.

By the time they had turned into the Bethnal Green road the day had fairly begun to break. Many of the lamps were already extinguished, a few country waggons were slowly toiling on towards London, and now and then a stage-coach, covered with mud, rattled briskly by, the driver bestowing, as he passed, an admonitory lash upon the heavy waggoner, who, by keeping on the wrong side of the road, had endangered his arriving at

the office a quarter of a minute after his time. The public-houses, with gas-lights burning inside, were already open. By degrees other shops began to be unclosed, and a few scattered people were met with. Then came straggling groups of labourers going to their work ; then men and women with fish-baskets on their heads, donkey-carts laden with vegetables, chaise-carts filled with live-stock or whole carcasses of meat, milkwomen with pails, and an unbroken concourse of people trudging out with various supplies to the eastern suburbs of the town. As they approached the City, the noise and traffic gradually increased ; and, when they threaded the streets between Shoreditch and Smithfield, it had swelled into a roar of sound and bustle. It was as light as it was likely to be till night set in again, and the busy morning of half the London population had begun.

Turning down Sun-street and Crown-street, and crossing Finsbury-square, Mr. Sikes struck, by way of Chiswell-street, into Barbican, thence into Long-lane, and so into Smithfield, from which latter place arose a tumult of discordant sounds that filled Oliver Twist with surprise and amazement.

It was market-morning. The ground was covered nearly ankle-deep with filth and mire ; and a thick steam perpetually rising from the reeking bodies of the cattle, and mingling with the fog, which seemed to rest upon the chimney-tops, hung heavily above. All the pens in the centre of the large area, and as many temporary ones as could be crowded into the vacant space, were filled with sheep ; and, tied up to posts by the gutter side, were long lines of beasts and oxen three or four deep. Countrymen, butchers, drovers, hawkers, boys, thieves, idlers, and vagabonds of every low grade, were mingled together in a dense mass : the whistling of drovers, the barking of dogs, the bellowing and plunging of beasts, the bleating of sheep, and grunting and squeaking of pigs ; the cries of hawkers, the shouts, oaths, and quarrelling on all sides, the ringing of bells and roar of voices that issued from every public-house ; the crowding, pushing, driving, beating, whooping, and yelling ; the hideous and discordant din that resounded from every corner of the market ; and the unwashed, unshaven, squalid, and dirty figures constantly running to and fro, and bursting in and out of the throng, rendered it a stunning and bewildering scene which quite confounded the senses.

Mr. Sikes, dragging Oliver after him, elbowed his way through the thickest of the crowd, and bestowed very little attention upon the numerous sights and sounds which so astonished the boy. He nodded twice or thrice to a passing friend : and, resisting as many invitations to take a morning dram, pressed steadily onward until they were clear of the turmoil, and had made their way through Hosier-lane into Holborn.

"Now, young 'un !" said Sikes surlily, looking up at the

clock of St. Andrew's church, "hard upon seven! you must step out. Come, don't lag behind already, Lazy-legs!"

Mr. Sikes accompanied this speech with a fierce jerk at his little companion's wrist; and Oliver, quickening his pace into a kind of trot, between a fast walk and a run, kept up with the rapid strides of the housebreaker as well as he could.

They kept on their course at this rate until they had passed Hyde-Park corner, and were on their way to Kensington, when Sikes relaxed his pace until an empty cart, which was at some little distance behind, came up: when, seeing "Hounslow" written upon it, he asked the driver, with as much civility as he could assume, if he would give them a lift as far as Isleworth."

"Jump up," said the man. "Is that your boy?"

"Yes; he's my boy," replied Sikes, looking hard at Oliver, and putting his hand abstractedly into the pocket where the pistol was.

"Your father walks rather too quick for you; don't he, my man?" inquired the driver, seeing that Oliver was out of breath.

"Not a bit of it," replied Sikes, interposing. "He's used to it. Here, take hold of my hand, Ned. In with you!"

Thus addressing Oliver, he helped him into the cart; and the driver, pointing to a heap of sacks, told him to lie down there, and rest himself.

As they passed the different milestones, Oliver wondered more and more where his companion meant to take him. Kensington, Hammersmith, Chiswick, Kew Bridge, Brentford, were all passed; and yet they kept on as steadily as if they had only begun their journey. At length they came to a public-house called the Coach and Horses, a little way beyond which, another road appeared to turn off. And here the cart stopped.

Sikes dismounted with great precipitation, holding Oliver by the hand all the while; and, lifting him down directly, bestowed a furious look upon him, and rapped the side-pocket with his fist in a very significant manner.

"Good-b'ye, boy!" said the man.

"He's sulky," replied Sikes, giving him a shake; "he's sulky,—a young dog! Don't mind him."

"Not I!" rejoined the other, getting into his cart. "It's a fine day, after all." And he drove away.

Sikes waited till he had fairly gone, and then, telling Oliver he might look about him if he wanted, once again led him forward on his journey.

They turned round to the left a short way past the public-house, and then, taking a right-hand road, walked on for a long time, passing many large gardens and gentlemen's houses on both sides of the way, and at length crossing a little bridge which led them into Twickenham; from which town they still walked on without stopping for anything but some beer, until they reached another town, in which, against the wall of a

house, Oliver saw written up in pretty large letters "Hampton." Turning round by a public-house which bore the sign of the Red Lion, they kept on by the river side for a short distance, and then Sikes, striking off into a narrow street, walked straight to an old public-house with a defaced sign-board, and ordered some dinner by the kitchen fire.

The kitchen was an old low-roofed room, with a great beam across the middle of the ceiling, and benches with high backs to them by the fire, on which were seated several rough men in smock-frocks, drinking and smoking. They took no notice of Oliver, and very little of Sikes; and, as Sikes took very little notice of them, he and his young comrade sat in a corner by themselves, without being much troubled by the company.

They had some cold meat for dinner, and sat here so long after it, while Mr. Sikes indulged himself with three or four pipes, that Oliver began to feel quite certain they were not going any further. Being much tired with the walk and getting up so early, he dozed a little at first; and then, quite overpowered by fatigue and the fumes of the tobacco, fell fast asleep.

It was quite dark when he was awakened by a push from Sikes. Rousing himself sufficiently to sit up and look about him, he found that worthy in close fellowship and communication with a labouring man, over a pint of ale.

"So, you're going on to Lower Halliford, are you?" inquired Sikes.

"Yes, I am," replied the man, who seemed a little the worse—or better, as the case might be—for drinking; "and not slow about it either. My horse hasn't got a load behind him going back, as he had coming up in the mornin', and he won't be long a-doing of it. Here's luck to him! Ecod, he's a good 'un!"

"Could you give my boy and me a lift as far as there?" demanded Sikes, pushing the ale towards his new friend.

"If you're going directly, I can," replied the man, looking out of the pot. "Are you going to Halliford?"

"Going on to Shepperton," replied Sikes.

"I'm your man as far as I go," replied the other. "Is all paid, Becky?"

"Yes, the other gentleman's paid," replied the girl.

"I say!" said the man with tipsy gravity; "that won't do, you know."

"Why not?" rejoined Sikes. "You're a-going to accommodate us, and wot's to prevent my standing treat for a pint or so, in return?"

The stranger reflected upon this argument with a very profound face, and, having done so, seized Sikes by the hand, and declared he was a real good fellow. To which Mr. Sikes replied he was joking; as, if he had been sober, there would have been strong reason to suppose he was.

After the exchange of a few more compliments, they bade the company good-night, and went out : the girl gathering up the pots and glasses as they did so, and lounging out to the door, with her hands full, to see the party start.

The horse, whose health had been drunk in his absence, was standing outside, ready harnessed to the cart. Oliver and Sikes got in without any further ceremony, and the man, to whom he belonged having lingered a minute or two "to bear him up," and to defy the hostler and the world to produce his equal, mounted also. Then the hostler was told to give the horse his head, and, his head being given him, he made a very unpleasant use of it, tossing it into the air with great disdain, and running into the parlour windows over the way ; after performing which feats, and supporting himself for a short time on his hind-legs, he started off at great speed, and rattled out of the town right gallantly.

The night was very dark ; and a damp mist rose from the river and the marshy ground about, and spread itself over the dreary fields. It was piercing cold, too ; all was gloomy and black. Not a word was spoken, for the driver had grown sleepy, and Sikes was in no mood to lead him into conversation. Oliver sat huddled together in a corner of the cart bewildered with alarm and apprehension, and figuring strange objects in the gaunt trees, whose branches waved grimly to and fro, as if in some fantastic joy at the desolation of the scene.

As they passed Sunbury church, the clock struck seven. There was a light in the ferry-house window opposite, which streamed across the road, and threw into more sombre shadow a dark yew-tree with graves beneath it. There was a dull sound of falling water not far off, and the leaves of the old tree stirred gently in the night wind. It seemed like solemn quiet music for the repose of the dead.

Sunbury was passed through, and they came again into the lonely road. Two or three miles more, and the cart stopped. Sikes alighted, and, taking Oliver by the hand, they once again walked on.

They turned into no house at Shepperton, as the weary boy had expected, but still kept walking on in mud and darkness through gloomy lanes and over cold open wastes, until they came within sight of the lights of a town at no great distance. On looking intently forward, Oliver saw that the water was just below them, and that they were coming to the foot of a bridge.

Sikes kept straight on till they were close upon the bridge, and then turned suddenly down a bank upon the left. "The water !" thought Oliver, turning sick with fear. "He has brought me to this lonely place to murder me !"

He was about to throw himself on the ground, and make one struggle for his young life, when he saw that they stood before a solitary house all ruinous and decayed. There was a window

on each side of the dilapidated entrance, and one story above ; but no light was visible. It was dark, dismantled, and to all appearance uninhabited.

Sikes, with Oliver's hand still in his, softly approached the low porch, and raised the latch. The door yielded to his pressure, and they passed in together.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SECOND.

THE BURGLARY.

"HALLO!" cried a loud, hoarse voice, directly they had set foot in the passage.

"Don't make such a row," said Sikes, bolting the door. "Show a glim, Toby."

"Aha! my pal," cried the same voice; "a glim, Barney, a glim! Show the gentleman in, Barney; and wake up first, if convenient."

The speaker appeared to throw a boot-jack, or some such article, at the person he addressed, to rouse him from his slumbers; for the noise of a wooden body falling violently was heard, and then an indistinct muttering as of a man between asleep and awake.

"Do you hear?" cried the same voice. "There's Bill Sikes in the passage, with nobody to do the civil to him; and you sleeping there, as if you took laudanum with your meals, and nothing stronger. Are you any fresher now, or do you want the iron candlestick to wake you thoroughly?"

A pair of slipshod feet shuffled hastily across the bare floor of the room as this interrogatory was put; and there issued from a door on the right hand, first a feeble candle, and next, the form of the same individual who has been heretofore described as labouring under the infirmity of speaking through his nose, and officiating as waiter at the public-house on Saffron Hill.

"Bister Sikes!" exclaimed Barney, with real or counterfeit joy; "cub id, sir; cub id."

"Here! you get on first," said Sikes, putting Oliver in front of him. "Quicker! or I shall tread upon your heels."

Muttering a curse upon his tardiness, Sikes pushed Oliver before him, and they entered a low dark room with a smoky fire, two or three broken chairs, a table, and a very old couch, on which, with his legs much higher than his head, a man was reposing at full length, smoking a long clay pipe. He was dressed in a smartly-cut snuff-coloured coat with large brass buttons, an orange neckerchief, a coarse, staring, shawl-pattern waistcoat, and drab breeches. Mr. Crackit (for he it was) had no very great quantity of hair, either upon his head or face; but what he had was of a reddish dye, and tortured into long, corkscrew curls, through which he occasionally thrust some very dirty fingers ornamented with large common rings. He was a trifle above the middle size, and apparently rather weak in the legs; but this circumstance by no means detracted from his own admiration of his top-boots, which he contemplated in their elevated situation with lively satisfaction.

"Bill, my boy!" said this figure, turning his head towards the door,

"I'm glad to see you; I was almost afraid you'd given it up, in which case I should have made a personal wentur'. Hallo!"

Uttering this exclamation in a tone of great surprise as his eyes rested on Oliver, Mr. Toby Crackit brought himself into a sitting posture, and demanded who that was.

"The boy—only the boy!" replied Sikes, drawing a chair towards the fire.

"Wud of Bister Fagid's lads," exclaimed Barney, with a grin.

"Fagin's, eh!" exclaimed Toby, looking at Oliver. "Wot an inwalable boy that'll make for the old ladies' pockets in chapels. His mug is a fortun' to him."

"There—there's enough of that!" interposed Sikes impatiently; and, stooping over his recumbent friend, he whispered a few words in his ear, at which Mr. Crackit laughed immensely, and honoured Oliver with a long stare of astonishment.

"Now," said Sikes, as he resumed his seat, "if you'll give us something to eat and drink while we're waiting, you'll put some heart in us,—or in me, at all events. Sit down by the fire, younker, and rest yourself; for you'll have to go out with us again to-night, though not very far off."

Oliver looked at Sikes in mute and timid wonder, and, drawing a stool to the fire, sat with his aching head upon his hands, scarcely knowing where he was, or what was passing around him.

"Here," said Toby, as the young Jew placed some fragments of food and a bottle upon the table, "Success to the crack!" He rose to honour the toast, and, carefully depositing his empty pipe in a corner, advanced to the table, filled a glass with spirits, and drank off its contents. Mr. Sikes did the same.

"A drain for the boy," said Toby, half filling a wine-glass. "Down with it, innocence!"

"Indeed," said Oliver, looking piteously up into the man's face; "indeed I——"

"Down with it!" echoed Toby. "Do you think I don't know what's good for you? Tell him to drink it, Bill."

"He had better," said Sikes, clapping his hand upon his pocket. "Burn my body! if he isn't more trouble than a whole family of Dodgers. Drink it, you perverse imp; drink it!"

Frightened by the menacing gestures of the two men, Oliver hastily swallowed the contents of the glass, and immediately fell into a violent fit of coughing, which delighted Toby Crackit and Barney, and even drew a smile from the surly Mr. Sikes.

This done, and Sikes having satisfied his appetite, (Oliver could eat nothing but a small crust of bread which they made him swallow,) the two men laid themselves down on chairs for a short nap. Oliver retained his stool by the fire; and Barney, wrapped in a blanket, stretched himself on the floor, close outside the fender.

They slept, or appeared to sleep, for some time; nobody stirring but Barney, who rose once or twice to throw coals upon the fire. Oliver fell into a heavy doze, imagining himself straying alone through the gloomy lanes, or wandering about the dark churchyard, or retracing some one or other of the scenes of the past day, when he was roused by Toby Crackit's jumping up and declaring it was half-past one.

In an instant the other two were on their legs, and all were actively engaged in busy preparation. Sikes and his companion enveloped their necks and chins in large dark shawls, and drew on their great-coats; while Barney, opening a cupboard, brought forth several articles, which he hastily crammed into the pockets.

"Barkers for me, Barney?" said Toby Crackit.

"Here they are," replied Barney, producing a pair of pistols. "You loaded them yourself."

"All right!" replied Toby, stowing them away. "The persuaders?"

"I've got 'em," replied Sikes.

"Crape, keys, centre-bit, darkies—nothing forgotten?" inquired Toby, fastening a small crowbar to a loop inside the skirt of his coat.

"All right!" rejoined his companion. "Bring them bits of timber, Barney: that's the time of day."

With these words he took a thick stick from Barney's hands, who, having delivered another to Toby, busied himself in fastening on Oliver's cape.

"Now then!" said Sikes, holding out his hand.

Oliver, who was completely stupified by the unwonted exercise, and the air, and the drink that had been forced upon him, put his hand mechanically into that which Sikes extended for the purpose.

"Take his other hand, Toby," said Sikes. "Look out, Barney!"

The man went to the door, and returned to announce that all was quiet. The two robbers issued forth with Oliver between them; and Barney, having made all fast, rolled himself up as before, and was soon asleep again.

It was now intensely dark. The fog was much heavier than it had been in the early part of the night, and the atmosphere was so damp that, although no rain fell, Oliver's hair and eyebrows within a few minutes after leaving the house had become stiff with the half-frozen moisture that was floating about. They crossed the bridge, and kept on towards the lights which he had seen before. They were at no great distance off; and, as they walked pretty briskly, they soon arrived at Chertsey.

"Slap through the town," whispered Sikes: "there'll be nobody in the way to-night to see us."

Toby acquiesced; and they hurried through the main street of the little town, which at that late hour was wholly deserted. A dim light shone at intervals from some bed-room window, and the hoarse barking of dogs occasionally broke the silence of the night; but there was nobody abroad, and they had cleared the town as the church bell struck two.

Quickening their pace, they turned up a road upon the left hand; after walking about a quarter of a mile, they stopped before a detached house surrounded by a wall, to the top of which Toby Crackit, scarcely pausing to take breath, climbed in a twinkling.

"The boy next," said Toby. "Hoist him up: I'll catch hold of him."

Before Oliver had time to look round, Sikes had caught him under the arms, and in three or four seconds he and Toby were lying on the grass on the other side. Sikes followed directly, and they stole cautiously towards the house.

And now, for the first time, Oliver, well-nigh mad with grief and terror, saw that housebreaking and robbery, if not murder, were the objects of the expedition. He clasped his hands together, and involuntarily uttered a subdued exclamation of horror. A mist came before his eyes, the cold sweat stood upon his ashy face, his limbs failed him, and he sunk upon his knees.

"Get up!" murmured Sikes, trembling with rage, and drawing the pistol from his pocket; "get up, or I'll strew your brains upon the grass!"

"Oh! for God's sake let me go!" cried Oliver; "let me run away and die in the fields. I will never come near London—never, never! Oh! pray have mercy upon me, and do not make me steal: for the love of all the bright angels that rest in heaven, have mercy upon me!"

The man to whom this appeal was made swore a dreadful oath, and had cocked the pistol, when Toby, striking it from his grasp, placed his hand upon the boy's mouth and dragged him to the house.

"Hush!" cried the man; "it won't answer here. Say another word, and I'll do your business myself with a crack on the head that makes no noise, and is quite as certain and more genteel. Here, Bill, wrench the shutter open. He's game enough now, I'll engage. I've seen older hands of his age took the same way for a minute or two on a cold night."

Sikes, invoking terrific imprecations upon Fagin's head for sending Oliver on such an errand, plied the crowbar vigorously, but with little noise; and, after some delay and some assistance from Toby, the shutter to which he had referred swung open on its hinges.

It was a little lattice window, about five feet and a half above the ground, at the back of the house, belonging to a scullery or small brewing-place at the end of the passage: the aperture was so small that the inmates had probably not thought it worth while to defend it more securely; but it was large enough to admit a boy of Oliver's size nevertheless. A very brief exercise of Mr. Sikes's art sufficed to overcome the fastening of the lattice, and it soon stood wide open also.

"Now listen, you young limb!" whispered Sikes, drawing a dark lantern from his pocket, and throwing the glare full on Oliver's face; "I'm a-going to put you through there. Take this light, go softly up the steps straight afore you, and along the little hall to the street-door. Unfasten it, and let us in."

"There's a bolt at the top you won't be able to reach," interposed Toby. "Stand upon one of the hall chairs; there are three there, Bill, with a jolly large blue unicorn and a gold pitchfork on 'em, which is the old lady's arms."

"Keep quiet, can't you?" replied Sikes with a savage look. "The room door is open, is it?"

"Wide," replied Toby, after peeping in to satisfy himself. "The game of that is that they always leave it open with a catch, so that the dog, who's got a bed in here, may walk up and down the passage when he feels wakeful. Ha! ha! Barney 'ticed him away to-night, so neat."

Although Mr. Crackit spoke in a scarcely audible whisper, and laughed without noise, Sikes imperiously commanded him to be silent, and to get to work. Toby complied by first producing his lantern,

and placing it on the ground; and then planting himself firmly with his head against the wall beneath the window, and his hands upon his knees, so as to make a step of his back. This was no sooner done than Sikes, mounting upon him, put Oliver gently through the window, with his feet first; and, without leaving hold of his collar, planted him safely on the floor inside.

"Take this lantern," said Sikes, looking into the room. "You see the stairs afore you?"

Oliver, more dead than alive, gasped out, "Yes;" and Sikes, pointing to the street-door with the pistol barrel, briefly advised him to take notice that he was within shot all the way, and that if he faltered he would fall dead that instant.

"It's done in a minute," said Sikes in the same low whisper. "Directly I leave go of you, do your work. Hark!"

"What's that?" whispered the other man.

They listened intently.

"Nothing," said Sikes, releasing his hold of Oliver. "Now!"

In the short time he had had to collect his senses, the boy had firmly resolved that, whether he died in the attempt or not, he would make one effort to dart up stairs from the hall and alarm the family. Filled with this idea, he advanced at once, but stealthily.

"Come back!" suddenly cried Sikes aloud. "Back! back!"

Scared by the sudden breaking of the dead stillness of the place, and a loud cry which followed it, Oliver let his lantern fall, and knew not whether to advance or fly. The cry was repeated—a light appeared—a vision of two terrified half-dressed men at the top of the stairs swam before his eyes—a flash—a loud noise—a smoke—a crash somewhere, but where he knew not,—and he staggered back.

Sikes had disappeared for an instant; but he was up again, and had him by the collar before the smoke had cleared away. He fired his own pistol after the men, who were already retreating, and dragged the boy up.

"Clasp your arm tighter," said Sikes as he drew him through the window. "Give me a shawl here. They've hit him. Quick! Damnation, how the boy bleeds!"

Then came the loud ringing of a bell, mingled with the noise of fire-arms and the shouts of men, and the sensation of being carried over uneven ground at a rapid pace. And then the noises grew confused in the distance, and a cold deadly feeling crept over the boy's heart, and he saw or heard no more.

FRENCH LITERARY LADIES.

BY GEORGE HOGARTH.

THE influence of the fair sex in society is accounted, and very reasonably, a test of the progress of civilization ; and the French mean to imply their superiority to all the rest of the world in this respect by the use of their favourite proverbial phrase, "*La belle France est le paradis des femmes.*" There can be no doubt that the ladies of France, in modern times at least, have exercised a greater degree of influence, not only over the habits, manners, and character of the male part of the creation, but over their most important affairs and avocations, public as well as private, than they have done in any other country whatever. The Salique Law, notwithstanding its long prevalence in France, may be said to have been little more than a dead letter ; for where was the use of providing against a female succession to the crown, when the nation never ceased to be virtually under petticoat government ? What did it matter that the throne could not be occupied by a female sovereign, when the whole power of the state was wielded by some female or other, who wanted nothing of sovereignty but the name ? What, after all, was the much-boasted LOUIS LE GRAND but a crowned and sceptred puppet, while the real monarch of France, for the time, was Maintenon, or La Valliere, or Montespan ? What was his successor but the slave of a Du Barry and a Pompadour ? And what was the best and most virtuous of the race,—the unhappy Louis the Sixteenth, but an instrument in the hands of his Austrian consort, whose imperious temper, and reckless interference with affairs of state, which she had neither knowledge to comprehend nor wisdom to conduct, precipitated the catastrophe which swept her family from the earth, and levelled in the dust the ancient monarchy of France ? Seldom, however, has a French king been under so legitimate a sovereignty as that of his consort. The picture of the *Grand Monarque* holding his council in the *boudoir* of Madame de Maintenon, while the lady sat at her little table, with her work-basket before her, listening to the deliberations of grave statesmen, and quietly putting in her all-powerful word, represents, in fact, the machinery of the government of France for a century, at least, before the Revolution.

It was the same influence which, more than anything else, gave the French society of those days its singular grace, elegance, and refinement. Other things, no doubt, contributed to produce that most remarkable state of manners : that constitutional gaiety and liveliness which makes a French man or woman, of whatever rank or station, an eminently social animal, must no doubt come in for its share. In the aristocratic society of the metropolis its exclusiveness had a similar tendency. No degree of wealth, or merely *personal* distinction, unaccompanied by rank, could admit any one within its pale. If men of letters and votaries of the arts were received into its circles, it was as *litterati* and artists, whose position was perfectly understood on all hands. They had no pretensions which could interfere with those of the class with whom they were allowed to mingle ; the toe of the poet could not gall the kibe of the courtier. They did not

require to be kept down by any assumption of superiority; and hence their social intercourse with the great was on a footing of *apparent* equality and freedom from restraint.* Something, too, must be ascribed to the very insignificance of the French aristocracy as a political body. They had no political power, no political functions, no political interests, no political cares: they had nothing to do but to hunt on their estates, or pursue the pleasures of the capital. The French *noblesse* of the seventeenth century accordingly were a degraded race; ignorant and vicious, coarse in their habits, and brutal in their amusements. From this debasement female influence contributed greatly to raise them. The crowd of men of genius, whose simultaneous appearance shed lustre over the age of Louis the Fourteenth, found, among the ladies of his brilliant court, their greatest admirers and patrons. It was through the influence of the fair sex that literature became the fashion, and that its professors came to be looked upon as the ornaments of polite society.

Nothing can be more captivating than the accounts, contained in the numerous French biographies and memoirs of the last age, of these social circles, of which the elements were rank, beauty, learning, and genius. It had, however, its dark, as well as its light side. There was none of the restraint arising from the jealousy of rank and station, and the necessity of repelling the pretensions of inferiors: but the distinction acquired by wit and brilliancy of conversation introduced pretensions of another kind; and these *noctes cœnarque Deüm*, were apt to become scenes of jealousy, rivalry, and laborious efforts of the company to outshine each other. "I soon perceived," says Marmontel, speaking of his first admission into this society, "that each guest arrived ready to play his part, and that the desire of exhibiting frequently prevented the conversation from following its easy and natural course. It was who should seize most quickly the passing moment, to bring out his epigram, his tale, his anecdote, his maxim, or his light and pointed satire; and very unnatural round-about were taken, in order to obtain a fit opportunity." There were, besides, other evils of a more serious nature. The moral tone of these elegant *côteries* was anything but pure;

* Professors of literature, mingling in the society of the noble and the wealthy upon sufferance, held a rank scarcely higher than that of musicians or actors, from among whom individuals have often, by their talents and character, become members of the best society, while the castes to which such individuals belong remain in general exposed to the most humiliating contempt. The lady of quality, who smiled on the man of letters, and the man of rank who admitted him to his intimacy, still retained their consciousness that he was not, like themselves, formed out of "the porcelain clay of the earth:" and even while receiving their bounties, or participating in their pleasures, the favourite savant must often have been disturbed by the reflection that he was only considered as a creature of sufferance, whom the caprice of fashion, or a sudden reaction of the ancient etiquette, might fling out of the society where he was at present tolerated. Under this disheartening and even degrading inferiority, the man of letters might be tempted invidiously to compare the luxurious style of living at which he sat a permitted guest with his own paltry hired apartment, and scanty and uncertain chance of support. And even those of a nobler mood, when they had conceded to their benefactors all the gratitude they could justly demand, must sometimes have regretted their own situation—

"Condemn'd as needy supplicants to wait,
While ladies interpose and slaves debate."

Sir Walter Scott's Life of Napoleon, vol. i.

there was little warmth of heart or elevation of sentiment, and a total absence of religious feeling or principle. Their prevailing spirit seems to have been a selfish indifference to everything beyond the pursuit or amusement of the hour. We suspect, after all, that their extreme polish arose from the hardness of the materials.

Many distinguished women figure in the French literary annals of the last century, as occupying prominent places in the society we have been endeavouring to characterise. But a few notices of some of them will give a better notion of it than can be conveyed by any general description. We shall take, for the present, three of the most remarkable among them,—Madame Geoffrin, the Marquise Du Deffant, and her *protégée* and rival, Mademoiselle L'Espinasse, all contemporaries, and connected with each other.

Madame Geoffrin was born in 1699. Her father was a man of family, and had a place in the household of the Dauphin. At fifteen she was married to M. Geoffrin, an eminent glass-manufacturer. Her talents and accomplishments early attracted notice, and during her husband's life, as well as after his death, her house became the rendezvous of the best society in Paris. He left her a considerable fortune, which she greatly augmented by prudence and economy, and which she employed in acts of benevolence and charity. Her generosity was extensive and noble, yet free from any profusion which could impair her means of doing good. "I perceive with satisfaction," she said to D'Alembert, (as he informs us,) "that as I grow older I grow more benevolent, I dare not say better, because my benevolence, like the malignity of some people, may be the effect of weakness of mind. I have profited by what was often said to me by the good Abbé de St. Pierre, that the charity of a worthy man should not be confined to the support and relief of the unfortunate, but that it should extend to the indulgence which their faults so often stand in need of; and, in imitation of him, I have taken for my motto two words, *donner et pardonner*." Such became her celebrity as a leader in the literary society of Paris, that no traveller of any note thought he had seen that capital till he was introduced to Madame Geoffrin. She had received no regular education, her mind having acquired its cultivation from her intercourse with the world. She confessed she could not even spell; but nothing could exceed the ease and grace of her style: and though she had never studied painting or music, she was an excellent judge and munificent patron of both these arts.

Marmontel gives some pleasing pictures of the social meetings at this lady's house. "After having dined," he says, "at Madame Geoffrin's with men of letters or artists, I was again with her in the evening in a more intimate society, for she had also granted me the favour of admitting me to her little suppers. The entertainment was very moderate,—generally a chicken, some spinach, and an omelet. The company were not numerous; they consisted at most of five or six of her particular friends, or three or four gentlemen and ladies of the first fashion, selected to suit each other's tastes, and happy to be together.

"You may easily conceive that at these little suppers my self-love prompted all the means I possessed of being amusing and agreeable. The new tales I was then writing, and of which these ladies had the first offering, were read for their entertainment before or after sup-

per. They made regular appointments to hear them, and when the little supper was prevented by any accident, they assembled at dinner at Madame de Brionne's. I confess that no success ever flattered me so much as that which I obtained by these readings in that little circle, where wit, taste, and beauty were my judges, or rather my eulogists. There was not a single trait, either in my colouring or dialogue, however minutely delicate and subtle, that was not felt at once; and the pleasure I gave had the air of enchantment. I was enraptured to see the finest eyes in the world swimming in tears at the little touching scenes in which I had made love or nature weep. But, notwithstanding the indulgence of extreme politeness, I could well perceive, too, the cold and feeble passages which were passed over in silence, as well as those in which I had mistaken the tone of nature or the just shade of truth; and these passages I kept in mind, that I might correct them at leisure."

Madame Geoffrin's husband, like the husbands of many other distinguished *blues*, was a thoroughly insignificant personage,—a perfect cipher in his own house. Grimm tells some amusing stories of him. He was in the habit of borrowing books of a friend, who, by way of joke, lent him the same book several times over. It happened to be a volume of Father Labat's *Travels*. Monsieur Geoffrin, with the most perfect simplicity, read it over every time it was lent him. "Well, sir!" said his friend, "how do you like the travels?" "Oh, very good—very good indeed; but I think the author a little given to repetition." A literary foreigner, who had frequently dined at Madame Geoffrin's without knowing her husband, asked her one day, after a long absence from Paris, what had become of the poor gentleman he used to meet there, and who always sat without opening his lips. "Oh!" said the lady, "that was my husband—he is dead."

She was celebrated for her *bon-mots*, of which many are preserved by Grimm and other writers of the day. The Count de Coigny was one day at her table, telling, as was his wont, interminable stories. Some dish being set before him, he took a little clasp-knife from his pocket, and began to help himself, prosing away all the while. "M. le Comte," said Madame Geoffrin at last, out of patience, "at dinner we should have large knives and little stories." One of her literary friends, M. de Rulhiere, having threatened to publish some very imprudent remarks on the conduct of the court of Russia, from the sale of which he expected to make a large profit, she offered him a handsome sum to put his manuscript in the fire, from a good-natured wish to keep him from getting himself into trouble. The author began to talk in a high tone about honour and independence, and the baseness of taking money as a bribe for suppressing the truth. "Well, well," said she with a quiet smile, "say yourself how much more you must have."

As may be supposed, she partook of the infidelity which prevailed among the society in which she lived, though her good disposition, and, we may add, good taste, prevented her from adopting the offensive style of conversation then fashionable on the subject of religion. In her long last illness she began to think seriously on this topic, and gave up the society of the *philosophers*. Having had a stroke of apoplexy, her daughter, the Marquise de la Ferte-Imbert, took the opportunity of shutting her door against D'Alembert, Marmontel, and her other old friends of this description.

"Everybody expected," says Grimm, "that as soon as Madame Geoffrin came to herself, she would disavow her daughter's proceedings; but the world was mistaken. After having scolded a little, she forgave her daughter, and confessed that, after all, the *viaticum* and the philosophers would not do very well together. She said her daughter had been silly, but gave her credit for her zeal. "My daughter," she said with a smile, "is like Godfrey of Bouillon,—she wanted to defend my tomb against the infidels." This *plaisanterie* savours a little of levity; but her pious impressions appear to have been strengthened by the chastening hand of affliction. She persisted in her determination to see her infidel friends no more, and died, as we are informed by the *Biographie Universelle*, professing her belief in the truths of religion. She died in 1777, at the age of seventy-eight, leaving behind her a brilliant reputation, and a memory ennobled by many great and good qualities, and unstained by the vices and follies of her time.

The character of the Marquise du Defiant reflects more faithfully the manners of the age, with which that of Madame Geoffrin, in many respects, stood in remarkable contrast. This celebrated lady had all the wit, all the talent, all the heartlessness, and all the immorality which entered so largely into the composition of the most polished society the world ever saw. She was born in 1699, of a noble family, and married, at an early age, to the Marquis du Defiant, a man much older than herself. The union was unhappy; they parted, and the lady consoled herself with a lover. This did not prevent a reconciliation from being patched up between the married pair by the intervention of friends. But the lover complained so loudly of the injury the lady had done *him* by taking back her husband, that, finding it necessary to choose between them, she gave her *inamorato* the preference, and once more contrived to get rid of the marquis.

After this she seems to have had a succession, or rather a plurality of admirers, and to have given herself little trouble about preserving even the appearance of decorum. She is said to have had an intrigue with that inimitable *roué* the Regent Duke of Orleans; but her earliest *known* lover seems to have been Pont de Vesle, a man of literary eminence, and of as cold and heartless a character as herself. Her subsequent preference of others did not prevent her from remaining on terms of the most intimate friendship with him, as it was called, for more than forty years. On the very evening of his death, La Harpe tells us, she came to sup with a large party at Madame de Marchais'. On her arrival, somebody began to condole with her on her loss. "Alas!" she said, "he died this evening at six o'clock; had it not been so early I could not have been here." So saying, she sat down to supper, made, as usual, an excellent meal, and was the liveliest of the company. From a colloquy between her and this ancient friend, we may have some notion of the strength of her friendship. "Pont de Vesle," she said to him one day, "we have been friends these forty years, and I don't think we have had a single quarrel or difference all the time."—"No, madam."—"Don't you think the reason is, that we do not care a great deal for one another?"—"Why, madam, it is very likely."—Well might La Harpe say of her, "*Qu'il était difficile d'avoir moins de sensibilité et plus d'égoïsme.*"

Besides Pont de Vesle, she had another lover, the President Hénault, the historian. There is an amusing anecdote of their *liaison*, which has the advantage, too, of being authentic. They were both complaining one day of the continual interruptions they met with from the society in which they lived.

"What a pleasant thing it would be," said Madame du Defiant, "to have a whole day to ourselves!"

The lover eagerly caught at the idea, and it was determined to put it in execution. They found a small apartment in the Tuilleries, belonging to a friend, which was unoccupied; and there they resolved, like Seyed, the Emperor of Ethiopia, to spend a happy day. They arrived accordingly, in separate carriages, about eleven in the forenoon; ordered their carriages to return at twelve at night; and bespoke dinner from a *traiteur*.

The morning was spent entirely to the satisfaction of both parties, in the usual conversation of lovers.

"Well!" they could not help saying every now and then, "were every day like this, life would really be too short!"

Dinner came, was heartily partaken of, and sentiment gave way to wit and gaiety. About six the Marquise looked at her watch.

"Athalie is to be played to-night, and the new actress is to make her appearance."

"I must own," said the President, "that were I not here I should regret not seeing her."

"Take care, President; what you say is an expression of regret. Were you as happy as you profess to be, you never would have thought of the possibility of going to see the new actress!"

The President defended himself, and in turn became the accuser.

"Is it for you to complain of me, when you were the first to look at your watch, and to remark that Athalie was to be acted to-night? There ought to be no watches for people who are happy."

The dispute went on. The loving pair got more and more out of humour with each other; and by seven o'clock would both of them have been very glad to separate. But that was impossible.

"Ah!" cried the Marquise, "I can never stay here till twelve o'clock,—five hours longer,—what a penance!"

The Marquise went and sat down behind a screen, leaving the rest of the room to the President. Piqued at this, the gentleman seizes a pen, writes a note full of reproaches, and throws it over the screen. The lady picks it up, goes in search of pen, ink, and paper, and writes an answer in the sharpest terms. At last the happy hour of twelve struck; and each hurried off separately, resolved never again to try such an experiment.

Hénault lived to the age of ninety; and with him, as with Pont de Vesle, Madame du Defiant kept up an intimacy to the last. He fell into a state of dotage before his death: and one day, when he was in that state, she having taken it into her head to ask him whether he liked her or another lady the best, he, quite unaware of the person he was speaking to, not only declared his preference of the absent lady, but went on to justify it by an enumeration of the faults and vices of his hearer, on which topic he became so animated and eloquent that it was impossible either to stop him or to prevent every body in the room from having the benefit of his strictures.

For many years Madame du Defiant's *chôlerie* was the most bril-

liant in Paris. Noblemen of the highest rank, ministers of state, the most distinguished foreigners, men of genius of every description, the most elegant and accomplished women, all thought it a high honour and privilege to be admitted into her circle, of which she herself, from her wit and various talents, was the greatest ornament. At fifty she was seized with a disorder in her eyes, which terminated in blindness. When threatened with loss of sight, she took Made-moiselle l'Espinasse, then a poor friendless girl, employed as a governess in a convent, to be her humble companion and *lectrice*. But the men of letters who frequented the house were more attracted by the *protégée* than the patroness; and their increasing attentions to Made-moiselle l'Espinasse gave rise to constant jealousies and heartburnings, which ended in her withdrawing herself, or being dismissed, from Madame du Deffant's house. Her secession was attended with that of D'Alembert, and others of the old lady's literary friends, who preferred the society of the young one; a circumstance which produced an irreconcilable feud between Madame du Deffant and the philosophers, and seems to have embittered the remainder of her life.

After this time she became acquainted with Horace Walpole; and their long and intimate friendship gave occasion to the admirable correspondence between them which has been published. The letters to Walpole are models in this species of composition. Equal in ease, grace, and purity of style, to those of Madame de Sevigné, though without her gentle and womanly feeling, they embrace many more topics of interest and entertainment to a reader of the present day. They contain shrewd and pointed remarks on public occurrences, spirited sketches of character and manners, discussions on serious subjects, the scandal of the hour, and amusing anecdotes, all mingled together in an easy and felicitous confusion. The following little story, which we extract from one of them, is not only exquisitely laughable, but speaks volumes as to the character of Louis the Fifteenth and his courtiers. The Duke de Choiseul was then Prime Minister, and the Bishop of Orleans held an office in the government.

"About eight days ago, the king after supper went to Madame Victoire's apartments, called a servant, and gave him a letter, saying to him, 'Jacques, take that letter to the Duke de Choiseul, and tell him to deliver it immediately to the Bishop of Orleans.' Jacques goes to the Duke's, and is told that he is at M. de Penthievre's. He follows him there, and gives him the letter. Monsieur de Choiseul sends Cadet, one of the Duchess's valets, to seek the Bishop, and tell him where he is. In a couple of hours Cadet returns, and tells the Duke that he had been to the Bishop's, had knocked at the door with all his might, and, finding that nobody answered, had been all over the town in search of him without success. The Duke had nothing for it but to go himself to the Bishop's apartments, climbed a hundred and twenty-eight steps, and knocked so furiously at the door that a couple of servants came running in their shirts to open it.

" 'Where is the Bishop?'

" 'In bed since ten o'clock.'

" 'Open his door, and let me into his bed-room.'

"The Duke enters the bed-room, and rouses the Bishop from his slumber.

“ ‘Tis I.—I have got a letter for you from the King.’

“ ‘A letter from the King! Good God! What is it o’clock?’

“ ‘About two.’

zling themselves with conjectures.—‘What can the letter contain? Can the Archbishop of Paris have died suddenly? Which of the bishops can have hanged himself?’ At the same time they were both uneasy enough, as it might perchance contain something of a less agreeable nature.

“The Bishop begins the letter, but cannot see to get through it. He hands it to the minister, who reads as follows;

“ ‘My Lord Bishop of Orleans, my daughters have a great desire to have some quince marmalade. They want it in very small pots. Send some; and if you have not got any, I beg——’ In this part of the letter there was a scrawl in the form of a sedan chair, and underneath it the letter went on,—‘you will immediately send to your episcopal city for some, and let it be in very small pots. And so, my Lord Bishop of Orleans, may God have you in his holy keeping,
LOUIS.’

“Then there was a postscript:—‘The sedan-chair does not mean anything; my daughters had drawn it on this sheet of paper, which was the first I laid my hand on.’

“Judge of the amazement of the two ministers. A courier was instantly despatched for the marmalade, which arrived next day, but nobody cared any more about it.”

These letters, however, with all their wit and liveliness, present the picture of a miserable mind. The writer constantly describes herself as devoured by *ennui*, weary of life, and indifferent to everything but the affection of her correspondent, whom she often addresses in terms of passionate attachment, which are not easily comprehensible as proceeding from an old blind woman, and applied to a man past the meridian of life, whom, too, she had never seen. No wonder she was wretched, with nothing at the close of a long life to look to for comfort; when the past was without self-approval, the present without enjoyment, and the future without hope!

Her death was characteristic of herself and her society. “Her dearest friends,” says Grimm, “Madame de Luxembourg, Madame de Choiseul, and Madame de Cambise, were constantly with her in her last illness. Through an extraordinary excess of attachment these ladies played at loo every evening in her bed-room till she had drawn her last breath (*jusqu’à son dernier soupir inclusivement*). Another writer says that her visitors happened in the middle of their game to discover that she was dead, but sat still, and played it out with great composure.

Voltaire, her letters to whom have also been published, used, in allusion to her acuteness and penetration, to call her, “*L’aveugle clairvoyante*.” With her character and powers of conversation, she could not fail to be celebrated for her witticisms. She said of *L’Esprit des Lois*, that it was “*De l’esprit sur les lois*.” Hearing

two persons disputing about the famous miracle of Saint Denis, the one maintaining that the saint had only carried his head in his hands for a few minutes, and the other that he had carried it all the way from Montmartre to St. Denis, she put an end to the argument by observing that, "in such cases, *il n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte.*" In regard to her utter heartlessness (notwithstanding the apparently solitary exception of her anomalous attachment to Walpole), all who speak of her are agreed. When the celebrated Marquise du Chatelet died, she showed her grief for the loss of her oldest and most intimate friend by circulating all over Paris the very next morning a malignant and scurrilous attack on her character: a single fact, which is perfectly conclusive.

Mademoiselle l'Espinasse was born at Lyons in 1732. Her mother was a woman of rank, who had been long before this time separated from her husband. She brought up her daughter with great care and tenderness, and it was not till her death that the poor girl, at the age of fifteen, was aware of the illegitimacy of her birth, and her forlorn and destitute situation. She found an asylum in a convent in the capacity of a governess; and she had been four years in that situation when she attracted the notice of Madame du Deffant, with whom she lived for ten years. At the end of that time, after having supplanted the old lady in the attentions of a large portion of her literary circle, she left her house, as has been already mentioned.

With the remains of what her mother had left her, and a pension granted by the King, through the interest of the friends she had made in Madame du Deffant's *coterie*, she found herself in a condition to live independently. D'Alembert, who had become strongly attached to her, took up his abode under her roof; and others of the literati, who had frequented Madame du Deffant's house, forsook the poor old lady, and betook themselves to the society of her more attractive rival. Mademoiselle l'Espinasse was then above thirty, and far from handsome, her face being strongly marked with small-pox; but her countenance was full of intelligence and animation, and her manners and conversation quite captivating. Good-humoured and witty, possessed of information, judgment, and taste, she was the life and soul of the brilliant circle of which her house was the centre. "I cannot mention the Graces," says Marmontel, "without speaking of one who possessed them in mind and language. It was the friend of D'Alembert, Mademoiselle l'Espinasse; a wonderful combination of correctness, judgment, and prudence, with the liveliest fancy, the most ardent soul, and the most fiery imaginations that have existed since the days of Sappho. The constant object of attention, whether she spoke (and no one spoke better) or listened; without coquetry she inspired us with the innocent desire of pleasing her; without prudery she made freedom feel how far it might venture without disturbing modesty, or hurting decorum. Nowhere was conversation more lively, brilliant, or better regulated than in her society. That degree of temperate and ever-equal warmth in which she knew how to sustain it, now by restraining, and now by animating it, was a rare phenomenon; and be it observed that the heads she then moved at her will were neither weak nor light. The Condillacs and the Turgots were of the num-

ber. D'Alembert, by her side, was like a simple and docile child." "Of this society," says the same writer in another place, "the gayest, the most animated, the most amusing in his gaiety, was D'Alembert. After having passed his mornings in algebraic calculations, and solving the problems of mechanics or astronomy, he came from his study like a boy just let loose from school, seeking only to enjoy himself; and, by the lively and pleasant turn which his luminous, solid, and profound mind then assumed, he soon made us forget the philosopher and the man of science to admire in him every delightful and engaging quality. The source of this natural gaiety was a pure mind, free from passion, satisfied with itself, and in the daily enjoyment of some newly-discovered truth which rewarded and crowned his labours; a privilege which the mathematical sciences exclusively possess, and which no other kind of study can completely attain."

This illustrious philosopher, raised far above the level of the society in which he lived, by the singular simplicity and sincerity of his character, as well as his high intellectual powers, was the victim of a strong and unrequited attachment to Mademoiselle l'Espinasse. She was unquestionably an adventuress, and a female fortune-hunter; but her own passions were too strong to enable her to play the part successfully. She appears to have had an affection for D'Alembert and to have been fond of his society; but she was too ambitious and aspiring to marry a man without family or fortune. She calculated on the effect of her powers of pleasing, and imagined she could captivate some distinguished member of her coterie, so much as to induce him to offer her his hand. She succeeded in inspiring the Marquis de Mora, a young Spanish nobleman who had visited Paris in his travels, with so violent a passion for her, that his family, apprehensive of the consequences, recalled him home. "Mademoiselle l'Espinasse," says Marmontel, "was no longer the same with D'Alembert; and he not only had to endure her coldness and caprice, but often the bitterness of her wounded temper. He bore his sorrows patiently, and complained only to me. Unhappy man! such were his devotion and obedience to her, that in the absence of M. de Mora, it was he who used to go early in a morning to ask for his letters at the post-office, and bring them to her when she woke." Absence did not abate the young Spaniard's passion. He continued his correspondence with the object of it; and at last, while his family were seeking to terminate the connexion by means of a suitable match for him, he fell into a dangerous illness. This produced an extraordinary step on the part of Mademoiselle l'Espinasse. She contrived to obtain an opinion from a physician at Paris, that the climate of Spain would be mortal to her lover, and that if his friends wished to save him they ought to send him to breathe the air of France. This opinion, dictated by Mademoiselle l'Espinasse, was obtained by D'Alembert from his intimate friend M. Lorry, one of the most celebrated physicians in Paris. It was transmitted to Madrid, and the authority of Lorry, supported by the wishes of the patient, produced its effect. The young Marquis was permitted to return to France, and eagerly set out on his journey; but he could not bear the effort, and died on the road.

In the mean time D'Alembert's unhappy attachment preyed deeply on his mind. He neglected all his studies and pursuits, devoting

himself entirely to the society of Mademoiselle l'Espinasse, though it was productive to him of nothing but misery. In this extremity, Madame Geoffrin, with her usual active friendship, determined to save him, if possible, from the fatal consequences of such a way of life. Though unacquainted with Mademoiselle l'Espinasse, she went to visit her, and represented to her so strongly the irreparable injury she was doing to D'Alembert, without the hope, or even the object, of any advantage to herself, that she prevailed on Mademoiselle l'Espinasse to give up all the letters she had received from him, and obtained her solemn promise to see him no more. As a recompense for this compliance, Madame Geoffrin settled on Mademoiselle l'Espinasse a pension, which she received during the remainder of her life.

Whatever may have been her original motive for endeavouring to captivate the young Spanish nobleman, there can be no doubt that her passion for him was not only real, but as violent as his own. From the time that she was separated from him by the interference of his family, her health gave way, and her mind was so deeply affected, that she became an object of commiseration to her friends; and his death was a blow from which she never recovered.

But the most extraordinary part of her life yet remains to be noticed. While she was passionately attached to the Marquis de Mora during his life, and dying with grief for his death, she was at the same time violently in love with another. This was the Comte de Guibert, the celebrated writer on military tactics. This strange circumstance seems to have been little known or noticed, till it was brought to light by the publication of her letters to Guibert, about five-and-twenty years ago. Guibert, a handsome and fashionable young man, distinguished for spirit and talents, had recommended himself to her by the tender interest he took in her affliction caused by her separation from her lover. The correspondence between them began in 1773, soon after Mora's recall, and continued till within a few weeks of her death in 1776.

These letters disclose a state of mind that seems inexplicable on the common principles of human nature. That the feelings they express are fictitious, or even exaggerated, is out of the question, for they glow with the eloquence of truth; and the reader cannot but feel that the passions to which they give vent are not the less real for being inconsistent and conflicting. Long before Mora's death we find expressions of the utmost attachment to Guibert. Even in the same letter Guibert is addressed in terms of passionate adoration, and then made the confidant of her unspeakable love for Mora. After his death the same mixture of feelings continues. At one time she pours out the sorrow of a widowed and desolate heart, and next moment burns with passion for a living object. None of Guibert's letters have appeared; but she constantly complains of his coldness and indifference. All the while she seems never to have hoped or desired from him anything more than the happiness derived from reciprocity of affection. She appears never to have expected his hand; on the contrary, she advises him to marry, and, when he does so, the correspondence is continued in the same strain as before.

We extract a few passages from these singular letters, from which our female readers may see that there has been actually such a thing

as a lady loving two gentlemen at once. We are dissatisfied with our translation of these fragments; feeling that we have been unable to transfer to another language, those "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn;" which (notwithstanding all the faults of the unhappy writer's character) render her effusions so interesting and impressive. These passages are from letters written after the death of Mora, and during the last year of her own life.

"I felt a dreadful reluctance to open your letter. Had it not been for the fear of offending you, I should have sent it back unopened. Something told me it would increase my sufferings, and I wished to spare myself. My constant bodily pains wear out my mind: I have again been in a fever, and unable to close my eyes; I am quite exhausted. For pity's sake, torment no longer a life which is closing, and every moment of which is given to sorrow and regret. I do not accuse you—I ask nothing of you—you owe me nothing: for, indeed, I have not a feeling or a sentiment to which I have voluntarily yielded. When I have been so unhappy as to give way to them, I have always detested their strength, and my own weakness. So you see that you owe me no gratitude, and that I have no right to reproach you with anything. Be free, then—leave me to my sorrow; let me, without interruption, occupy my mind with the only object I have adored, and whose memory is dearer to me than all that remains under the sun. O, my God! I ought not to weep for him—I ought to follow him: it is you who make me live, and who yet are the torment of a creature consumed by grief, and exerting the last remains of her strength in praying that death may relieve her. I told you truly a week ago—you make me captious and exacting: in giving all, one looks for some return. But, once more, I forgive you, and hate you not: though it is not from generosity that I forgive you; it is not from kind feeling that I do not hate you. It is simply because my very soul is weary even unto death. Ah! my friend, let me alone—do not talk any longer about loving me; it is a balm that turns to poison. Oh! how cruelly you hurt me—how heavily I feel the burden of life! How I love you notwithstanding, and how wretched should I be to make you unhappy!"

* * * * *

"How often might I have complained; how often have I hid from you my tears! Ah! I see it too well: it is impossible either to keep or bring back a heart drawn away by another attachment. This I repeat to myself without ceasing, and sometimes think myself cured; but you come, and I find that all my efforts have been vain. Reflections, resolutions, sufferings,—all become powerless the moment you utter a word. I see no refuge but death, and never has poor wretch prayed for it more earnestly. Ah! if you only knew—if you only read, what happiness was once derived, by a strong and impassioned soul, from the pleasure of being loved by me! He used to compare the love once felt for him, with that felt for him still; and he said to me again and again; 'My countrywomen are not worthy to be your scholars: your soul has been warmed by the sun of Lima, they seem to have been born amid the snows of Lapland;' and it was from Madrid that he told me this. My dear friend, he never praised me; he felt his happiness: nor do I think I

praise myself when I tell you that, in loving you to distraction, I only bestow upon you what I have no power to withhold."

* * * * *

"My frame is no longer strong enough for my soul—it is killing me. You can do nothing to me but make me suffer; do not then make any further attempts to comfort me; don't try to make me the victim of your *morality*, after having made me the victim of your sickleness. You have not seen me, because there are but twelve hours in the day, and you have had the means of filling them up with interests and pleasures which must touch you more nearly than my unhappiness. I claim nothing—I exact nothing; but I never cease to tell myself that the source of happiness and pleasure is lost to me for ever."

* * * * *

"Oh, how you oppress my heart, when you wish to prove to me that it ought to be satisfied with yours! I would never complain, but you force me sometimes to cry out, so deeply and painfully do you hurt me! My friend, I have been loved—I am so still—and I die with grief that it is not by you. In vain I say to myself that I have never merited the happiness I regret. My heart tells me that, were I ever to be loved, it was by him who had charms sufficient in my eyes to withdraw me from M. de M——, and to reconcile me to life when I had lost him. I have done nothing but languish since your departure. I have not had an hour free from suffering; my mental disease affects my frame. Every day I have a fever, and my physician, though not one of the ablest of men, tells me incessantly that I am consumed by some hidden grief, and always takes his leave saying; '*we have no remedy for the mind.*' For me there is, indeed, no remedy: but cure is not what I desire. I wish for nothing but a little calm—for a few moments' repose, before obtaining that final rest which nature will soon grant me."

This highly-gifted and most unhappy woman died in 1776, in her forty-third year, the victim of violent passions acting on an ill-regulated mind. Though wasted with painful and hopeless disease, she continued to go the accustomed round of *gaiety*; and her *salon* was filled with company down to the day of her death.

THE PASSAGE OF THE SEBETO.

"Vixêre fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi; sed omnes illacrymabiles
Urgentur ignotique longâ
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro."—HORACE.

THE obligation of heroes to those poets who have celebrated their deeds, has ever been proverbial.

Disputes may arise amongst the learned on the subject of the Trojan war, which some may treat as fabulous, and others as historical. But even those who most strenuously defend the authenticity of the siege are compelled to allow that without the aid of Homer the memory of Achilles, at least, would have been more effectually plunged into the waters of Lethe than his body was into those of Styx.

Virgil, by throwing the cloak of piety over some very questionable transactions, (a practice, by the way, which has not yet fallen into disuse,) has contrived to patch up the character of Æneas, and we moderns are content to receive that whining Trojan as a hero; not, certainly, in consideration of his own merits, but out of respect for those of his bard.

Had not Tasso lived and written, the name of Rinaldo would have been no better known than that of any other valiant crusader whose cross-legged and noseless effigy we occasionally find on a marble tomb.

Roland the Brave, Amadis de Gaul, Marmion, Rokeby, and a thousand other heroes, whom it would be tedious to enumerate, have owed their celebrity, nay, many of them their very existence, to the intervention of the *vates sacri*.

The devil, indeed, (who, whether Milton intended it or not, is by many acknowledged as the hero of his "Paradise Lost,") does at first sight appear to be an exception to the general rule. But even he, although it must be confessed that his fame was already established, has great reason to be thankful to his blind poet for the feelings he has excited in his favour, inasmuch as the proud sentiments he is made to utter amidst his fallen peers have undubtedly betrayed many a reader into a passing admiration of his Satanic majesty.

Since, then, the weight of obligation has been hitherto so entirely on the one side, it would be both fair and desirable that something should now be thrown into the opposite scale; that the epic and the lyric muse should henceforth derive their whole inspiration from the subjects of their song, and poets be thus enabled to found their own pretensions to fame on the merit of their chosen heroes.

Fortunate at least would it be for me if this new order of things could be at once established; for then, in the following humble attempt to describe the heroic passage of the Sebeto, my name might be handed down to posterity with that of the warlike Ferdinando the Second, King of the Two Sicilies, of Cyprus, and of Jerusalem!

THE PASSAGE OF THE SEBETO: A BALLAD.*

To the tune of "A Frog he wuld a-voeing go."

A KING went to the "Champ de Mars,"

Fat Ferdinando,

To play at soldiers, free from scars,

For he's not very likely to go to the wars,

With his rowley powley macaroni,†

Gallant Ferdinando!

* That the Royal Neapolitan Guards on a certain field-day about four years ago broke their line, to avoid a puddle in the centre of the "Champ de Mars," and that by way of punishment they were led by their angry king through the river Sebeto, is an actual fact. I know not if my manner of relating it may succeed in exciting the risible nerves of my readers, but (in the words of Matthews' prosy retailer of old jokes) "I do assure them that it caused a very great laugh at the time."

† "Mangia-macaroni" is the well-known *sobriquet* of a Neapolitan; and King Ferdinando, as in duty bound, daily discusses a huge pile of his national food, to the nutritious qualities of which, his increasing bulk does ample justice.

His troops were clad in dresses fine,
 Fat Ferdinando!
 And, as they glanced in bright sunshine,
 With swelling pride he form'd his line,
 With his rowley powley macaroni,
 Gallant Ferdinando!

He wheel'd them left, and wheel'd them right,
 Did Ferdinando!
 When they moved so much to his delight,
 That he said to himself, "Oh, I'm sure they'll fight,
 Led by rowley powley macaroni,
 Royal Ferdinando!"

But to check these hopes that high did soar,
 Ah! Ferdinando!
 Alas! the rain of the night before
 Had wetted the ground ten yards, or more;
 With a rowley powley macaroni,
 Gallant Ferdinando!

And, though upon the martial camp
 With Ferdinando,
 His guards, for fear of cold or cramp,
 Fell out of the line to avoid the damp,
 Leaving rowley powley macaroni,
 Gallant Ferdinando!

No wonder that this should move to rage
 Fat Ferdinando,
 Who hopes to shine in history's page
 As the greatest warrior of the age,
 With his rowley powley macaroni,
 Gallant Ferdinando!

Resolved to try example's force,
 Fat Ferdinando
 That instant threw him from his horse,
 Who was glad enough to be rid, of course,
 Of his rowley powley macaroni,
 Heavy Ferdinando.

A stand of colours then he took,
 Did Ferdinando;
 And, heading his men with an angry look,
 He waddled so fast, that his fat sides shook,
 With his rowley powley macaroni,
 Gallant Ferdinando!

He led them o'er such broken ground,
 Fat Ferdinando,
 That much his guards it did confound
 To guess where the devil their king could be bound,
 With his rowley powley macaroni,
 Gallant Ferdinando!

Before him now Sebeto lay,
 Fat Ferdinando;
 But, bent on valiant deeds that day,
 Neither puddle nor river could stop the way
 Of this rowley powley macaroni,
 Gallant Ferdinando!

THE PASSAGE OF THE SEBETO.

So, like Philip's son at the Granic flood,
Fat Ferdinando
(Though he waded through water unmixed with blood)
Courageously plunged his huge weight in the mud,
With his rowley powley macaroni,
Gallant Ferdinando!

And as his army thus he led,
Fat Ferdinando,
By those who saw the deed 'tis said
The affrighted eels before him fled,
With his rowley powley macaroni,
Gallant Ferdinando!

And we must e'en believe the tale
Of Ferdinando;
For little fish of course would quail
Before such a monstrous royal whale
As this rowley powley macaroni,
Gallant Ferdinando!

But lest the stream too high for some,
Fat Ferdinando,
Above their knees might chance to come,
He order'd each drummer to float on his drum,
With his rowley powley macaroni,
Gallant Ferdinando!

A little colonel too he told,
Kind Ferdinando!
To be by no means rashly bold,
But a tall pioneer by the beard to hold,
With his rowley powley macaroni,
Gallant Ferdinando!

And thus both short and tall defied,
With Ferdinando,
The dangers of the swollen tide,
And in safety reach'd the other side,
With their rowley powley macaroni,
Gallant Ferdinando!

'Twas then, in this laconic style,
Fat Ferdinando
His dripping soldiers did revile,
Who trembled with cold and fear the while
Of their rowley powley macaroni,
Gallant Ferdinando!

"Ye curs! more fit for show than slaughter,"
Quoth Ferdinando,
"Ye curs! more fit for show than slaughter,
If you won't face fire, you shall face water,
With your rowley powley macaroni,
Royal Ferdinando!"

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

[This story is partly translated, partly imitated, from the French. The French author, I suppose, was indebted to some German original. It is no great matter, so the reader likes it. Let us therefore, without further preface, begin.]

I.

You will recollect that, three years ago, we had a dreadful winter throughout Europe. It was severe in those quarters where the climate is usually genial; in the north it was absolutely dreadful. My sister and I were on a visit to our old friend, the Princess N—, at her Lithuanian castle. The thing was arranged that Adelaide was to be married to the Princess's son, Sobieski, who was daily expected from Spain. I suppose my sister looked forward to the arrival with more impatience than the rest of the party; and certainly its male portion were far more interested in hunting the wolf all the morning through the snows, and drinking down the fatigues of the chase in the evening over the fire, than in anything connected with the tender passion.

The wished-for morning arrived at last. Sobieski appeared in the castle of his ancestors amid the acclamations of an admiring peasantry, to be kissed by his mother, shaken hands with by his friends, and looked at, I suppose, by his betrothed. Foreign travel had improved him, and a single year had sufficed to turn the handsome stripling into a fine and noble-looking young man. The Princess was happy, Adelaide was happy, Sobieski was happy, we all were happy: but the happiness was destined to be of short duration; for we had hardly risen from breakfast when a wearied courier arrived, bringing in the melancholy information that my father had been suddenly taken ill in Bohemia, and that our attendance was instantly required, as his life was despaired of. It was of course necessary that we should start on the instant; no time could be lost, and our arrangements for departure were made with the utmost rapidity. Sobieski wished to have gone with us; but how could he leave his mother, whom he had only seen for two or three hours after a year's absence? Besides, why expose him to the trouble and inconvenience of the journey? If, as we hoped, we found the alarm exaggerated, it would be easy to send for him, or to return: if the event were what our fears suggested, it was arranged that my sister's future home was to be that of the Princess. Adelaide and Sobieski had a long private interview before we parted. What they said I do not know; but it would not be hard to guess at what was the tenor of their conversation. With much reluctance he gave his consent to remain behind; but, farewell is a word that has been, and must be; it was spoken at last, and we set off in our travelling carriage about six in the morning through the snowy roads of Lithuania leading through the great forest.

We got over the short day without any adventures different from what might be expected. Our carriage sometimes stuck in the snow, sometimes narrowly escaped being upset by the stump of a tree. Relays on the road were few, and the people at the post-houses seemed-half frozen, and afraid to open their mouths. We were

tolerably independent of them for supplies, as we had been sufficiently stored before we started on our route. We left the last post-house about six in the evening, with a pair of fine, strong, young horses, fit to contend with the night difficulties of the forest road. Those difficulties did not appear to be in any degree remarkably formidable. The full moon, just risen, cast a bright light all around, and a strong frost having set in, the path was hard and practicable. Our driver, an old retainer of the Princess, knew the forest well: for forty years, as *chasseur* or courier, postilion or coachman, he had traversed it at all hours of the day and night, and was as well acquainted with every "dingle and bosky bourne of the wild wood" as with his own stables. I forgot to say that, besides Adelaide and myself, her favourite French maid occupied the interior of the voiture. Heinrich smoked, whistled, and cracked his whip in solitary dignity without. There being nothing in the scenery or its associations to captivate the Parisian soul of Louise, who had done due justice to the contents of our basket while we changed horses, she speedily dropped into a profound slumber, to dream, I suppose, of the glories of the Palais Royal, and to transport herself from the woods and snows of Lithuania to the parterre of some theatre on the Boulevards. She soon gave us audible information that she was far away in the land of dreams, and that, if her slumbers were not melancholy, they were at least musical.

Let it not be imagined that my more delicate companion or myself permitted Louise to enjoy our basket-stored repast without co-operation. Our spirits were severely depressed; the dreaded death of a beloved father filled us both with sorrow and apprehension, and Adelaide in parting with Sobieski had her peculiar sources of grief. But it is a sad truth, that all the most sentimental emotions of the mind give place when the most unsentimental organ of the body makes its demand upon our attention; and the bracing air of the forest had largely contributed to the sharpening of the appetite. The substantial dainties of the Princess, aided by some generous hock, somewhat assisted in my case by a fair proportion of brandy, disposed us also to slumber, and Adelaide fell asleep on my shoulder. Her sleeping thoughts reverted in all probability to a certain Northern castle frowning over the flood, garnished with tower and turret, buttress and bulwark, fosse and rampart, draw-bridge and portcullis, and every other adjunct of feudal war; but in which was also the picture-studded corridor, the gay salon, and, above all, the soft boudoir, where sounds more fitted for the ladies' ear than the clashing of arms were uttered; round which were formed well-kept gardens, where bouquets such as the North affords were culled, and where sauntering walks by morning-light or moonbeam made life forgotten; or spreading parks and chases, where some rode together who thought of other joys than those which the sylvan sports afforded. For my part, my mind wandered to the possible change of my mode of life and position in society. I loved my father with an affection which few sons feel: I admired the lustre of his military career; our house had been honoured by the fame he had won and the high repute he enjoyed; and I looked back with mingled love and reverence on the uniform kindness which I had experienced at his hands;—but, I confess, I could not keep myself from thinking what I should do with the family estates when they

came into my possession, of the mode in which I was to regulate my conduct, of the figure I was to cut at court, of the way I was to spend the next year,—of—of—of something else that it is now not necessary to speak about. In vain I reproached myself with thinking of anything but the impending death of a dear and honoured father. As I dropped into drowsy half-waking, half-sleeping fits of dreaminess, other visions would occur, and it was only when I roused myself to look out of the voiture to see how we got on, that a sensation of sorrow would take possession of my mind. On my shoulder still slept Adelaide, on the other side snored Louise; outside smoked Heinrich, thinking, I take it for granted, of nothing but his horses, and these he drove steadily along.

On a sudden, however, it seemed as if they afforded him more than ordinary trouble. I was awaked from one of my noddings by hearing him devoting them to the infernal gods, in all the mingled dialects of Poland, Russia, and Germany,—and that for a crime which seldom awakens the indignation of a traveller in these regions. In spite of all his exertions, they had burst into a furious gallop. He cursed, and swore, and pulled, and tugged, but in vain. With alarmed eye and erected ear, the eager horses disregarded the utmost effort of curb and bridle, and dragged us forward with a velocity I should have thought beyond their powers. As there was no danger of accident, I was rather amused by the unexpected vigour of our steeds, and the indignation of the usually phlegmatic Heinrich at their apostacy from the regulated pace of the road. All on a sudden, however, our driver ceased to swear, and, uttering a hasty ejaculation, something half-way between a prayer and a curse, exclaimed,

“The beasts are right—right, by a thousand devils right! I should have guessed it long ago.”

And so saying, he surrendered to them the reins, no longer endeavouring to control their rapidity. I asked him what he meant. Turning cautiously round, and whispering so as not to disturb my sister, he breathed rather than spoke into my ear,

“They are coming.”

“Who—who?” said I; “who are coming? There is not a human being in sight.”

“I did not say there was,” replied Heinrich; “and *they* are scarce in sight. But don’t you hear them?”

“I hear nothing,” said I, “but the whistling of the wind and the crushing of our own carriage through the snow.”

“Hark!” interrupted Heinrich, dropping his pipe: “they are coming, by—” But he suppressed the oath, and crossed himself instead. “Ay, there they are; I see them plain enough now.”

“The last glass of brandy is in your head, Heinrich. What do you hear? What do you see? Who are *they*?”

Profoundly inclining his head, he whispered with a thrilling emphasis,

“THE WOLVES!”

II.

I removed Adelaide from my shoulder as gently as I could, so as not to awaken her, and, standing up in the voiture, looked in the direction pointed out by Heinrich. I looked, however, for a while in vain. I saw a dark mass at a distance in the snow, but, as the

country was patched in all directions with timber, persisted, as firmly as ever did Bonaparte at Waterloo, that it was only trees. In about ten minutes, however, I was undeceived as completely as was the fated emperor, and by the same means. The dark mass was unquestionably in motion; and after I had ascertained that fact, my eye, sharpened by fear and anxiety, could perceive that the motion was not only rapid, but accelerating. The sound, too, which in the distance I had taken to be the whistling of the wind, came more distinctly upon the breeze, and I recognized the dismal howling of the wolf rushing closer and closer every moment. The terrified horses, whose instinct had discovered to them the enemy long before his approach could be detected by any human organ, as if they were aware of their impending fate, galloped on with more desperate energy than ever, and Heinrich aided their exertions by all the skill of which he was master.

They came nearer and nearer. We could hear not only their dreadful howls, issuing from a hundred ravenous throats, but the tramp of their accursed paws pattering over the snow. I had no arms but a blunderbuss, a fowling-piece, and a brace of pistols: Heinrich had a long pistol. These arms, at best but inadequate against the number of our assailants, were rendered comparatively useless by the discovery we made at the very moment, that we had omitted to bring with us more powder and ball than was barely sufficient for another charge in addition to that which they already contained.

"What is to be done, Heinrich?" I asked in a whisper.

"There is no use in whispering now," said the old chasseur,— "they will be upon us in less than five minutes, and it would be better to wake Miss Adelaide and her woman, to inform them of our danger. Poor things! it would be terrible if they were taken out of the world, as we are very likely to be, without some notice!"

I acquiesced in the propriety of the advice, and roused Adelaide. I was about to inform her of the danger, but she had been lately dwelling for too long a time among huntsmen to render it necessary I should speak.

"Gracious heavens!" she exclaimed, starting up, "it is the howl of the wolf! Oh, Herman—Herman! what will become of us? I see them—I see them; they are gaining upon us. We are lost! We have but a few minutes to live! Last year an English party was torn to pieces and devoured by them some leagues beyond our castle! I shall never see my father again!"

Her cries woke her attendant, who, the moment she comprehended the danger, burst into an agony of yelling that almost rivalled in dissonance the cry of the wolves. She cursed herself, her fate, her stars, her folly, that ever drew her from France to this abominable country. She vowed to all the infernal powers she could think of, that if she were to escape this peril, she would never again commit a fault so unpardonable. She raved about herself, and her life, and her dress, and her Alphonse, (a smart *garçon cuisinier* in Paris, with whom she kept up an amatory correspondence, much to the detriment of King Louis-Philippe's French,) and all sorts of matters, horrible or flimsy, that crossed her distracted brain. I remember, particularly, that death itself did not seem to affect her with so much terror as the prospect of being devoured afterwards by a nasty wolf.

Her grotesque lamentations had the good effect of recalling my

sister to her natural firmness of mind. She felt that in this trying occasion it became her to set an example of courage and resignation, and in an instant, (the whole scene I have been just describing did not occupy two minutes,) she was herself again. She assured me in a couple of words of her constancy, and pressed my hand to her heart to show that it was not beating with any undue emotion.

"It is no time to agitate you now, Herman," she said; "our chances of escape, I know, are but small: but still, people have escaped from dangers as dreadful, and, under God, our hopes principally depend upon your presence of mind. Our defence is in your hands, and there I am content to leave it. With these words, she turned to her shrieking attendant, whom she endeavoured to soothe with all the topics of consolation—they were few enough in all conscience—she could think of, and to engage in some thoughts of religion, but all equally in vain: Louise could hear nothing but the howling of the wolves outside, and the howling of her own fears within.

The chase continued. I stood ready with my blunderbuss to discharge it on the herd the moment they approached within shot. I had too soon an opportunity. The fleetest of the pack in a few minutes approached within four or five paces of the voiture, and I fired. It was impossible to miss, and I saw two or three fall killed or wounded. To those who were hit it was soon matter of little importance whether the wound which brought them down was mortal or not, for they were in an instant surrounded by the rest, who fought for the fallen bodies. This obtained us the respite of a few minutes, which was occupied by the contest among themselves and the devouring of their slain brethren. We made the best of the time; but, the carcasses once demolished, and the bones left to whiten in the snow, the hunt recommenced, and we had not gained a mile when they came up with us again. My blunderbuss had been reloaded in the mean while, and on their near approach I again fired, with similar effect. But this time the respite was briefer. The wolves had now tasted blood, and their fury was excited, so that the devouring of their companions did not occupy half the space it did before, and speedily they renewed the chase with howlings far more terrific than ever.

I appealed to Heinrich, who drove his panting horses at their utmost speed.

"I have not," I said, "enough for another charge for the blunderbuss. What is best to be done?"

"It is of no use," said he, "to fire our fowling-pieces among them, for we could not expect to kill more than one, and that, so far from delaying, would only spur them on faster. We had better reserve our fire for our last chance."

"Is there any?"

"One, and that but slight. Not far from this, but I do not know how far,—perhaps a mile, perhaps three,—is the old hunting-lodge built for the chasseurs of the forest. If we could reach that,—but what use is there in talking?—you see these poor devils of horses can scarcely hold out—they are almost sinking under the hell of a pace they have been keeping up this half-hour. Have you your pistols about you?"

"I have; why?"

"Do not discharge your last pistol on any account; no, not to save your own life. Keep it until——"

Something choked the old man's utterance, and passing his hand over his face, he wiped off some moisture, which bore as much resemblance to a tear as anything his eyes could muster, and, applying to his lips his cherry-tree pipe, which was never forgotten in the extremest danger, he discharged a more than usually voluminous effusion of smoke. This done, he beckoned me to put my head out of the voiture, so that whatever he said should reach my ear alone. I complied.

"Keep it until these damned brutes,—God forgive me for using such words now!—until they are completely masters of the day, and we have no further chance, and then, sinking his voice to the lowest possible whisper, "discharge it into the brains of Miss Adelaide; put it to her temple, and be sure you do not miss."

God! how his words thrilled through my heart!—not even the horror of my own impending death, of the hideous manner in which it seemed inevitable that I should be cut off from existence in the flower of my youth, far from my friends, who would perhaps for ever remain ignorant of my untimely fate—not the fierce forms which I saw hurrying to my destruction, and anticipating with savage howl their bloody repast—not all the terrors of my situation so palsied me, as this whisper of Heinrich. I looked at my sister. She was eminently beautiful; and if the dreadful scene around her had banished the colour from her cheeks, it had inspired her figure with an air of exalted courage, and filled her eyes with a blended fire of heroism and religion, that rendered her one of the most majestic beings I ever beheld. And this noble creature, I thought,—she, full of all that renders life one scene of happiness—she, qualified to inspire love and admiration into all hearts, the blessing or the ornament of every circle in which she moves—she, who yesterday was wrapped in visions of delight, who this morning woke to welcome the chosen of her heart, and whose present mission, melancholy as it is, was hallowed by filial duty and soothed by the recollection that she has been all that father could pray for,—is she to die—and so to die?—by the hand of me, her brother—her brother, who would gladly lay down his life for her? Alas! alas!

Perhaps I said these last words aloud, perhaps Heinrich divined what was passing in my bosom, for he continued in a whisper,

"To be sure, it is hard enough; but it is better than that she should die many deaths by the mangling of the wolves. You and I will fight the damned brutes,—God pardon me!—with our pistols to the last, and die like men; and it is no great matter how men die. And, indeed, it is little matter how that screaming baggage, who is almost as great a plague as the wolves themselves, comes to an end: she's fit food enough for them. But that dear young lady, just think from what a horrid death you save her! She must not be torn by the jaws of a wolf. I'd shoot her myself, dear master, with pleasure, but it would not become me, as you are here. It is you are to do it, for you are the head of the family. So don't flinch."

This conversation occupied only a few seconds. It was carried on in the most subdued voice, and I thought Adelaide had not heard it. I learned from her afterwards that she had distinctly heard every word. When I looked at her, she was busily endeavouring to soothe Lonise. She told me that she had purposely avoided re-

turning my glance, lest it might shake my resolution. "There was but one other hand in the world," she said afterwards, "by which I should have preferred to have died, if such death was inevitable. He was not there in person; he was indeed too vividly present in my heart, though his name escaped not my lips; and to whom, dear brother, could I look for deliverance but to you?" Such was the effect of the whispering on my sister. It had not passed unnoticed by Louise; though, as it was carried on in German, she would not have understood a word of it, even if spoken aloud. She failed not, however, to interpret it in her own manner.

"Ah, Heinrich! ah, dear baron!" she cried with an agony more intense than ever; "ah! do not—do not—do not! I am sure you cannot be so cruel. Ah, dear sweet Heinrich, of whom I was so fond!"

Even at that moment, Heinrich, who hated everything French in general, and Louise in particular for her especial impertinence towards him and his brother Germans in the service of the princess, could not refrain from giving a most dissentient grunt.

"Dear Heinrich! dear Monsieur le Baron! do not be so cruel. I know what you are whispering about: I know you are going to throw me to the wolves, that you may get off while they are eating me. Oh, mon Dieu! mon Dieu!"

Adelaide endeavoured to edge in a word, but in vain.

"Oh! dear Monsieur le Baron, remember what became of the wicked prince who did the same to his courier: he was torn by his own dogs for it. Remember the wicked woman who threw her children: she was boiled alive for it. Oh! dear Mr. Heinrich, dear Monsieur le Baron,—oh! oh! oh!"

[Louise in her agony remembered two stories, one German, and one French. The German story is, that some Polish prince, travelling through a forest, was pursued by wolves; and that a faithful heyduck devoted himself to save his master's life, by descending from the carriage, and making with his sabre a courageous fight against them as long as he could. He knew that he sacrificed himself, but he did it without a second thought, in order that, by delaying them first by whatever opposition he could offer, and then by the time it would take them to devour his body, his master might escape. His devotion was successful, and the grateful master, according to our version, provided for his family, and heaped his memory with honours. A different version is, that the selfish prince who consented to the sacrifice of so faithful a servant, reaped his reward, by being torn to pieces on entering his own gate by his dogs, who did not know him in the absence of his attendant, under whose immediate care they had been placed.—The other story is, I fear, true: it is that of a wretched mother, who with her three children were overtaken by wolves somewhere in the East of France, when, to save her own life, she flung away the children one by one to be eaten. The wolves pursued her to the gates of a neighbouring town, which was opened to save her; but when she told her story, the populace, indignant at the unnatural conduct of this worse than Medea, stoned her to death in the market-place. As a story never loses by the telling, it is currently said that they put her into a cauldron and boiled her alive.]

We had not time to pay any attention to the lament of the unfor-

tunate *suiivante*, for the wolves were by this time quite close upon the carriage. Fast they came as a dark cloud, scouring with inconceivable rapidity over the snow. Their dreadful howls reverberated through the forest, waking its every echo. We could see their flaming eyes, their snorting nostrils, their mouths and tongues red and dripping with the fresh blood of their mangled companions. Another moment and they would be upon us. The moment came, and there they were.

"Oh!" cried Heinrich, "keep them off one minute—one single minute, and we are at the hunting-lodge. "O that the horses may hold out!"

The poor animals exerted their last efforts. If we had been pressed too closely by the wolves, no other chance remained but to sacrifice them, and make our way as best we could to the lodge, while our assailants were fighting around the spoil. But there was no need; one wolf only succeeded in reaching the window of the voiture, and him I instantly shot with my fusil. Another was making the attempt; but I knocked him on the head with the butt end, and at least stunned him. Before a third could come up, the horses had made some desperate plunges forward, and the welcome lodge was gained. Heinrich jumped down at once, loudly calling me to follow him. I did so, and with the help of Adelaide dragging on Louise, who had fainted the moment the first wolf had put his nose into the carriage, in less than a second we found ourselves inside the iron-bound gate of the lodge.

"Thank God," I exclaimed, "WE ARE SAFE!"

III.

"A pretty safety indeed!" said Heinrich, who had lingered behind for a moment, as he firmly secured the gate. "However, here we are at all events. I had just time to take something out of the voiture that we shall find of use, and unharness the poor horses, to whom we all ought to be so much obliged, so as to give them a run for their lives, though there is hardly a run in them, before the brutes were upon me. I could barely say, 'Take that, canaille,' as I slapped my shot among them, which gave me an instant to get in. 'Ay! there you are, my beauties! howl away as you like, but you shall be baulked of your expected supper to-night.'

The lodge in which we had taken refuge, like all such buildings, consisted of four bare walls of rough but uncommonly strong masonry, with stone benches built all round for the purpose of sitting or sleeping upon. It contained a rude fireplace without a chimney; and furniture it had none, except an iron pot, left behind by chance or design by its last tenants. It contained, however, a treasure to us of inestimable value,—the expected legacy of an immense heap of firewood, which the experienced hand of Heinrich speedily discovered in spite of the intense darkness. What he had risked his life to bring from the voiture, was my lamp and tinderbox; and, by their assistance, he soon succeeded in lighting an ample fire. Though the exertions of the preceding half-hour had sufficiently prevented our blood from stagnating, the tomb-like coldness of the lodge chilled us, now that the excitement was over, to the very soul. The genial warmth was, therefore, very acceptable, and even Louise began to revive. She at first uttered a cry of despair, when she saw herself

in a gloomy vault beside a roaring fire, enveloped in thick clouds of smoke, through which she could but dimly discern our figures. She fancied she had descended to the other world, and did her old friend Heinrich the compliment of supposing him to be the devil.

"I am in no humour, woman," said he, "to listen to your prate. Thank your master and mistress, there, for saving you from the wolves, for the devil a hand I'd have stirred towards it. However, as you are here, take this drop of brandy; and that may call back your brains again, if you ever had any in your paper skull."

He proffered her the draught of what he considered a panacea for all the ills of life, and which, to do him justice, he did not prescribe without having duly tried its qualities upon himself. While hastily running back for the tinderbox, he could not resist the temptation of carrying off a small basket of provisions, which happened to contain a brandy-bottle, and it was put into immediate requisition. Louise received the glass with unfeigned politeness in spite of the ungallant speech by which it was prefaced, and, cheered by the restorative, and delighted beyond measure with her escape, was beginning a long story of her own courage during the adventure, when she was suddenly interrupted by a piercing shriek from outside.

"Silence!" said Heinrich mournfully. "I thought so. It is the poor horses, sir. They stand a great deal, the dumb beasts, without making cry or moan; but when one comes to be torn to pieces by wolves, it is quite a different thing. Ay, there's the other. There's an end of them both, poor things! I feared they had not a run in them; and the blackguard brutes outside have a supper after all,—and little good may it do them!"

"What!" said Louise with a fresh access of terror, "are the wolves outside?"

"Indeed they are," replied the chasseur, beginning to smoke "You will soon hear them, my dear, and perhaps see them too. Don't be afraid, however, for a while," continued he, as he saw her clinging to her mistress; "all in good time—you are safe for a bit yet."

It was not long, indeed, before we heard them; for, apparently, after they had eaten the horses, they surrounded the building on all sides. We could hear them scraping and pushing against the gates, and endeavouring to climb up the wall. The only exit for the smoke was by an aperture in the roof, through which at first it issued in volumes, and seemed to serve as a sort of guide to the wolves; at least we heard them clambering along the roof, as if in search of an entrance. After a short time, the smoke began to clear, and a fresh wind having arisen, it was so far blown away, that, looking up, we could plainly behold the blue sky studded with stars. You may believe me when I tell you that we had no taste for admiring heaven's clear azure, as we saw plainly that the aperture would enable the wolves to come down upon us. Our fears were not without foundation, for in a short time a wolf appeared and looked in. Louise fainted outright; but we lost no time in striking the intruder with our fowling-pieces, and the brute fell through the hole. We speedily knocked him on the head. Heinrich then thrust a large blazing spar through the aperture, and waved it about for a few minutes, uttering the cry used by the chasseurs when they hunt the wolf. We heard what appeared to us to be a general flight from the roof.

"They will not try that way again," said Heinrich, and he was right, "during the darkness; for they are scared off by the fire, and they have sufficient instinct to know that one of their party is killed. We are then safe all night."

"I wish," said I, "it was morning."

"It is a wise wish," said the old man; "for why should you wish for morning? Our horses are killed; we have near twenty miles to get through snow to the next post-house; and how could Miss Adelaide, to say nothing of this helpless jade here, walk that distance before nightfall, when we should have the wolves on us again, if we had them not before? We must not expect another lodge like this. Nay, though this fire keeps away the wolves during the night, yet when daylight returns it will shine so much more dimly, that it will lose its effect, and daunt them no more."

"I thought," said I, "the wolves retired by day, and prowled only at night."

"Ay, that's generally the case; but when there is so strong a pack as this, and they know that prey is at hand, and see nobody to scare them away, they sometimes take courage, and do not dread the daylight. Besides, it must have been hunger that drove them so early into these parts; and what brought them here will keep them from going back."

"We, then, have no chance of escape?"

"Nay, I don't say that neither: while there's life, there's hope. Something may fright the brutes off; or some travellers, seeing our carriage, may stop and come to our assistance; or——"

"Or, in short," said I, "some angel in seven-leagued boots may descend from the sky. But no matter, dear Adelaide, we have at least another day's provision; and if the worst comes to the worst, as we lived together we shall die together. Strangers must close the eyes of our father, and strangers sit in his halls."

"It is the will of God, dear Herman," said Adelaide; "and God's will be done!"

We wrapped ourselves in our cloaks, and tried to sleep during that dismal night. Louise, who had shrieked and moaned away all her powers, did, I believe, at last fall into an exhausted slumber. Heinrich smoked, and sipped brandy, and alternately sung snatches of ballads or mumbled forth fragments of prayers, until he was as soundly asleep as if he was in bed. Adelaide and I were silent, ruminating on our condition, on the blighting of budding hopes and the darkening of brilliant prospects,—on the melancholy fate for which we were reserved, and on our father waiting in the sickly suspense of hope deferred for his children, and perhaps sinking down to die chiding us for the unkindness of our delay. In reflections such as these passed the night, undisturbed by any sound but that of the ceaseless howling of the wolves outside, and the crackling of the faggots within.

All things must have an end, and so had this night. The tardy day broke at last, and Heinrich, rousing himself, flung numerous logs on the fire to excite as great a blaze as possible.

"It will be all of no use," muttered the old chasseur as he plied this work; "they will come in spite of us: but one should never give up. In the mean time, let us take whatever we can get for breakfast; for, believe me, we shall want all the strength and spirits we can muster before long."

He prepared breakfast accordingly, as well as his materials allowed, and we partook of it with heavy hearts. The sun soon shone brightly through the aperture, and the logs began to "pale their ineffectual fire." We made ourselves ready for the expected attack; for, as Heinrich anticipated, the wolves had not withdrawn. A sufficient charge for the blunderbuss, which I committed to the chasseur, was scraped together from our united stores, and, except my pistols, one of which, to say the truth, I had reserved for myself, if dire necessity imposed on me that use of the other on which I dreaded to think, we had no other means of defence but the butt-ends of our fusils. Nothing beyond howling occurred until about three hours after sunrise,—and what awful hours were they!—when suddenly our eyes, which were scarcely for a moment divested from the aperture, saw the object of their fear. Two or three wolves of the largest size had climbed up the roof, and were preparing to jump in. A discharge of the blunderbuss drove them away, and the body of one huge brute dropped dead into the lodge. Short respite!—the way was found, and the sun had deprived the firebrand of its power. Another and fiercer relay was soon on the roof, and we had no means of preventing their descent.

"Now," whispered Heinrich, "may God help us! for there is no help for us in this world. Have you the pistol ready?"

I assented by a glance.

The shaggy wolves, howling incessantly, glared down upon us with ravenous eyes from the top, waiting the moment to spring. Below stood Heinrich and I, illuminated in the blaze of the faggots, our reversed fowling-pieces in our hands ready to strike. Louise lay at our feet prostrate, fainting on the ground; and Adelaide, sunk upon her knees, seemed, as the light from above streamed upon her uplifted countenance, emerging in radiant beauty from the smoke and glare, like an angel about to wing her way back to her native heaven from the darkness and the turmoil of a hapless and uncongenial world.

"And is this all?" said my cousin Lucy.

"I have not time," said I, "to write any more, for I am going out to shoot with your brother Dick."

"But I tell you this will never do: you must put an end to it. How were they saved?"

"Are you sure they were saved?"

"Yes, quite sure; else how could you hear Herman tell the story? And he says, beside, that Adelaide told him how she overheard his whispering.

"Ah! I forgot that; but I must be off."

"Not before you finish the story."

"Finish it yourself."

"I can't—it's not my business."

"Why, you will never thrive in it, if you cannot devise some way of bringing in the lover to the rescue, with his train of huntsmen and wolf-dogs. He must have heard of the bursting down of a pack of wolves, and followed on their traces just at the right moment to save the party, to kill the marauders, to put fresh horses to the carriage, to whirl off to papa, and to come in time for his blessing. Then the rest is easy. Herman gets the estates,—Sobieski gets his wife;—they both get back to his mother's; there they get—very happy,—and I get rid of the story."

WAYLAC.

FICTIONS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

BONOMYE THE USURER.

HOLMCOLTRAM, or Holm's Cultram, was, as everybody may not know, a respectable ecclesiastical foundation in the north of Cumberland; and the chronicle from which the following tradition is taken was lately purchased in that county, where it had lain unnoticed by any antiquary, from Leland to the pundits of the "*Collectanea Topographica*." It is a small folio volume, written in double columns, by "various hands," as the phrase goes, commencing with the year 1160, and ending in 1455, and contains several curious drawings and illuminations,—to say nothing of the remarkably funny stories to be found in it of Scotch barbarity and Cumbrian civilization, of portents in air and on earth, miracles, and such like matters. Moreover, it details at great length, and with singular minuteness, an event merely alluded to by other writers; viz. how Walter Biset, out of revenge, cruelly burnt Patrick, the son of Thomas de Galway, with his companions, in a barn at Haddington, where he slept the night after a tournament in which he had unhorsed the same Walter. It would have delighted Scott, who was a sensible man, but would drive the poor antiquaries of the present hour out of their senses; wherefore the possessor will, out of charity to them, keep the volume to himself.

The condition of the Jews during the reign of Henry the Third was, perhaps, worse than it is said to have been under his predecessors. They had no security whatever for their lives and property as far as the king was concerned. He tormented and robbed them as he pleased. On one occasion they were summoned to give him the third of all their goods, and on another the half; and Henry, who had borrowed large sums of his brother Richard Earl of Cornwall, at last assigned him all the Jews in England in payment,—that is to say, he was to get his money out of them in any way he could; so that, as a writer of the time observes, "after the king had flayed them alive, he delivered them over to his brother to embowel."

In spite, however, of the daily persecution to which they were subjected, the Jews continued to be, with the exception of the Italian merchants, the sole capitalists of the kingdom. Misfortune only sharpened their wits and increased their energies; they became expert professors of the ingenious arts of clipping and shearing, forging and cheating,—realised large sums in trade, and still larger profits by usury. All attempts to get rid of them only proved their existence to be an evil necessary to the state: and another historian, who had witnessed their enormities, and in his pious zeal desired nothing better than their total ruin and extirpation, exclaims, in a momentary despair, "this accursed race is like unto the beard of the chin;—shave as close as you may to-day, there will be food for the razor to-morrow."

Usury is a mighty sin, saith the Gospel, the law, and the Chronicle of Holmeoltram. According to the latter respectable authority, it was coeval with the first use of money, and mankind required no instructor in an art suggested by, and agreeable to, the natural cupidity of the human race.

The chronicler expresses some wonder that the character of the

usurer is ever the same, and quotes the eloquent essay of St. Ambrose on the story Tobias for the portrait of a money-lender in the days of the venerable metropolitan of Milan, "which in every respect," says he, "is applicable to the ungodly and iniquitous of our own age." But at the close of the thirteenth century the generalization of ideas was unknown, and the only philosophy was that of the schools; or the worthy monk, instead of being surprised at this fact, would have remarked, with the pertness of a modern moralist, that the same passions produce the same effects in all ages and under all circumstances.

The object of the chronicler in relating the story we translate, is, to impress upon his readers that a terrible punishment invariably awaits the most successful wickedness; that although the cup of enjoyment may have already touched the lip, the hand of retribution is ready to dash it down,—to reclaim the iniquitous from the ways of evil, and to warn the thoughtless and profuse of the danger of entangling themselves in the toils of avarice and the Jews. The horror he expresses of the whole race of usurers was natural enough to one who lived in an age when their profits were enormous, and who viewed their practices as contrary to the precepts of the Gospel; but, without running into political economy, it may be observed, that the high interest which money then bore was only equal to the immense profits reaped by the few mercantile adventurers of the time, and that the people in general, and much less the clergy, had not yet perceived that money is a mere article of merchandise, the value of which is always proportioned to the supply of it. Trite as this remark now is, it had not then entered the heads of our warlike legislators, who, suiting their acts to their own convenience, were unaware that, while at one time they refused to acknowledge the legality of usury, and at another endeavoured to limit the rate of it, they repressed the spirit of commercial speculation, the grand source of national wealth.

"The tale was related unto us," says the chronicler, "in our refectory, by Sir Thomas de Multon of Egremont, who heard it while in London from persons of approved credit. The same Sir Thomas tarried with us on the eve of the Ascension in the first year of King Edward, and presented a cup for the Eucharist, made of a griffin's egg set in silver gilt, and curiously wrought with strange devices: he also confirmed unto us the four dozen dishes of ore out of the iron mine at Coupland, formerly given unto us by Lambert de Multon; and the holy father abbot gave unto him a little casket containing a toe-nail of St. Osith, which the said pious knight received with much veneration and joyfully carried away with him."

No one can doubt that the abbot had the best of the bargain, for he had long ceased to trust in relics for protection against the Scots thieves who harried his lands and burned his barns; but the iron would pay the armed men he was obliged to support, and who would have given no thanks for a cart-load of arm-bones, double teeth, and toe-nails, though they had once pertained to the greatest saints in the calendar.

Bonomye the Jew sat, towards the close of an autumn day in the year 1247, in the little back-room of his tenement in Milk-street, Cheap-side. The house was a miserable wooden erection, patched up against a stone building appropriated to the officers of the royal wardrobe; and the room to which we refer was of the most uncomfortable descrip-

tion, although it served him for counting-house, treasury, and many purposes besides. It was a large closet, the walls of which were rudely plastered and black with dirt, the floor partially covered by the remains of a rush mat, and the furniture consisting of a rudely-shaped oaken table, a chest strongly bound with iron, a couple of short benches, and a single chair, which, on the present occasion, was occupied by the owner of the place. He was a man somewhat advanced in years, short in stature, and possessing in an extraordinary degree the strongly-marked features of his race. His beard was short and grey, and his matted hair straggled over a well-formed forehead seamed with many a careful wrinkle, from beneath which his sharp, restless black eyes peered out with an expression of distrust and apprehension, while a peculiar habit of looking down the line of his nose, when in conversation, gave a sinister expression to his countenance. He was thin, of a sallow complexion, and wore a long dark brown robe gathered round the middle by a leathern girdle, a black woollen cap falling behind, and loose boots of cordovan leather. He was evidently uneasy, fidgeted about in his seat, and although a parchment covered with calculations lay on the table before him, seemed at a loss what to do.

Bonomye was reputed to be the richest of the many wealthy usurers then resident in London; the king had him under his special protection, and, in the multitude of his transactions, he had obliged or swindled not a few of the nobility and clergy; the chest of the notary of the Jews contained more bonds due to him than to any other of his money-getting race.

Hitherto he had been a fortunate man,—had escaped the fury of several mobs of unruly citizens who plundered the dwellings and murdered some hundreds of his luckless brethren, and, with the exception of two or three debts which the king had pardoned without consulting him, his speculations had proved eminently successful. Well was his dwelling known; thither went men of all degrees, from the noble to the squire, the bishop to the clerk; the prodigal heir and the scheming merchant, all who could give the desired security, had found Bonomye an obliging lender, and quitted his threshold with light hearts. When the day of restitution was come, and they had not wherewith to satisfy him, though they still found him smiling and servile, the smile was sarcastic, the servility a habit: for Bonomye was a merciless creditor; the ruined heir saw his fair lands glide away beneath his grasp, the bankrupt trader cursed him when he saw the sheriff in possession of his goods and warehouse; and to all the blow was unexpected, for the Jew was so civil—listened to their tales with such attention, and seemed so accessible to pity, that they hoped, and were deceived. Bonomye hated a Christian, and never renewed a loan. He did both upon principle: his faith and the sufferings of his people led him to the first; and he generally reasoned justly when he said to himself, "If this bond and the interest cannot be paid, how shall I be satisfied when both are doubled?" His money he would have: the tears of the orphan, the entreaties of the all but ruined merchant—beauty in its most dazzling guise, manhood in its hour of pride and strength, age in its helplessness, and misery and despair, had never changed his resolution. "Not one drachm less; I am but a poor man,—you have used my money, and it must be returned." He had never abated one farthing of his due: prayers

and execrations were unheeded by him ; he weighed and reweighed, told the pieces one by one into the chest—each chink was as a drop of balm to his soul, and in the possession of his money he was a happy man. Fresh victims were always to be found, and Bonomye always ready to accommodate them ; and so he went on accumulating and lending, strong in hate, hard in heart, and utterly without conscience, saith the Chronicle of Holmcoltram ; “ homo iniquissimus, filius Diaboli, et damnatus.”

The day of adversity, however, was at hand. Bonomye always lent out the last stiver, and to keep up his stock of cash for the supply of the many demands upon his purse, he had been obliged, a few months before, to borrow a large sum of a company of Italian merchants then in London. It was put out to advantage, it is true, but the day appointed for the repayment of it was but a week distant, and his chest nearly empty : his creditors were, if possible, greater sharks than Jews, and in a riot that had recently taken place the Londoners seized all their treasure, which they had deposited for security in the religious houses of the town ; so that, although at any other time they might have been disposed to renew the loan, they were now urgent for the discharge of it. But this was not the sum of the Jew's difficulties. He might have sought assistance from his brethren, had they not suffered severely from the same riot that had almost ruined the Italians. The Jewry was burnt, their synagogue destroyed, some hundreds of Jews were murdered, and their treasure rifled by the crowd ; and, above all, at this calamitous period, it suited the convenience of the king to call upon them for a heavy loan, and Bonomye himself had been favoured that very morning with a writ, in which the king addressed him as “ trusty and well-beloved,” reminded him of the strong and effectual protection he had enjoyed, and commanded him, “ under peril of hindering his majesty's business, to contribute twice the amount required of any other Jew.” “ Two thousand marks,” groaned Bonomye, as the fatal missive dropped from his grasp ; “ so much did I give to obtain his countenance ; my brother Reuben spoke the word of truth when he said that my shekels were as chaff scattered before the wind, for that the Gentile heedeth not his word. Protection, forsooth ! the boon of being the last to be devoured.”—Bonomye knew too well the consequences of a refusal ; that however true his plea of poverty might be, it would be tested by the dentist, the gridiron, or the hangman ; and that a Jew could obtain no pity but by purchase. Often had he known his brethren suffer, and had heard unmoved the harrowing recital of their torments ; the blow had not fallen upon himself, and he was insensible to the misery of another : but now all the horrid scenes that recollection could bring to mind or imagination conceive crowded on his thoughts ; he ground his teeth—they were all firm and sharp, age had neither loosened nor impaired them ; he had picked a mutton-bone that day for the fourth time, and found a dinner upon it. Despair prompts the wretch whose ruin is, or appears to be, inevitable, to dwell upon the various stages of his fall, and to imagine every scene ; and Bonomye shuddered with ideal pain as he fancied the pincers of the barber tearing his teeth from their sockets ; he saw the Elms, that dreary field, and those massive gibbets, green with damp and moss, that had witnessed the last convulsions of so many of his people ; he heard the rattling of the dried and bleached bones that yet hung in those chains, and beheld those blotches of long rank grass beneath

which still mouldered away the bodies of so many victims of persecution: never had he seen the spot but once, yet every feature of it was distinctly in his eye. He fancied the brutal and merciless mob their shouts and their ribaldry, the immoveable and business-like satellites of death, and his hand insensibly clutched his long scraggy neck; again did imagination exercise its fearful power—his sallow face grew flushed, his eyes hard and burning, and in that long nervous grasp he had anticipated half the horrors of suffocation. Without one good act to dwell upon, and his natural timidity increased by an evil conscience, want, and perhaps death, before him, Bonomye for the first time felt the intense agony of that despair that expects no pity, the sickness of the heart that knoweth no comfort, and that wound which never heals. He had no tie to bind him to life, no wife, no child, to leave to an uncertain fate, but he dreaded death: now he thought that could he but save his life, he would be content to give up all that he had, and when he considered what he must sacrifice—his gold, the idol of his waking and sleeping thoughts, he would rather resign both together. Agitated by conflicting resolutions, he now determined to brave in all its horrors the fate that awaited him; then imagined that if he could escape with some remnant of his wealth, he would be an altered man,—that the prayer of the distressed should not be addressed to him in vain, that he would be as merciful as he had hitherto been callous. Seldom had Bonomye prayed, but now his lip quivered with the inward entreaty for Divine assistance; he felt that the hand of the Almighty was justly raised against him, that the vial of wrath was about to be poured on his devoted head, and he vowed, after the fashion of the Gentile, to rebuild, if he escaped his present danger, the synagogue so lately destroyed, and to replace the roll that contained the sacred dispensation of his race. “Alas!” saith the Chronicle, “these were but passing thoughts; the author of all evil had strong hold of his soul, and impelled him towards the bottomless pit:” after a few moments, the feelings of the miser returned in all their ancient strength,—prayers, vows, and resolutions were forgotten, and Bonomye, opening his chest, took forth a small box filled to the brim with little rolls of parchment, the acknowledgments of his numerous debtors. Although he knew well enough the dates, he still fancied that some might be nearly available,—he would look and see what hope remained unto him.

“The Abbot of Westminster, five hundred marks. Ay, they were for the Norway hawks and Spanish jennets he bought of Peter of Sienna: those Lombards draw all to their clutches—nothing comes amiss—one year yet to run—the wool of the manor of Hide for so long as interest: I did not wisely; the herd tells of the rot. Reuben said yesterday the Abbot had sold the wool of Cotswold to them of Lucca for ten years to come for the same sum: a proud prodigal priest that; the monks will soon get but poor commons, methinks—the goodly rents of their lands fly away on the wings of the Abbot’s hawks.

“Philip de Lovel, a thousand. Master Philip knoweth the ways of the great, and hath found favour at court—the king’s justice may not be reminded of the bond of the bishop’s serving-man. Over the term by three months ’tis lost.

“Nicholas de Basing, three thousand. A man well to do, but somewhat stiff withal, is Master Basing: he striveth hard with the Italian; men say the king loveth him, and sheweth it by running long bills, six weeks of the term: he might help me—I’ll try: his daughter.

who loveth young Adam Bukerel, is well favoured, and the maiden may like a necklace of the real Paris work."

He went on muttering as he read, and many were the anecdotes of folks of all classes which might have been gathered from his soliloquy. He seemed to wish to prolong the result of his search, and, as his recollection served him, touched with more or less minuteness on the circumstances and characters of his debtors.

The contents of the box were exhausted, the last roll dropped on the table, and Bonomye sank back in his chair, crossed his hands before him, and, with his eyes fixed vacantly on the wall, looked the very image of misery and dismay. The only ray of hope he had derived from his search rested on the chance of Nicholas de Basing being willing to take up his bond at some reduction of the interest; but then the sum was so small that it would be of little use. The amount he owed the Italians was four times as much; and although a part of it might appease them until he should have time to look about him, what could he do with the king's demand upon his purse? A thought struck him—he would place in his hands, bonds to the amount required of him; and although the terms for their payment had not arrived, he believed that the royal prerogative would be sufficient to compel the liquidation of them, if the money was to be had at all.

In the midst of these reflections, a knock at the outer door recalled Bonomye's attention; and having hastily scrambled up the loose deeds and returned them to their place, he went to inquire who visited him thus late in the day.

"My errand is from Albert Boccanigro, the Italian, to Master Bonomye, the Jew. Open the door, man, for the wind blows coldly down this street. You must have slumbered, methinks, for I've stood here till I can scarce feel my fingers."

Bonomye, to whom the name was well known, half opened the door, muttering in apology the while something about fatigue, drowsiness, and the deafness of his old servant; and peered out upon the stranger, who, hastily pushing open the door, entered without ceremony.

"No times these for men to sleep in the broad day, Jew: folks who would look to themselves and their goods must be up and waking."

So saying, he walked into the room, followed by Bonomye, who, pulling one of the benches towards the table, entreated him to be seated. The stranger, who from his speech appeared to be an Englishman, had a foreign look and complexion: his dress was that of the merchant of those days, but he wore over it a long dark cloak. At his girdle was the usual appendage of a writing-case, and Bonomye remarked that he carried beside it a long knife or dagger. The Jew did not like his countenance or manner, but dissembling his uneasiness as well as he could, demanded what the Italian would have with him, about which he had some misgivings, for Boccanigro was the principal of the society to which he stood indebted.

"It is late in the day," he remarked, "and Master Albert generally looks after business himself; he is not wont to employ strangers. By what mark shall I know that you come from him?"

"By this mark," replied the stranger. "Albert bids me say to you, that concerning the silver you owe unto him and others of his—"

"But the day is not yet come," said Bonomye; "it is still a week distant. Doubtless, though times are bad for our people——"

"Hear me, Jew, and then thou mayst speak as thou pleasest."

Master Boccanigro doubts not you will repay them ; but touching the renewal of the loan, which he refused when you spoke of it but lately, he bade me say that some of his company have arrived by sea with treasure from France, and maybe the matter can be settled now. They bring also much silver plate, and he would consult you how to barter it elsewhere than at the king's exchange: to make few words, he would speak with you this present night at his house in Southwark."

"Master Albert knows," said the Jew, "that I am always ready to serve him with my poor aid ; but the night is coming on, and 'tis not safe for our race to be abroad."

"Ay, ay, we know well enough you will serve if there is aught to be gained; and as for being abroad at night, man, the streets are quiet enough. These Londoners have tired of their recent sport, and if need be I can protect you ; so let us be going. If men say truly, thou art not wont to be dull in pursuit of lucre."

The stranger now rose, and Bonomye, in whom fear and expectation were mingled together, summoned up resolution enough to say that he would accompany him. Taking the precaution to transfer every loose article to his chest, and having carefully locked it, and thrust the key into his inner vest, he seized his cap and led the way to the door. At the foot of the staircase, he stopped, and bawled out, "Rachel ! Rachel !" several times without receiving an answer. At length the old deaf crone who played the part of his servant-of-all-work condescended to reply.

"Look to the door, Rachel, look to the door, I say: no one must enter while I'm away. And, Rachel, put up the great bar that Geoffrey the smith fitted t'other day. Dost hear, Rachel?"

The old woman having signified that she understood him, he undid the door, and quitted the house with the stranger, who had become impatient at his delay.

It was evening when Bonomye and his companion found themselves in Cheapside, and a dense October fog was rapidly spreading its volumes of mist over the long line of irregular buildings which then formed that now populous thoroughfare. Although the hour was not later than eight, few persons were abroad ; for after dark the Cheap was a dangerous spot. At the time of which we write, this street had not the regularity and spaciousness which a century afterwards fitted it for the splendid jousts and revels of the court of the third Edward, when Queen Philippa and her ladies witnessed the sports from the steeple of Bow or the gallery in Soper-lane. The reader will imagine a long narrow street extending from St. Paul's to the Poultry, on either side of which wooden sheds jutted out with the great irregularity and little regard to the sanctity of the highway, which was in parts considerably narrowed by their encroachments: in some instances there were rooms over these sheds ; but, generally, the houses, with their quaint gables, rose a little in the rear of them, varying in size, height, and appearance, according to the circumstances of the owners. A stack of bare wooden boards, black with age, and mouldering with the rot, was squatted by the side of the rudely-carved and newly-painted front of a wealthier tradesman or private person, in which small glass windows took the place of the miserable lattices which distinguished the poorer tenements: and here and there a stone building of some pretension and antiquity might be seen ; but in every instance the buildings were constructed without that respect to mutual conve-

nience which in modern times has been secured by law. A few years later, considerable improvements were made; the thoroughfare was widened, the sheds gave way to edifices which, though yet of wood, assumed a more regular appearance, and the noble conduit of Henry de Waleys, better known by the name of its renovator, Ilam, conveyed a stream of pure water to the district. Yet, miserable as was the aspect of the Cheap by day, still when viewed at night, with a clear sky, and the moonlight streaming upon it, the sharp outlines of the roofs resting against the horizon, every angle and peculiarity brought into strong relief, and the broad masses of gloom below, produced by the various projections of the houses, gables, and sheds, it afforded one of those bold combinations of lights and shadows, and that picturesque effect which we seek in vain amid the uniform brick piles that have succeeded the humble habitations of our ancestors. We have said that it was a dangerous spot, and it was so, because even in the clearest night the road was dark, and many were the nooks in which the footpad or cut-throat from the notorious vicinity of St. Martin's-le-Grand laid in ambush for the straggling passenger; to such excesses had they proceeded about this time, that the holy brotherhood of that place, after having lost half its members through fright and broken heads, implored in vain the aid of their patron saint and the city watch, and cursed with bell and book till they were tired, were now building a wooden gallery over the street from their cells to the belfry of St. Martin's, through which they hoped to pass to vespers and matins without loss of life. From such neighbours the Cheap could not escape. The watch was generally scanty and always idle, and in the depth of winter the streets were without lights, save the candles that twinkled through window and lattice, and the red smoky lamp which marked the locality of some tavern: but on the evening in question the darkness was intense; the damp fog hung overhead, nestled in the nooks and corners of the street, and deepened the shadows; viewed through its delusive medium, the distant lamp looked like a flickering in the far horizon, and the tall steeple of St. Mary-le-Bow, and the grotesque outlines of the houses, indistinctly seen as the vapour was wafted by the current, seemed gigantic because undefined.

Long as the Jew had lived in London, he had never been in the streets after dark; it was dangerous enough for his race to tread them in the light of day, when they did well to escape with the gibes of the populace,—and at the present time, above any other, he would have avoided it had he been able. The bigoted mob was yet in a state of excitement. But a few days before, seven hundred Jews had been massacred, and the ruins of their habitations were yet smoking. A sad experience increased his natural timidity, and worked upon his imagination; and but for the prospect of worldly salvation thus unexpectedly held out to him, he would have receded when he looked upon the gloomy street spread out before him. His companion, who seemed indifferent to the scene, trod swiftly on towards Cornhill, and Bonomye with his trembling gait had some difficulty to keep up with him, stumbling every moment over the uneven road, starting in terror at the most distant sounds, and fancying the presence of a murderer in every dark corner of the street. They had proceeded half up the Cheap, when the Jew noticed with some anxiety that the horizon was red with the reflection of a strong light, and remarked the appearance to his companion, who answered with indifference that it seemed

to be a fire, and was probably at a distance, as the mis. was deceptive. Bonomye, who, from recent occurrences could only associate the idea of a fire with the house of a Jew, grew terribly alarmed, and his dread was increased when, after they had gone a few paces further, the shouts of a mob became distinctly audible. The sounds appeared to be coming in their direction. He endeavoured to increase his speed; but a strange perversity seized his companion, whose pace, late so rapid, now became intolerably slow, and he expressed a wish to see the event of the business. In vain did the excited Jew point out the risk they would incur, and conjure him to escape: he coldly remarked that they could run no danger by mingling in the crowd, and advised him to muffle his face as much as possible, and to abide by his directions.

When they reached the end of the Poultry, the light became clearly distinguishable: it was the blaze of hundreds of torches in the hands of a furious mob, which poured out in such a rapid torrent from the various alleys then occupying the site of the present Mansion-house, that the Jew and his companion were insensibly carried along by it. All was confusion and uproar; a thousand voices, uttering a thousand different cries, were raised together. Yet scarcely a word could be understood; and from time to time a furious yell uttered by a single individual was quickly caught up and echoed from the whole assembly; and then the clamour would subside into a loud murmur, which floated, as it were, above the dull heavy tread and rush of the multitude.

In the centre of the mob some one was dragged violently along, and at intervals his loud cries and entreaties were distinctly audible.

"What is it?" asked some frightened citizens who hung on the outskirts of the throng. Alarm and curiosity were expressed in their countenances, and several spoke at one and the same moment.

"A Jew dog who has stabbed Adam Linton in Walbrook: they will hang him, I trow, and do rightly too, I say for one," answered a burly red-headed fellow, whose discoloured leathern apron, sooty face, and huge hammer betokened him to be a smith, and in whom Bonomye recognised, with some apprehension, the man Geoffrey, who had lately fitted the iron bar to his street-door.

"Hang him! ay, that will they," said a dirty beggar, whose crutch, that lately supported a bad leg, now held aloft a dripping torch, "and burn a few more of their nests, I hope: I got little enough to my share when we set the Jewry in a blaze t'other night. Curse them all! they prey upon us poor folks."

"Prey, indeed!" observed a meagre-looking fellow to those nearest him: "I would have borrowed twenty shillings of the Jew Mosse the other day, but he asked two shillings a-week for the use of it, the greedy infidel! and, by St. Crispin, I needed the money much to get me leather."

"Thou must have cobbled a good few buskins to pay that, Master Adam, and have worked better than when you fitted me that new heel-piece; I vow it's loose already," growled a discontented customer: The cobbler, whose anger was excited by this question of his skill, was about to reply, when, in the sudden rush of the crowd as it entered the narrow opening into Cornhill, Crispin and his accuser were separated.

The mob, recruited by fresh comers in every direction, moved

rapidly on ; and Bonomye, whose fears were dreadfully excited, clung with a convulsive grasp to the arm of the stranger, whose object it seemed to get as near as possible to the miserable object of the uproar. They had now reached Grasschurch-street, into which the mob turned, and, impeded by a rush of people in the opposite direction, halted. The whole space from Bishopsgate-street to Fish-street-hill was filled with a dense mass of people of every description. There were the butchers and fishmongers from the neighbouring market, the drapers' apprentices from Cornhill, the ruffians of St. Martin's, thieves and beggars, decent citizens and houseless vagrants, all brought together by the hope of plunder, or that strange curiosity which, even in days of greater refinement, assembles such crowds to view the last moments of the felon. The dense fog, from which a drizzling mist was falling, hung a gloomy canopy above, red with the blaze of the torches, and rendered denser by their smoke ; the same lurid light was cast on the faces and heads of the crowd, and on the houses on either side, at the lattices of which the alarmed inmates were seen in every variety of dress, viewing with apprehension the threatening aspect and gestures of the mob, the uproar of which baffles description ;—yells and execrations, the slang of the rabble, the shouts of people recognising one another at a distance, the loud boisterous laugh, the shrill whistle, the low professional jokes of the different trades, the noise of fifty conflicts for place and room, in which heads were broken without number, and all these various sounds at times ceasing in the long-continued roar which demanded the punishment of the unfortunate culprit. It was curious to see the countenances of the crowd beneath the strange glare that lighted up the scene ;—the careless laughing face of youth beside the grave burgher, on whose features sate grave concern ; the deformed beggar, the malignant-eyed ruffian, eager for blood and plunder, who viewed all with the vacant stare and open mouth of vulgar curiosity, uncertain of the event, and excited by no object.

Bonomye, dragged along by the stranger, who vigorously elbowed his way through the crowd, now found himself near enough to see the prisoner. He was surrounded by a circle of men, who seemed to be the leaders of the mob, and was kneeling with his back towards the spot in which Bonomye stood. His black gown was torn to tatters, and covered with dirt ; his head, over which were scattered a few long grey hairs, was uncovered, and his hands raised in supplication ; while the words of entreaty he would have uttered were broken by his heavy and frequent groans.

" Save me ! save me ! " he exclaimed at length to a young man of a superior air to those about him, and who seemed to be an unwilling spectator of the scene.

The youth turned away, and, as he passed by Bonomye, muttered, " Save thee, man ! 'twould be a miracle to do it."

The victim, in whom the appearance of the person he had thus addressed seemed to have excited some wild hope, turned his head in the direction in which he retired. The light of a torch fell full upon his face, and showed the astonished Bonomye the countenance of his gossip Reuben. The exclamation he would have uttered was checked by his companion, who pressed his arm. But the name had escaped his lips, and the ears of the wretched prisoner were quick. Looking eagerly around, he said,

" Yes, I am Reuben. Who calls me ?—who is it that speaks to the wretched Reuben ?"

His eye glanced sharply about, but the stranger now stood between him and Bonomye; and it was lucky for the latter that the attention of those about him was at this moment excited by an uproar at the top of the street, occasioned by the city watch, who had been called out, and now endeavoured to force a passage in. They were received with loud shouts and laughter, together with exhortations to go home and comfort their wives; and when the alderman who commanded saw the determined faces of the mob, and the flourish of staves, and learned that it was a Jew only whose life was in jeopardy, he retreated to tell the mayor that the riot was of little moment.

The emotion Bonomye had shown did not arise so much from surprise at seeing Reuben, whom he knew to be a peaceable man, in such a situation, and charged with so great an offence, as from other motives. Relieved, as he imagined, from the ruin that so lately threatened him, his heart was again hardened; and, after the first moment of amaze, the thought flashed upon him that he had Reuben's bond in his chest,—two hundred marks were lost, irrecoverably gone. "He must die," thought the Jew, "and these Philistines will spoil his house;—I cannot repay me out of his chattels:" and from that moment this was uppermost in his mind. He grieved not for his ancient acquaintance as another would have done; and if he wished him to be saved, the feeling was prompted more by the desire to obtain his silver than a disinterested wish to see him snatched from the dreadful fate before him. Pure sympathy was unfelt by Bonomye; and the only sensation at all akin to it which he experienced, arose from his knowing that he himself was quite as obnoxious to the surrounding crowd, and that, if discovered, he might take his place beside Reuben. Mentally cursing his imprudence in thus venturing abroad so late, he pulled his cap lower over his face, crept closer to the stranger, and awaited the event with some dread; but all his apprehensions were for his own safety.

The prisoner had essayed in turn, and in vain, the pity of those who surrounded him, and appeared, as we have said, to be the ringleaders. His yellow bony hands, clasped with the intensity of despair, were raised to each without success; his lustrous black eyes, from which the silent tear trickled down his shrivelled cheek, fell upon scowling faces,—appealed to hearts inflamed by rage and the thirst of vengeance. A cuff from one, a kick from another, and a loud curse from a third, were the only replies to his impassioned entreaties for mercy and asseverations of innocence.

"Here, Jew, eat!" cried a burly apprentice, squeezing into the circle, and thrusting into his mouth the remains of a mutton-pie; "eat, man. Thou hast a long road to journey, and but a short path into it. Eat, dog!"

A loud laugh burst from the bystanders, with "Eat, Jew, eat!—'tis no pork." The miserable man sank down, covered his face with his hands, and was silent. The mob, which had now waited patiently for some minutes, renewed its clamour with increased fury. Loud rose the cries of "Hang him, hang him!" But at this moment the bell of Bow Church tolling nine was faintly heard, as the sound struggled with dense atmosphere and contrary wind; and some merry fellow in the crowd roared out the popular couplet, that had passed current in London from the days of the curfew,

"Clerk of the Bow Bell
With the yellow lockes,
For thy late ringing
Thy head shall have knockes:"

and for a time it was repeated by the mob in a chorus so deafening, that had the clerk of the bell been there, he would have been stunned by the noise, though his head might have escaped the threatened knocks. But this was a passing humour only. Intent upon their purpose, they soon returned to their former cries and uproar: the pressure upon the spot where the prisoner lay grew long and fierce; the foremost and most outrageous of the throng demanded him to be given up to them; but the smith and the beggar, whom we noticed at the beginning of the tumult, and who had all along acted a conspicuous part, with some of their fellows, stood stoutly against the rush.

"Fair play!" roared the smith, whirling his hammer.

"Fair play! We can't all have a pull at him, but we may all see him hang," exclaimed the beggar, flourishing his crutch; and preparations were made for the last scene.

Immediately opposite to the fatal circle in which the prisoner lay, was a hostel, distinguished then, as after, by the sign of the Hart on the Hoop. It had a court-yard in front, and the entrance to it was through an arched gate, over which was an iron hoop surmounted by a rudely-carved stag's head. This was pointed out by one of the leaders as a good spot to proceed to execution; the Jew was dragged towards the gate, and the cry was now for a rope.

"Master Cornewaile will have a good sign," quoth one: "where a Jew hangs, Christians will find good cheer."

But mine host thought otherwise. He had witnessed the whole scene from a lattice, and when he perceived the intentions of the mob, descended, in company with a friar who happened to be taking his cup there that evening, or comforting the hostess, or probably doing both, and began to parley with those nearest his gate.

"What, sirs! you will not shed blood on my threshold, and mar the good repute of my house?"

"No blood," growled a fellow who was trying to fling the end of a rope through the hoop,— "no blood, Master Gilbert,—hanging spills no blood; though this dog of a Jew hath spilled honest Linton's;—didst know him?—the draper in Walbrook?"

"By the God above, I did *not* slay him!" exclaimed Reuben, making one last effort: "the man was dead when I found him, and I did but——"

"Ay, ay," answered the man who had failed in his attempt to pass the rope, "who ever heard of a Jew stopping to raise or touch a dead Christian? Plague seize the fellow who brought this shred!—A rope, I say—another rope. Don't stand prating there, Master Gilbert;—look, man, if thou hast a good rope in thy house."

"Thou'lt have no rope from me, Robin Troubletown. An thou wouldst hang the man, get a rope where thou canst. I'll have nought to do with the death of any one."

With this, Gilbert Cornewaile was about to close his gate, when a loud piercing shriek rang wildly from the opposite side of the street, and he stood, the half-closed door in hand. The voice of a female was heard entreating the mob to let her through; and so sudden was this interruption of the horrid work, that, taken by surprise, a road was

made for her across. Rushing wildly towards the victim, she threw herself on her knees beside him, parted the long grey hairs that had straggled over his face, and kissed him with nervous affection.

"Reuben, my father!" she exclaimed, "'tis thy daughter Miriam. Look up, my father, and behold thy child!"

The unfortunate old man, by this time almost insensible to everything, gazed vacantly upon her beaming face, that seemed to look into his very soul. A faint expression lighted up his features for a moment—he had recognised his daughter; but this last sign of intelligence died away,—he uttered a low, faint laugh,—the laugh of incipient idiocy,—and his head dropped heavily on the bosom of his child.

Supporting her father with one arm, Miriam turned towards his persecutors. She was eminently beautiful; her long dark hair, dishevelled by her struggle in the crowd, fell over her shoulders, and her full black eyes were suffused with tears as she begged with hysterical earnestness for mercy to her parent.

"Look you, sirs," she said, "he is my father,—Reuben, the son of Jacob the Rabbi,—and I am his daughter Miriam. You will not kill him!—he is my only parent. No!—I am sure you will not. See, he is an old man!—look at his grey hair! He is merciful, too,—he could not slay a fellow-creature. Do you think this weak, trembling hand," raising her father's arm, "could wield a knife? Oh, no! no! no!—it could not be he: he was ever kind and good! Say now that you will not murder him!—Good people, let me take my father away, and I will pray for you! God hears the prayers of the meanest of his people. Yes, Miriam will pray for and thank you all!" Encouraged by the momentary irresolution that had seized the executioners, she turned again to her father. "Look up, my father,—they will not slay thee!—they pity the sorrow of thy daughter—they will be merciful unto thee and me!"

He gave the same low chuckling laugh, and this time it seemed to mock the hopes and exertions of his child.

A barbarian could not have witnessed this scene unmoved. The chief actors in the business, if not moved, were, to say the least, puzzled by this new impediment to their purpose, and eyed one another in silent indecision. As for Cornewaile, who still kept his place at the gate, he cried like a child: but the distant mob, (who, though they knew the cause of the delay, did not see it, and could not feel the force of the child's appeal for the life of her parent,) and the friends of the murdered man, were not to be appeased but by the sacrifice of his supposed assassin.

"Take away the she devil," said one; "Hang her up with the old one," said the deformed beggar; and Robin Troubletown, who had by this time procured a fresh rope and passed it through the hoop, approached with the smith to put an end to the affair. When the unfortunate girl saw their purpose, she clung convulsively to her father. She spoke not, for her grief was beyond the power of speech; and though her father was forcibly raised up, she still clung to him. But nature could support it no longer: her eyes encountered the fatal rope, that now dangled over his head; and ere the rude hands that would have torn her from all that she loved could effect their purpose, she fell senseless to the ground. A moment sufficed to pass the noose round the neck of the motionless Reuben, who was supported on his legs, and Robin and the smith, lengthening their hold of it, dragged him up.

The body, dreadfully convulsed, ascended but slowly ; more men seized the rope—the head of the victim struck heavily against the iron,—with one pull more, it was across it and the neck broken. Loud cries of exultation hailed the appearance of the body as it swung darkly to and fro. “ To his house,—to Aldgate !” shouted the beggar ;—“ To Aldgate !” said the smith, whirling his hammer, as though he were already forcing a door. “ To Aldgate, to Aldgate !” rang from mouth to mouth. And away rushed the mob to complete their work by destroying the house and property of the murdered Jew.

Miriam still lay on the spot where she fell when her father was torn from her arms. The mob, in their hurry to run off to Aldgate, had taken no further notice of her, and her situation was unheeded by the few people who still lingered near the body. No sooner was the entrance to his house sufficiently cleared, than Gilbert Cornewaile, assisted by his drawers, conveyed the unfortunate girl into his house. “ What though she were a Jewess ?” he kindly said ; “ she was still flesh and blood like himself. She had done bravely in risking her life to save her father, and ’twas a mercy she had not suffered with him. He had a daughter of his own ; but the hussey cared little for her old father, and went gadding about with that scapegrace, Osbert the falconer—hang him ! His dame would look to poor Miriam.”

And where was Bonomye all this time ? From the moment he recognised Reuben, he had viewed the whole proceeding in speechless terror, but it was for his own safety ; and if another thought at any time divided the miser’s attention, it was the remembrance of his lost shekels. The appearance of Miriam at first led him to think that her father might be saved ; but he witnessed the affecting exertions of the child to rescue her miserable parent from death without emotion and without a tear. Gladly did his heart beat when, by the death of Reuben and the retreat of the mob, he was relieved from all apprehension for himself, and saw the road open for his escape. As for the stranger to whom he clung, he maintained throughout the same cold demeanour that had marked him from the first ; and Bonomye, who never for a moment quitted his hold of him, did not perceive that he was in any degree affected by the tragedy. He spoke not, his arm trembled not,—he never changed his place but when the sway of the crowd compelled him,—and altogether had the air of one who contemplated a scene rendered indifferent to him by habit.

No sooner was the road clear, than he resumed his former rapid pace, dragging the still trembling Bonomye along with him. Nor did the Jew bestow a thought upon the situation of Miriam : he was too selfish, too anxious to get away, to waste a moment upon her. The stranger was silent until he reached the bottom of the street ; when he observed,

“ These Londoners are a fierce set, Jew ! Didst know the man they have hanged ? Thou wouldst have spoken, but that I checked thee.”

“ Verily,” said Bonomye, “ I knew him well. We met oft with the changers in Lombard-street, and he owed me monies that I can ill spare.”

“ What ! money again, man ! Hast thou no other thought but of thy gold ? Say, dost think the man was innocent ? He looked not like a night-brawler or cut-throat.”

“ He who knoweth all things only can tell,” replied the Jew. “ I would not answer for any one. ’Tis hard for a poor man to lose that

which it costs so much to get. Two hundred marks," said he, talking to himself, "two hundred, good tale and weight—truly I am a miserable man!"

"Tush, man, with marks! Is it not harder for a guiltless man to lose his life than for a vile miser like thee to lose a few pieces? I warrant me, they did him more good than would ever have come of them in thy hands. Did not the girl beg nobly for her father?—Speak, man!"

"Ay! yes; you speak well. I had forgot; they call her Miriam," said Bonomye, aroused from another reverie on his lost marks. "She is fair to look upon, but methought Reuben lent too much unto her vanities; he was but a poor man. He would oft speak of the craft of the Gentile, and yet lent too ready an ear to every idle tale of want or misery; and he clothed his daughter in costly stuffs, such as are not for the women of our people in these days of sorrow. Mayhap, had he not yielded unto her worldly desires he would not have borrowed my silver: two hundred—'twas but a while since that he bought a goodly string of pearls from Adam of Shoreditch, the goldsmith, for the maiden to bind her hair. Verily, it grieved me to see so many broad pieces cast away, that might have been out at usance, to the profit of her father. If they seize not his goods, those pearls might repay me.—But, stay! will not Master Albert wonder that we tarry so long?"

"Truly, Jew," said the stranger, "thou art a man of stone, and accursed, for thou hast no heart: and as for Albert, he will wait thy coming and mine, though it may be sooner than he would."

"How say you? Did you not tell me that your errand was from him,—that he would speak with me about the monies?"

"'Twere better not to speak so loud," replied his companion. "What I said was to suit my purpose. We will talk more of it on the bridge."

The bridge gate was now before them;—a tall, embattled tower, that cut off all access to the bridge but through the arch in its centre, defended by a portcullis, the grinning teeth of which were visible beneath the groove into which it slid. A lamp, suspended from the roof of the passage, shed a feeble light for a few paces; and beyond all was darkness, save the faint ray that glimmered through the western window of the chapel of St. Thomas on the centre of the bridge, proceeding from the taper that burned before the altar. The place was dismal, gloomy, and cold, for the wind swept keenly across the bridge, and Bonomye, whose fears were once more awakened by the last speech of the stranger, thought the sharpness of the blast was beyond anything he had ever felt. The water, which could not be discerned for the fog, rippled heavily against the starlings, and a heavy mist was still falling. The Jew could not help thinking that his companion, who now turned into one of the angular projections of the platform, a few yards from the chapel, had chosen a very uncomfortable spot to converse in: he pulled his gaberdine closer around him, and inquired, with a shiver, if they had not better stand more under the shelter of the chapel side.

"No; some of the dotards may be at their prayers and overhear us," said the stranger. "If thou art cold, man, take my cloak; I need it not."

Bonomye did not refuse this offer, and, muffled in its ample folds, with his back turned to the wind, he waited for his companion to begin the conversation.

"You owe Boccanigro and his friends twelve thousand marks, Jew,—so I heard from his own lips this morning,—and you know not how to repay them: is it so?"

"Most true; but I thought I was to speak with Master Albert himself thereupon, or I——"

"—Would not have left home," answered his companion with a laugh. "I give thee credit, Jew; but with Albert you cannot treat, and you must answer me!"

"Doubtless I can repay him, if Master Nicholas de Basing——"

"Do all thy hopes rest on 'ifs,' man? Why, then, to end them, I tell thee, Basing will not—nay, cannot help thee; that thou hast no one to trust in but me!"

"Friend," said Bonomye, summoning up resolution, "you speak as knowing all things. I do not despair of Master Basing; but—but, if you can stand me in his stead, I may not refuse to treat with you. Albeit, know you not——"

"You must treat with me, whatever my terms may be, if you would save yourself," said the stranger, with the same sneering laugh. "Albert has thy bond in his keeping: what wouldst thou risk to obtain possession of it, and the means to satisfy the king?"

Bonomye, more and more startled at the extent of his companion's knowledge and the tenor of his conversation, was silent.

"I would have thy answer, Jew."

"Though to regain my bond would serve me much, I see not how it may be done honestly," added Bonomye, pausing.

"Does Bonomye, the usurer, talk of honesty?" remarked the stranger, with the laugh that the Jew disliked so much. "Does he think he has any character to lose? Why, man, couldst thou hear what folks say of thee,—and something thou must have heard,—thy speech would not be of honesty. They who know thee curse thee; and they who do not, when they hear others tell of thy ways, curse too, and wonder that one so vile has lived so long.—Honesty, forsooth! Ha! ha!"

"Friend, I know not what you would have me do. I like not your speech; it savours of temptation."

"Well then, Jew, if thou art so dull, keep thy honesty, and thy charity too,—for thou hast as much of the one as of the other. But, when the foreigner asks his monies of thee, and thou hast not wherewith to pay him, and the Royal leech would suck thee too; when thy tale of poverty is derided; when the tormentor is agonising thy vile body, and a horrid death stares thee in the face; try if thy honesty can soothe pain, or make death less terrible. And if thou shouldst yet live, but in want, what will it do for thee? Men will say as thou crawlest along the street, 'See, that is Bonomye; he that was the rich, the hard-hearted usurer, who knew no pity: is he not justly served?' and they will spit on thee, and thy honesty."

The stranger had now renewed in Bonomye all his former fears, and brought to his recollection all the thoughts that had agitated him in the morning. He stood trembling and irresolute. He felt there was some sinister meaning beneath his companion's words. He had a presentiment of evil, and would have fled from it had he known how. But there was the man standing darkly before him like some malignant spirit, and the Jew fancied he could see his eyes flash through the darkness. Below them the river flowed sullenly along: he was but a

weak man, the stranger strong and active,—the parapet low,—one push would send him over. Bonomye could see no hope of escape. And then his gold; how was he to be saved from misery? It was a terrible moment for the Jew. Great was the mental struggle; despite the cold and rain, the perspiration stood on his brow, his teeth chattered, and his whole frame was shaken. He revolved again and again the circumstances in which he was placed, and "Alas!" saith the Chronicle, "the small remains of honesty and good intent were dispersed by the love of Mammon." Bonomye inquired faintly what the stranger would have him do.

"Hark you: Albert is mine enemy; he is your creditor; I would have revenge, you your bond, and," bending his head till the words fell on Bonomye's ear in a low whisper, "he must die, and that this night."

Bonomye, whose agitation had subsided into that species of desperate resolution which looks not to consequences, and is always greater in proportion to the indecision that precedes it, listened to this proposition without a shudder: he could scarcely believe that he was himself—the same man who, a few moments before, had trembled at mere insinuations. However, he did not reply.

"Has Bonomye's virtue conquered his love of gold and life?" inquired the stranger with a sneer.

"Can we escape without suspicion?"

"I will conduct thee back to thy dwelling."

* * * *

The next morning, Albert de Boccanigro was found murdered in his house in Southwark. By his side was Bonomye, the Jew: in one hand he still held the knife with which he had effected the deed; the other grasped his bond, which he had taken from Albert's chest, that lay open on the floor: and there were several bags of money near him, prepared for removal.

He sat in a state of stupor, with his eyes fixed on the corpse of the merchant; and when seized and interrogated respecting the matter, he laughed wildly, and could utter nothing but "Sathan, Sathan!"

The story coming to the king's ears, he sent brother Simon of St. Sepulchre's, a very holy man, to visit the Jew in Newgate, whose pious prayers had the effect of restoring him to sense; when he made known unto the friar the history of his connexion with the stranger,—how he had yielded to temptation, and that, having by his means entered Albert's house, he stabbed him. No sooner had he done so, than his companion discovered himself to be the devil; mocked him, upbraided him with his hard-heartedness; reminded him of his insensibility to the fate of Reuben and his daughter; told him that his iniquities had delivered him into his power; imprinted the mark of his finger on his forehead, where a dark black spot was still visible, and disappeared he knew not how: that he had found himself unable to leave the house, or even to quit the body, by which he sat until found there in the morning.

The Jew, upon this, being brought before the king, "with whom," says the Chronicle, "were many bishops and noble men of the realm, did there relate the same tale unto all present, who heard it with much amaze and wonderment, acknowledging the wisdom and judgment of God made evident therein. And, after a few days, the said Bonomye breathed forth his wicked soul amid inexpressible torments."

The omission of the Chronicler in not informing us of the manner of the Jew's death is luckily supplied by an entry on the Fine Roll of the 48th year of Henry the Third, membrane 7, the translation of which is as follows :—

“ William de Walworth has made a fine with the Lord the King, by fifty marks, to have the house and tenement in Milk-street, London, which was formerly the property of Bonomye, the son of Cresse the Jew, but now in the king's hands, as his escheat, by reason of the felony of the said Bonomye, who, at the instigation of the devil, did lately slay Albert the Lombard, in Southwark, for which the said Bonomye was burned in the Cheap. And the King's Escheator in London is commanded to give the same William possession of the said house and tenement.”

A TRUE HISTORY OF THE CELEBRATED WEDGEWOOD HIEROGLYPH, COMMONLY CALLED THE WILLOW PATTERN.

BY MARK LEMON.

WITH A PLATE.

IN the reign of the Emperor Fo (who was nearly as long as his name), the great philosopher Fum, by the introduction of the doctrine of metempsychosis, had set nearly all the pigtailed in the Celestial Empire “bolt upright,”—Nature having devised this form of expression for a surprised Chinese. Never was astonishment so general. Wherever you turned,

“ Some graceful pigtail pointed to the skies.”

It was only to be equalled by the delight occasioned by the new doctrine. Death was now no longer a thing of terrors ; but every child of the sun looked forward with joyous anticipation to the time when he should

“ Soar the air, or swim the deep,
Or o'er the sephalica creep.”

The fear was not that they *must* die, but that they *might not*. So anxious, indeed, were many for this transmigration, that, anticipating death, they insisted upon being something else.

Sing-sing, principal tenor to the emperor, fell from the shingled roof of his dwelling, and, becoming impaled on the point of his tail, conceived himself a humming-bird, and would not be quieted. Ti-di, the greatest dandy inside of the greatest wall in the universe, strutted down the principal street of Fou-loo with a water-melon on his apex, which some mischievous urchin had attached to it during his siesta. Ti-di was always so occupied with thoughts of himself, that at any time the sayings and doings of the rest of the world never gave him the least concern. It is therefore not much to be wondered at, that when his brain was being bandied about between self-love and the new doctrine, the jokes and gibes of the laughing people of Fou-loo should have been for a long time unregarded. When he did perceive their merriment, and the cause thereof, he neither

fainted, nor swore, nor ran away, nor did anything else that a Christian fool would have done. No: he was satisfied that he had died without being aware of it, and was now a cockatoo of the first feather. Under this impression, he presented himself to the emperor, and it was not until the bamboo had been liberally awarded that he was convinced that he had feet, and not talons. Si-long, a fulsome flatterer, discovered that he was a creeping thing; Tri-tri, an old courtesan, became a spider; and Nic-quic, a lawyer, was converted into a vulture by the force of imagination, and a devout belief in the new doctrine.

Such was the state of things in the Celestial Empire of the mighty Fo, produced by the eloquence of the philosopher Fum, when our "true history" begins.

[Gentle reader,* ring the bell, and desire John to bring you a "*willow pattern plate*." John has obeyed you, and, with your permission, we will now proceed.]

On the banks of the beautiful lake Flo-slo (see *plate*) stood the out-of-town residence of Chou-chu, a wealthy dealer in areca-nuts and betel.—I had written thus far, when, conscious of my own inability to do justice to this part of my narrative, I procured the assistance of a friend. I trust the style will betray the author, for his modesty would not allow me to publish his name. He writes thus:

" THIS SINGULARLY ELIGIBLE PROPERTY,
which was for a lengthened period
THE ADMIR'D ABODE OF CHOU-CHU, vendor of areca-nuts and betel,
stands on the margin of that

LOVELY LAKE, — THE SLO-FLO,
which, from its waters, colourless and pale as the

LOTUS
which floats upon them, might be called

A GALAXY, OR MILKY-WAY:
a particular desideratum in this land of tea.

The residence itself is of an extraordinary character,
being TWO STORIES HIGH, with a

PORTICO
of lofty pretensions, the ascent to which is by a flight of steps
of the most curious

ZIG-ZAG
construction. A bow-window, admirably situated
for FISHING, BATHING, OR SUICIDE,
overhangs the lake. The arrangement of the grounds has

" TASK'D THE INGENUITY OF MAN" (*Sophocles*).

The principal walk is intersected by an

" IN AND OUT" FENCE,

for which no reason can at present be given; but an inquiring mind must derive enjoyment from the pursuit of the discovery of its utility. The trees and shrubs are RARE and valuable. The PUD-DING-TREE of Linnæus overhangs the house (see *plate*): an invaluable acquisition to a purchaser with A LARGE FAMILY OF SMALL CHILDREN, as that delicious compound will be always READY for the

* The humour (if any) of this sketch will be better understood if the above requisition be complied with.

table. Nor is this the only advantage to the married man. Immediately in front, and in close proximity to the NURSERY window, grows the BETULA, or BIRCH, whose usefulness needs no commendation from the humble individual who pens this feeble announcement. Among some artificial ROCKS, AS GOOD AS REAL, are two rich specimens of the PYROTECHNIC ARBOR, or the natural Catherine-wheel and fiz-gig (see *plate*), so celebrated in all books on the ART OF MAKING FIREWORKS, in the manufacture of which the Chinese so pre-eminently excel. The residence is connected by a BRIDGE with the domain. There is

ALSO

a peculiarity about this property unattainable by any other: ITS PRUSSIAN-BLUE COMPLEXION!—an advantage which may not at first strike the casual observer, but which to the deeply thoughtful presents an opportunity *never* to be met with; for, by a moderate admixture of gamboge, it might be made a second

YUEU-MIN-YUEU, OR GARDEN OF PERPETUAL VERDURE.

This brief statement must convey but a very vague idea of this elysium; and there is one feature which it would be presumptuous to describe,—a feature which has given it celebrity as undying as that of the STAFFORDSHIRE POTTERIES:

This feature is its
WILLOW!!! (See *plate*.)

‘The force of language can no farther go.’

“Cards to view, &c.”

Now put this in the past tense, and you have a faint picture of the out-of-town residence of Chou-chu, vender of areca-nuts and betel, in the reigns of the Emperor Fo and the Philosopher Fum.

Chou-chu, in addition to his other desirable commodities, had a daughter “passing fayre,” *i. e.* particularly fat, for Chinamen love by weight and measure. She was a *perfect* beauty, resembling a feather-bed *without* a string round the middle,—a celestial globe,—literally a whole domestic circle in herself. So much loveliness necessarily produced a multitude of sighing swains, and Chou-chu had serious thoughts of abandoning the nut and betel business, and existing entirely on the munificent presents to his magnificent daughter.

Si-so (for that was the given name of Miss Chou-chu) had, like other beauties, some very preposterous ideas, and one of them was a supposition that she knew better than her excellent papa the man who was most likely to suit her for a husband. Under this impression, she might have been nightly seen watching, like another Hero, the progress of a celestial Leander (in a boat) across the Slo-flo. As the bark drew near the shore, the night-wind bore the indistinct *bang-wang* of a guitar. Delicious instrument! especially as constructed in China. Three strings tightly strained over a full-blown bladder attached to a cane, constitute this romantic appendage to the serenaders of the Celestial Empire. Ting-a-ting (Si-so’s Leander) was one of the sweetest minstrels in Fou-loo; but being profoundly ignorant of those straight-tailed commas by which sound is made visible, I cannot convey to you the melody to which the following stanza was originally sung. The thoughts are beautifully expressed in the original, but, as is generally the case, have suffered much in the translation.

CE-RA-NA-DE.

(Original.)

"O-re ye-wi-te Slo-flo
 Ic om-to mi Si-so
 Sha min-ye ni-tin-ga le-s-ong-in ye-gro-fe
 Op-in ye-lat-ti-ce
 He-re me-o Tha-tis
 I-fu-ra wa-kei-f no-twa-ken mi-lofe."

(Translation.)

"O'er the white Slo-flo
 I come to my Si-so,
 Shaming the nightingale's song in the grove.
 Open the lattice,
 Hear me—oh! that is,
 If you 're awake: if not, waken, my love."

Such was the nightly song of Ting-a-ting!—a fitting prelude to that delightful interchange of soul that followed, rendered doubly delightful by the knowledge that it was the forbidden fruit of their young loves.

"The course of true love never did run smooth"

in Europe; and in Asia it has the same disposition to vagaries. These hours of deep delight could not last for ever. One night Chou-chu had the cholic, and could not sleep. He rolled over and over on his bed, in the vain hope of finding a resting-place. At length, exhausted by pain, he dozed; when the dulcet notes of Ting-a-ting's kitar roused him. The lattice of Si-so's chamber wanted oil, and as the fond girl obeyed the injunction of her lover, it squeaked. Chou-chu described an angle, that is, he sat upright in his bed. Something was thrown from above to somebody below. Smack! smack!—somebody was kissing the something. It was a bunch of green-tea sprigs* thrown down by Si-so, to show that she was awake. A slight rustling against the wall assured Chou-chu that *above* was receiving a reply from *below*. It was the branch of an ice-plant drawn up by a thread, by which Si-so learned that her lover was very cold. The reply was a capsicum, implying that extremes meet, for Si-so was very hot with apprehension, for she fancied that she heard the shuffling of her father's slippers. It was but the pattering of the rain on the shingles. Ting-a-ting put up his umbrella,—spatter, spatter! Chou-chu was convinced that all was not right. Another twinge of the cholic aroused the spirit of inquiry within him. He arose, and tied his tail in a knot, that the rustle of its pendulations on his brocaded gown should not be heard, and with cautious and noiseless steps proceeded to the chamber of his daughter. His hand was on the bobbin which raised the latch, when a report like infant thunder made him start back in terror. The rain had then rendered the planks of Ting-a-ting's boat as slippery as glass, and he had fallen on the bladder of his kitar. In a moment Chou-chu's disorder changed its character: he became choleric, and rushing into the room, he saw— But, like the modest painter of Greece, let me draw a veil over this part of the picture.

* In the East, flowers, &c. are often pressed into the service of the immortal little boy Love, and form a language "sweet as the thoughts they tell."

Time passed, and Chou-chu, wisely considering that to find Si-so a husband would release him from the care of looking after her, had selected one from among the richest of her suitors. But Chou-chu was mortal, and his hopes were vain; for Love, ever rich in expedients, had conducted Ting-a-ting within hearing of the eloquence of Fum and the new doctrine. His tail was exalted, and he became a Fumite. In the disguise of a pipe-merchant, he had obtained an interview with his beloved Si-so; and having found an opportunity to dilate upon the pleasures of transmigration, he had the gratification of seeing the two little curls on each side of her head break from their gummy bondage, and yield spiral evidence of her conversion to Fumism.

The happy day (as a bridal-day is facetiously called) at length arrived, and all, except the bride, prepared for the pleasing ceremony, when, lo! the presumptuous Ting-a-ting made his appearance. The bridegroom elect turned yellow, Chou-chu fluctuated between that colour and green, and the rest of the Celestials present looked as though they had taken the benefit of the act, and had been whitewashed. Ere any could find words to express their indignation at this intrusion, Si-so had rushed towards her lover, who, kneeling, transfixed her with his tail, and "buried a dagger in his own heart." Amazement for a while blinded the spectators, and when they did recover their perceptive faculties, the bodies of Si-so and Ting-a-ting had disappeared; but perched upon the sill of the window were two doves of extraordinary dimensions.

Chou-chu fled in consternation, followed by the bridegroom and his father (see *plate*). Fumism had proved the divinity of its origin; for the faithful pair had been transformed into those emblems of love and gentleness which have so long occupied such a conspicuous position in the celebrated Wedgewood hieroglyph, commonly called "The Willow Pattern." (See *plate*.)

CUPID AND THE ROSE.

WHITHER, lonely boy of love,
Art thou wandering like a dove,
Seeking in each grove and dell
Some fair form on which to dwell?
Hither hie, and fondly sip
A parting dew-drop from my lip,
Lingering in my morning cup,
Ere saucy Phœbus drink it up.

Too thirsty me!—this dew of thine,
Sweet Rose, is most delicious wine;
So sparkling ripe, so freely given,
Vintage of morning's rosy heaven.
Ah me! would such but flow for ever,
I'd leave thee—Leave thee, love? Oh, never!
As it is, the vessel's empty,—
I'm off—good-b'ye—I've had a plenty

THE THREE SISTERS.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

I WAS at Berne on a very particular occasion — a very particular one indeed, so that I cannot help remembering it. What object other than most travellers in Switzerland have, do you suppose led me there? To see the view from the terrace? No! To save you the trouble of any more guesses, I will at once come to the point, and say, that I went to the capital of the Canton to—be married. As the car drew up to the door of the minister—I do not mean the divine,—I found before it a vast crowd of the citizens, who, with shouts and hisses, were dragging along two persons, both young, and one very handsome—a boy and girl, I might almost call them; I tell you no fiction,—to be yoked together, whether they would or not. Your astonishment will be still greater when you hear that they were our compatriots. There is something about English people that cannot be mistaken; it is not the costume, though that is something, but they are a finer race, an improved stock, improved as all the animal world has been with us, either by climate or crossing the breed. Ask the foreigners what they think of our women; they, at least, are impartial judges. A Florentine of my acquaintance, on his return from England to his native city, was asked his opinion of them as compared with his own countrywomen, and he answered, “The same difference as exists between a lady and a *paysanne*, hot-house grapes and our coarsest rough ones.” He was a man of taste.

The delicate young girl who, with downcast eyes and blushing cheek, was pressed along by the crowd, seemed a living exemplification of the Florentine’s remark. Don’t be afraid that I am going to describe her; nothing is more difficult to define than beauty—it must be felt. It certainly set my imagination at work,—that is to say, I wondered what this strange scene could mean. We were shown into a room, till the ceremony—the wedding—was concluded; and then came our turn. After the conclusion of that formidable affair, I was not a little curious to be informed in what all this popular clamour I had witnessed had originated, and the representative of our sovereign told me the following story; a romance of real life.

“About three months since,” said the minister, “there came to settle at this capital, three sisters, orphans. I had often observed them in my walks, and, on inquiry, learnt that they were, or passed for, the natural daughters of one of our royal dukes. So beautiful were they, and yet all differing in beauty, that they might almost have sat to Canova for the Graces. Like his, though he has somewhat violated the mythology of the Greeks and classical authority by modelling them of unequal heights, these sisters three were so unlike in stature and physiognomy, that no one could have guessed their relationship.

“Adelaide was by several years the eldest. Her figure, tall and commanding, and of perfect symmetry, exemplified the expression of Virgil, *Incedit Regina*. There was a pride, a haughtiness, in her look, in her step, in her every gesture, that bespoke her origin; a sense, too, of superiority of intellect, if not of beauty, that raised her above the crowd. She was a brunette, and the paleness of her

cheek and clearness of her complexion reminded me of an Italian: these she inherited, I have understood, from her mother, who was of that nation. Her dark hair, which hung in long ringlets down to her shoulder, set off to advantage her eyes, that through their long lashes darted glances of fire. To my taste, she was, however, rather made to admire than love, and I should doubt whether so tender a passion had ever entered her bosom.—Not so her sisters. The second, Eugenia, was half a head shorter than Adelaide: it was the lovely creature who has just excited your curiosity and interest. You will have perceived that she is not unlike the pictures of the Princess Charlotte, as I remember to have seen her, a year before her marriage: the same regularity of features and cast of countenance, the same fullness of the eye even to the colour, was observable in both. You might have remarked, as she walked, her hands and feet, which were *mignonne* to a degree.—The third was still less than the other two; she was what the Tuscans call *piccina*, a diminutive that expresses endearment. She seemed made to be *luloy'd*.

“They came to Berne without any introductions; and it was interesting to see three girls, the eldest not twenty-three, entirely without protection in a foreign land. I was not the only one of our countrymen, as you shall hear, who observed and admired them.

“Among their adorers was one almost a boy, and neither remarkable for his appearance, his family, or his acquirements. His name—but no matter, perhaps it would be as well to omit it. For some days he was their shadow; he crossed their path, he haunted them in their walks, he placed himself at the corner of the street, and watched, by the hour, the windows of their apartment, in the hope of getting a glimpse of Eugenia, the lady of his love, or rather passion.

“We know what girls of eighteen are who have not seen much of the world or of mankind, especially such as have never had an attachment. How natural is it for one who thinks herself loved, to love in return! and how soon at that age does she learn to read through the glance of the eye, the heart!—I shall say nothing of sympathy. Mine is a plain unvarnished narrative, though it is somewhat a new version of the *Nouvelle Héloïse*,—I speak of the first volume,—and perhaps the hero of this tale had read that dangerous work—perhaps his letters were copies of ‘those thoughts that glow and words that burn;’ at all events, he profited by St. Preux’s lessons. And she—poor Julia!—But I have not the materials for tracing the progress of his acquaintance with this lovely and innocent girl, or by what course of seduction he practised on her young imagination.

“There is something in the air of Switzerland, in the primitive manners of its people, in the freedom of intercourse among its inhabitants, that places society on an easier footing there, than in any other part of the Continent. In traversing that country, in meeting at the same inns, in crossing the same mountain passes, travellers soon become, if not intimate, at least well acquainted, and shake off the *morgue* and *hauteur* which is peculiar to us islanders. In the course of the summer, the three Graces made an excursion to Interlaken, and of course our inamorato, like a Nymphalept, followed their steps. At Thun they embarked in the same boat, and on reaching Unterseen went to the same *pension*.

“What a delicious green valley is that which lies between the two lakes, (with the bright blue Aar running through it and connecting them,)—its magnificent walnut-trees, and cottages that so well harmonize with that scene of surpassing beauty! And then the Ranz des Vaches, those wild and natural airs so admirably sung, so effective when harmonized to the clear and silver voices of the peasant-girls in their picturesque costumes, to complete the enchantment. If any spot on earth could awaken in young hearts the sacred flame of love, it would be there:—sacred I call it, for it gives birth to the best, and noblest, and most religious feelings in virtuous minds. Alas! such was not that of the young man of whom I speak.

“In the character of Adelaide, mingled none of the tenderer feelings that might have endeared her to her sisters. She was insensible to all the weaknesses of her sex, and begat none of that confidence or openness of heart that might have made her a fit guardian, and friend, and protectress of her sisters. They rather feared and admired, than loved her; there was none of the tenderness of affection in their intercourse, and having brought them up from children, she continued to treat them as such, though they were grown into womanhood.

“It was this coldness and reserve that proved so fatal to both.

“Proud in her own virtue, she not even for a moment harboured a thought that that of her sisters could be endangered, and was blind to those attentions which the facility of being under the same roof, of meeting at the same table, and joining in the same walks, enabled the cold and calculating seducer to pay to Eugenia.

“They extended their tour to Lauterbrunnen, and crossed together the Wengern Alp. What opportunities for carrying his nefarious scheme into effect!

“It is scarcely more than a week or ten days since the party returned from their excursion.

“Adelaide had very soon sounded the depth, or rather shallowness, of this young man's understanding. She found him empty and vain, and, to her mind, in every way unprepossessing, and was little aware that her sister's young affections were deeply and irrevocably engaged. Perhaps he wore a mask before her, and was constantly on his guard not to betray his feelings. Such duplicity in one so young may astonish, but he was quite capable of practising these arts. Even had he expressed his admiration of Eugenia without disguise, instead of encouraging his addresses, she would have spurned them, and thought it the extreme of arrogance in him to have aspired to an alliance with her family. It was only, therefore, by stealth that the lovers met; for Adelaide never admitted him into her house, and greeted him with cold formality: yet meet they did. It was in one of these stolen interviews that he painted, doubtless in the most glowing colours, the delights of mutual affection in some Alpine solitude, where, the world ‘forgetting and forgot,’ they could love and live for each other; a vision so fascinating, so apt to act like a spell upon a young, a trusting, and unsophisticated heart. Perhaps she never rendered it necessary for him to dilate on the futility of those ties that the world recognises; she knew her sister's sentiments too well to venture on confiding to her the secret that had long been the companion of her bosom,—she feared to lose forever the object of her tenderest regard; and in an evil hour,

thoughtless of the consequences, blinded by passion, and thinking no sacrifice too great to show the excess of her devotion, she threw herself into his arms, and confided her destiny to his care.

"Leaving the unfortunate girl and her guilty paramour to pursue their journey to Lausanne, I now arrive at a more serious act of this drama.

"I have given you some idea of the character of Adelaide, but the darker side is yet undepicted.

"Morning brought with it the revelation of the fugitive's elopement;—the unslept-in bed—the vacant chamber—the half-unclosed door, through which, with steps that left no echo, she had fled at the hour of midnight. The recollection, now too late, of many circumstances, slight in themselves, yet which, put together, became conclusive evidence,—but, above all, letters which, in her haste and preoccupation of mind, Eugenia had left behind,—were convictions 'clear as Holy Writ' of a sister's ruin, and her own disgrace and shame.

"The last scene of the tragedy is now to come. And here we find it difficult to reconcile the firmness of Adelaide's first resolve, with the weakness that she exhibited in its execution.

"It is melancholy to reflect that she had no friend whom she could consult, and her pride revolted against betraying to a stranger the event that had taken place. The idea of bringing the offender to justice never occurred to her mind: the irrevocable deed was done, the stain upon her honour could not be wiped out, her sister's wrongs admitted of no reparation;—a consciousness, too, that part of the blame recoiled on herself, that she had neglected those precautions which, as a guardian and protectress, she ought to have adopted; and, perhaps, a feeling that she had alienated and estranged Eugenia's affections—that her coldness and reserve had prevented that *épanchement de cœur*, which, through the medium of the affections, might have prevented the fatal occurrence;—all these considerations tortured her soul to frenzy. She had no religion to call to her aid; and on the evening of that day of agony, she resolved on—self-destruction. But that resolve, however criminal in itself, was rendered doubly so. Horrible to say, by her persuading, or rather commanding,—for every word of hers *was* a command,—her sister Agnes, the most perfect angel ever shrined in a human form, so innocent, so young, so full of the enjoyment of life, so capable of bestowing happiness on others, was wrought upon to involve herself in the same fate! No stronger proof can be wanting to show the power this cold and selfish woman had acquired, than the acquiescence of this amiable child in that most cruel resolution. Who can tell by what threats if entreaties failed, by what arguments, by what sophisms, she overcame that natural reluctance the little creature must have felt to part with her 'dear anxious being,'—to quit a world just opening to her with all its delights? The mind sickens at the thought of the horror with which she must have contemplated the grave; and her fortitude, too,—such fortitude, and such gentleness! The sublimity of human nature could go no further.

"The dreadful hour fixed for the perpetration of this deed without name had arrived. Hand in hand, these sisters—sisters but in name, were seen to tread the path that led to the Aar. The river, blue as that of the Rhone at Geneva, rushes with great im-

petuosity in a continuation of falls for some miles below the town ; so clear is it, that its treacherous depth reveals every pebble, and makes it appear shallow to an unaccustomed eye. The spot to which this infatuated woman conducted Agnes was fringed with alders, under whose shade, for it was their almost daily walk, they had often sat and sketched. Among their other accomplishments, in this they particularly excelled.

"No eye but one and His above, witnessed the dreadful act I am about to relate : that one was Adelaide's.

"It is impossible to know whether the child on whose untimely fate many a tear has been shed—and I have myself wept like a child—voluntarily threw herself into the torrent, or whether, as some suppose, she was pushed off the bank ; but it is an extraordinary circumstance, and may well excite doubt and suspicion, that she who counselled the crime should not have set the example, or, at least, plunged with her sister into the stream. Certain, however, it is, that after she had seen Agnes sink to rise no more, whether the sight of her struggles with the merciless element, or the sound of her screams which brought a peasant to the spot, unnerved her mind, or the dread of death, on the eve of rushing into its arms, overcame her resolution, she was found by the *paysan*, staring with a stupid and vacant insensibility on the gulf. In this state she was led to her house, and a few hours after, the lifeless corpse of her unhappy victim was consigned to its last home.

"What must the pangs of death in all its bitterness be, compared to the torments of the soul this fiend in human shape must be enduring !

"The fury of the populace was so great, that it was unsafe for her to remain in Berne ; and, after her sister's funeral, she set out for Rome, where, being a Catholic, it is her intention to enter into one of the strictest convents and to take the veil. Let us hope that, by true penitence and deep contrition for her sin, she may make her peace with God !"

* * * * *

"But," said I after a pause, and when I had somewhat recovered from the emotion which this tragic story excited, "we are not yet arrived at the cause of all the disturbance that delayed my marriage. It is a melancholy story to tell on such an occasion, and may well throw a cloud over the day : I cannot help considering it a bad omen of my own future happiness."

"I am no believer in presentiments," remarked the minister. "As to the tale, I have little to add. After an absence of a very few days, the heartless villain who was the cause of this domestic tragedy brought back his bride, meaning to have returned her to her sisters—to have abandoned her to her shame. He had rifled the flower of its sweets, and then would have cast it like a worthless weed away. But his arrival in the town was no sooner known, than the good people of the place immediately surrounded the hotel, and dragged him through the streets to the Embassy ; when a dread to meet the face of the virtuous inhabitants of Berne, without doing justice to Eugenia, a sense of shame, and my just reproaches and re-commendation, caused him with an ill grace to lead her to the altar."

POETICAL EPISTLE FROM FATHER PROUT TO BOZ.

A RHYME ! a rhyme ! from a distant clime,—from the gulph of the Genoese :
O'er the rugged scalps of the Julian Alps, dear Boz ! I send you these,
To light the *Wick* your candlestick holds up, or, should you list,
To usher in the yarn you spin concerning Oliver Twist.

Immense applause you 've gained, oh, Boz ! through continental Europe ;
You 'll make Pickwick *œcumenick* ;* of fame you have a sure hope :
For here your books are found, gadzooks ! in greater *luxé* than any
That have issued yet, hotpress'd or wet, from the types of GALIGNANI.

But neither when you sport your pen, oh, potent mirth-compeller !
Winning our hearts "in mouthly parts," can Pickwick or Sam Weller
Cause us to weep with pathos deep, or shake with laugh spasmodical,
As when you drain your copious vein for Bentley's periodical.

Folks all enjoy your Parish Boy,—so truly you depict him ;
But I, alack ! while thus you track your stunted poor-law's victim,
Must think of some poor nearer home,—poor who, unheeded, perish,
By squires despoiled, by "patriots" gulled,—I mean the starving Irish.

Yet there's no dearth of Irish mirth, which, to a mind of feeling,
Seemeth to be the Helot's glee before the Spartan reeling :
Such gloomy thought o'ercometh not the glow of England's humour,
Thrice happy isle ! long may the smile of genuine joy illumine her !

Write on, young sage ! still o'er the page pour forth the flood of fancy ;
Wax still more droll, wave o'er the soul Wit's wand of necromancy.
Behold ! e'en now around your brow th' immortal laurel thickens ;
Yea, SWIFT or SILVER might gladly learn a thing or two from DICKENS.

A rhyme ! a rhyme ! from a distant clime,—a song from the sunny south !
A goodly theme, so Boz but deem the measure not uncouth.
Would, for thy sake, that "PROUT" could make his bow in fashion finer,
"*Partant*" (from thee) "*pour la Syrie*," for Greece and Asia Minor.

Genoa, 14th December 1837.

* *ειδωλον της γης οικουμενης.*

"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL!"

(NOT SHAKSPEARE'S!)

BY JOYCE JOCUND.

"I AM quite worn out, and worried to death! My existence is one unvaried course of bad luck—nothing prospers with me!"

These words, so expressive of discontent, were addressed by Richard Briggs to his bosom-friend Jack Somers, during a stroll through their native village, while waiting the arrival of the stage which was to convey Jack to London. No persons could be more dissimilar than the two friends; Briggs all dissatisfaction and complaint, Somers ever good-humoured and contented. The former, somewhat envious of his friend's "better luck," as he termed it, often remarked that Jack had not been born with merely "a silver spoon in his mouth," but rather a "whole service of plate;" while, for his part, he certainly had inherited considerably more than a fair average of miseries, which would have been otherwise, had Dame Nature, or Fate, at his birth but condescended to a more equitable division of this life's troubles, and not heaped half-a-dozen people's ills upon his unoffending existence. Notwithstanding such opposite temperaments, Jack Somers and Richard Briggs had become inseparables: they hunted, shot, fished, rode, and walked together. Both possessing a competency, they might have been equally happy; but, while Somers looked at the bright side, poor Dick viewed the world as some folks gaze at the sun, through a darkened glass, and beheld all his pleasures in—eclipse. Yet they were seldom apart, and the constant association of these adverse dispositions gained for them the title of "Pleasure and Pain."

"I am heartily sick of it," resumed Briggs, looking as dull as a churchyard in a fog, and twice as miserable. "I repeat, that I am truly and heartily disgusted!"

"Patience, my dear fellow!" said his companion: "Time brings all things round."

"Does he?" replied Briggs: "then I wish he would bring all things *square*, for matters have assumed most perplexing shapes lately."

"When they come to the worst," observed Somers, "the old proverb declares that they will mend."

"Nonsense!" grumbled Dick: "they cannot *come to the worst*; they are, always were, and they ever will be at the worst. I am superlatively unlucky beyond all comparison. Even in the minor amusements of life there are no exceptions. If I fish, I never get a bite, or I break my tackle. Now, you are proverbially fortunate: all the heavy fish seize your bait, all the birds get up on your side the covey; when, if a chance-shot comes within my range, my gun never *misses*—to flash in the pan! Then, are you not constantly in at the death, while I cannot so much as keep up with the hounds?"

"Fie, Dick!" replied Somers; "this last instance should be a subject of congratulation, as it prevents you—'going to the dogs!'"

"'Tis beyond a joke," observed Dick. "Do I know what a day's pleasure is? Was not the steamer in flames on my last trip to Graveyard? and did not the coach upset when I returned? Who ever heard of any accident occurring to you?"

"I have escaped thus far, certainly, and that without any pretensions to 'setting the THAMES on fire;' while you positively had a 'hand in the MEDWAY!'"

"Of all things I hate an ill-timed jest," said Dick, becoming more angry as he continued to dwell on his fancied evil fortunes. "Domestic affairs afford me no relief: I cannot rear any poultry; my pigs *won't* get fat; in the garden nothing seems to flourish. I am a sort of walking mildew, a peripatetic pestilence. Who ever saw a single plant from seed of my sowing? If I water a rose-bush, the plant withers. Now, I feel convinced that if you were to stare over the hedge of a fallow field, the next morning would behold a waving crop of corn."

"My dear Dick!" remonstrated Somers, "by the aid of a little method——"

"Stuff!" exclaimed Dick. "Admitting that I may be deficient in method in these matters, let us proceed to more important affairs. Did not the mail break down, and was not the letter delayed that should have summoned me to the death-bed of my uncle, from whom I had good expectations; and did he not cut me off with a shilling for supposed indifference? And did he not leave his money to some specious, artful hussy, who gained his affections?"

"Not to say his good-WILL!" interrupted Jack. "However, had the letter arrived in time, of your uncle's favourable intentions you could not be assured."

"Assured! no," sighed Briggs; "nor was my cottage when set on fire by lightning."

"That was an evident want of prudence and foresight on your part," said Somers.

"Want of foresight! I give you joy of that remark," replied Dick. "Who could have foreseen that Topps and Lopps's bank would have suspended payment the day after I had paid in three hundred pounds?—But any connexion with me is sure to be attended with fatal consequences. Was I not eight months boring my eyes and brains out, and scribbling my fingers off, before the editor of the County Magazine thought fit to accept an article for the ensuing number? I worked myself into a perfect fever."

"Typhus, no doubt," said Jack. "And the ultimate fate of this baby of your brain?"

"Was most melancholy! it never appeared, for the magazine *died* without *issue*!" and here Dick looked as wretched as the joke he had just attempted.

"That was playing your cards badly," observed Somers.

"Cards!" shrieked Briggs, seizing the opportunity to found fresh cause for complaint,—"*Cards!* Do I ever have a trump? As for scoring eight and holding honours, I must confess my weakness, but I do once in my life desire to know how persons feel in such a position. What can it be like?"

"Why, like to win the game," replied Jack. "But you are so disposed to grumble, that, were you at such a point, I fear you would 'call out!'—My dear Dick!" continued Somers, "I have patiently listened to your catalogue of woes, and feel confident that the greater portion are imaginary, and the remainder caused by your own inadvertence. Instead of finding a remedy for trifles, (that are magnified into matters of importance,) you chafe at each little incident

that does not present itself in exactly the position or colours that you would prefer, and abandon yourself to useless repinings. Resolution and precaution would soon enable you to stem the current which you fancy is ever flowing to your discomfort. Do not mount your watch-tower of discontent to look out for troubles—they find us too speedily, and we have no need to light up a beacon for their guidance, or to sound a trumpet of welcome on their arrival. I shall be a month absent; on my return let me meet my friend with smiles upon the lip that shall greet the renewal of our intercourse. See, the stage is in sight!"

"I see the coach, and a vacant place," murmured Dick, not much relishing the proffered advice. "Had I been going to town, every horse would have fallen lame, or the axle have broken, to prevent my journey."

"Anticipating again!" said Jack reprovingly, as he pressed Dick's hand and mounted the vehicle."

"Well!" exclaimed Dick, "we are sure of a month's fine weather at all events: it is always favourable for your trips. When I went, the world was threatened with a second deluge, and I never saw the sun till my return, when I did not care a fig for the weather."

Jack shook his head as the coach moved rapidly onward, but not so speedily as to prevent him hearing his friend's adieus grumbled forth in a tone and with a look of despondency that would have made the fortune of any tragedy hero at any theatre in the United Kingdom.

There are persons who never will be happy; so Richard Briggs enveloped himself in the mantle of despair, and revelled in all the luxury of woe!

* * * * *

We pass over a month. Our friends were again seen sauntering up the avenue leading to the old ivy-covered church. They appeared to be in earnest conversation, and Dick's face assumed a resplendent appearance, upon which phenomenon some additional *light* may be thrown by the following colloquy.

"I can scarcely believe it," cried Somers. "My dear Dick—you—going to be married!"

"Fact!" said Dick, with a real downright smile illumining features hitherto unused to joyous looks. "Yes! I am really about to enter the holy state of matrimony." And again he smiled, until his own familiar mirror, before which he had shaved all his life, would not have recognised the face it had reflected for so many years redolent of frowns and lather.

"And how well you look! ten years younger, I declare," said Somers.

"I hope the novelty will not soon wear off," said Dick. "But, let me tell you the particulars. You remember the steamboat taking fire?"

"Most clearly," replied Jack; "I can never forget that unhappy circumstance."

"The very luckiest event of my life!" exclaimed Dick.

"Surely I have heard you complain a thousand times——"

"Exactly!" interrupted Briggs. "But the strangest things *have* come about: I won a bumper rubber last night of old Dingleberry and his wife, before we stipped off the fish that I had caught in the

morning, with a brace of birds that I shot three days since, being one out of eight I bagged in about three hours.—Now for the steamer. You must know, Jack, that among the hissing flames, and on board that very boat, I made the acquaintance of a most worthy old gentleman, and the loveliest creature, his daughter. I had the good fortune to afford them assistance in the confusion and fright that prevailed; when by some mishap we were precipitated into the river. I boldly struck out with desperate strength towards the shore, the worthy old gentleman maintaining a firm hold of me on one side, while I endeavoured to keep his daughter secure on the other; and, thus burthened, I found myself no longer a single man without encumbrances, but with all the cares of a heavy family clinging to me for *support*. In this trim we were all rescued: they suffered from the fright only, while, in addition, I was nearly pulled to pieces, tolerably parboiled by the steam, and a perfect mummy of mud;—the recollection is a never-failing source of pure unmixed delight:" and Dick chuckled over the reminiscence, to his friend's great joy and astonishment.

"Then," said Somers, "if I mistake not, you fell into the river, and afterwards in love?"

"Something of the sort, I believe," replied Dick. "The following day we proceeded towards London, and I was terribly low-spirited at the idea of the coming separation, when, just at the thirteenth milestone, the coach upset."

"That *was* unfortunate," remarked Jack.

"Not at all! I never enjoyed anything so much in my life! Don't you see, my dear Jack, we were *thrown together* again."

"Quite by *accident*," added Jack.

"Just so! the most delightful adventure, as it has since proved. I was bruised from head to foot, but they received no injury: again had I become their protector, for in my descent I managed to sprawl upon some gravel, and they found me a tolerably efficient screen to guard them from the flints. Neither of them had a scratch, though the blood poured pretty freely from different wounds about my person, and they acknowledged how they must have suffered had I not interposed so effectually. Quite romantic, was it not? You cannot imagine how they laughed when the danger was all over."

"Amiable creatures!" ejaculated Somers, "and so easily pleased too! I suppose you set aside all ceremony, and became most intimate acquaintances?"

"Not exactly!" said Dick; "we had hardly time to cultivate a reciprocal interchange of sentiment, for they had urgent business in another part of the country, so they took a postchaise, and I took physick,—they went to London, and I to bed."

"Rather ungrateful conduct," remarked Somers, "considering the use they had made of you. Even I should have grumbled at such treatment."

"I was terribly battered, I must own," said Dick.

"And completely *cut* into the bargain!"

"The waiter at the inn, where I was confined for a week, assured me that the old gentleman placed his card in my hand before he started; but, between my pain and the confusion, it was lost."

"Well! prithee proceed, without another break-down."

"In a few days I discharged the doctor, and on reaching home, found my cottage a heap of cinders."

"My dear Dick!" said Somers, "why recall that shocking catastrophe?"

"Catastrophe! fiddle-faddle!" cried Briggs; "the most unparalleled piece of good luck! Having no dwelling, I took lodgings at Priory Farm." Here Dick smiled till it almost amounted to an incipient giggle. "You know that Topps and Lopps's bank suspended payment?"

"And you experienced a loss of three hundred pounds," said Somers.

"No such thing, my dear Jack! that stoppage was only a continuation of luck. I may truly congratulate myself on that event. Their breaking was my making: in common parlance, their loss was my gain."

"Astonishing!" exclaimed Somers.

"Mr. Rutherford had a considerable balance in the hands of Topps and Lopps," said Dick very knowingly; "so he came down to look after matters, and, as Fate would have it, took apartments for himself and daughter at Priory Farm. Now you see—eh?"

"Can't say I do," replied Somers.

"Dear Jack, how dull you are!"

"Nay, 'tis you have become so lively!"

"Well, we were under the same roof. 'Young Love lived once in a humble shed,' and all that sort of thing: it was natural to renew our acquaintance, when the scars on my face reminded them of my sufferings, and their debt of gratitude."

"What!" said Somers; "you don't mean——"

"Yes, but I do though! In Mr. Rutherford and his daughter I discovered my companions who had shared my perils in 'flood and field':—not exactly shared,—but you know what I mean. In a word, I am the happiest fellow alive, and the luckiest dog in the universe."

"Let me hear that word again," said Jack: "did you say lucky?"

"Not lucky,—the luckiest mortal breathing."

"That is,—you are 'beyond all comparison superlatively happy?'"

"The stoppage of the mail was of no consequence, for my uncle left me *minus* merely to bestow his property on my future wife, the only child of his old friend Rutherford."

"Then your intended wife is the same 'artful, specious hussy who gained his affections?'—is it so?"

"The same," said Dick. "Henceforth I renounce grumbling, and believe that 'all is for the best.' Had I not been on board the steam-boat, nearly drowned, and afterwards stoned to death, my suit might have been pressed in vain,—for gratitude is an extensive feeling, and opens the heart, Jack. But for the burning of my cottage, I should have wanted the opportunities that Priory Farm afforded; and Topps and Lopps's business crowned all, by bringing the Rutherfords hither."

"And you have become a convert?"

"Most decidedly," said Dick: "your words have been realized; matters have mended—Time has brought things round. Even my garden flourishes, for I can exhibit a pot of sweet peas of my own setting; and, among my other cures, I also cure my own bacon,—pigs thrive wonderfully."

"Bravo!" exclaimed Somers; "I congratulate you on the moral victory achieved, and the important lesson that you have learned. Yet there is one thing——"

"What can that possibly be?" said Dick impatiently.

"Why, 'a circulating medium' for those 'indefinite articles' which were to have illumed and astonished mankind through the pages of the County Magazine."

"A fig for the County Magazine!" said Dick; "it was only supported, like other refuges for the poor and destitute, by 'voluntary contributions.' I am enrolled among the elect in Bentley's Miscellany."

"Famous! Then your misfortunes are really at an end?" said Jack Somers.

"I trust, for ever," replied Richard Briggs; "and I have arrived at the conclusion,

"WHATEVER IS—IS RIGHT!"



TO

THOU hast said it,—'tis better, far better to part,
Than suffer the last chill to creep o'er the heart;
Far better at once to rend spirit away,
Than feel the life ebb on, in sick'ning decay.
I could still cherish morn'ry of past hours of joy,
That no cold look nor cold word of thine could destroy.

What to me were the glance of thy dark, speaking eye,
If no fervor of love I could in it descry!
'Tis not for her beauty the Rose is caress'd
By the Bulbul, and sought for his pillow of rest;—
'Tis the incense that nightly around her she throws,
And the fragrance she breathes o'er his place of repose!

Thou mayst think to forget me. It never can be!
E'en the future will teem with remembrance to thee:
In the visions of day I shall still have a place,
In the slumbers of night scenes our bliss thou'lt retrace;
Thou wilt think how I loved thee, what penils I dared,
To prove my devotion,——Ah! how have I fared!


I have seen thy bright smile, I have felt its control
As a faëry spell wreathing its charm round my soul;
To thy bosom in rapturous love I've been press'd,—
Thine eyes have beheld me, thine arms have caress'd:—
Must I lose thee for ever? 'tis thine own stern decree;
Thou art breaking a heart that beats only for thee!

But 'tis over, and not for what worlds could bestow
Would I cast o'er thy spirit a shadow of woe!—
Mayst thou learn to forget me, if mem'ry be fraught
With grief to thy soul,—with one painful thought!—
May the halcyon of peace make her home in thy breast!
My first love, my only love, still be thou blest!

A CHAPTER ON SEALS, &c.

A LETTER without a seal is an impertinent and imperfect thing. It is

“Like a ring without a finger;
Like a bell without a ringer;
Like a fort with none to win it;
Or the moon with no man in it;”

as Beaumont says. It is a planchet wanting the stamp which confers a value on the coin: I would not give the price of a rush for it. Who can tell how many may have read it before it reaches your eyes? It is no longer, or it *may* be no longer (which amounts to the same), a pure and unsullied thing: you can put no  in it; it is an arrant jilt. Its beauties, such as they may happen to be, have not been reserved for one alone: its intactness has had no other safeguard than the discretion of the world—and the world is naturally indiscreet. It is as a peach which has no bloom upon it: whether the bloom has been brushed off, or never was there, matters little; the bee no longer loves to rest upon it, but leaves it to the slimy passage of the snail.

I would divide seals into five classes; the seal of pride, the pious seal, the seal initiative, the common and every-day seal of him who scorns a wafer, and the sentimental seal.

The first is much used by those “who draw a long nobility”

“From hieroglyphick proofs of heraldry.”

It is habitually offensive, a puffed-up thing: it sometimes has supporters, occasionally a coronet; it bears the motto (often unrighteously assumed) of an ancient house,—unlike its synonyme, the older the coat the more honourable. Even the “three white lues” are to it no disgrace. It is tricked out in the fanciful impertinence of a griffin or a sphynx’s head: you are expected to do it courtesy: sometimes it has a punning legend,—“*Ne vile velis*,” or the like; but this is a condescension you must not always look for; to excite a smile is not its office,—it is rather intended to inspire you with a wholesome awe.

Like the banner of Enguerrand VII, Sire de Couci, which in the fourteenth century flouted the admiring world, telling them,

“*Je ne suis roi, ni prince aussi,—
Je suis Sire de Couci;*”

or, like the still haughtier device of Rohan Soubise,

“*Roi je ne puis,
Prince je ne daigne,
Rohan je suis;*”—

it grasps at everything. No quarry is too lofty for its swoop; and yet at times it will put off its arrogance, “quenching with a familiar smile its austere regard of control,” and veiling itself in an affected sanctity and humility, which, however, savours little of holy Church. Plain speaking is not its forte: there is a glimmering obscurity which

it dearly loves, as showing that the dust of ages rests upon it,—Welsh or Celtic, Latin or old Norman-French—only Greek it carefully eschews.

The pious seal is one little in use; it may be because the really righteous shrink from making a parade of their religion, or it may be because the multitude have very little religion to parade: but in the olden time it was in great request. We have many instances of it, handed down to us by the elder poets; Wither and George Herbert not among the worst. The latter, in a pleasing little poem called "The Posy," says,

"Let wits contest,
And with their words and posies windows fill;
Less than the least
Of all thy mercies is my posy still.

This on my ring,
Thus by my picture in my book I write:
Whether I sing,
Or say, or dictate, this is my delight.

Invention, rest;
Comparisons, go play; Wit, use thy will;
Less than the least
Of all God's mercies is my posy still."

The seal initiative is of the simplest sort: by it I mean that which bears merely a cypher or a name. It is chiefly employed by the plain, unaffected man, who takes no merit from a parchment scroll, and who at the same time has nothing to conceal. Sometimes a crest will rise above it; but in that case it is no longer proper, but trenches on the seal of pride. You will see the seal initiative with "Tom" upon it, and you may be sure that Tom is a true man. There *are* circumstances under which it treads on the kibe of the seal sentimental, as when it is impressed with a pretty name, say Julia, Carry (*quasi* Caroline), or Mary: but then, it is but fancy which lends to it a charin, and albeit one man may gaze on it with a dreamy sensation of pleasure, as being in some manner a portraiture or expression of its fair owner, to the rest of the world it remains simply illustrative as before.

The common and every-day seal of the man of business exhibits a head, sometimes a whole figure clothed in flowing drapery, and bearing in its hand a classic wreath, or it may be a torch. Your grave literary man will affect the *effigies* of some bearded sage of antiquity, as Socrates, Demosthenes, or the like; while your more lively scribbler stamps his wax from the graceful carving of an Italian gem. Not entirely remote from this class of seals is the silver thimble of the sempstress, the pin-dotted signaculum of the valentine-delivered housemaid, or the watch-key of the lad from school.

There is generally some shade of character to be deduced from this seal. I knew a man once who habitually wore and used an iron seal, with the image of a skull: probably he had at first purchased it in a ghastly jest, but the moral of it fitting with a certain gloominess which tintured his mind, he had stuck by it; thus casting his own *memento mori* in the teeth of all his friends, preaching to them of their latter end as openly, and almost as unwelcomely, as the stars

in the triumphal chariot preached of mortality to the Roman conqueror of old.*

The sentimental seal is the most comprehensive; it is polyglot, or speaketh all tongues; from the no-meaning attachment of the boarding-school Miss, to the strong language of real love, everything is within its range. It is sometimes ingenious, but that not much. It is simple and straight-forward in its natural form. Like the posy of a ring, it should be short, but at the same time pithy. It is fond of deprecating forgetfulness, and harping upon the pain of absence. The Portuguese have furnished one of its most touching expressions, "*sandudes*," an uncouth word, but which, like the German "*schnsucht*," breathes a longing, lingering regret, a "panting for the waters," a struggle of the heart to attain a happiness desired.

The setting of this class of seal is perhaps not altogether unimportant, neither is the substance on which the legend shall be engraved. Like as in the olden time knights assumed various colours for the field on which their arms should be emblazoned; he choosing black who would express his constancy; blue, who would assert his claim to loyalty; or white, who would show his purity of soul: so might we fancifully wish that the seal affectionate might be carved upon a diamond, the inquisitive on an emerald, the supplicatory on a sapphire, leaving the cornelian and green bloodstone to the ordinary uses of the study and the desk.

Some seals which originally spoke a gentle sentiment have degenerated by being profaned: like the Marseillaise Hymn, or the Duke de Reichstadt's Waltz, from which the ear turns away since they have been ground on every organ in the land, so have we ceased to feel the beauty of certain types. It has happened to me to see a letter containing a demand for money whose seal bore the impress of a leaf—the motto, "*Je ne change qu'en mourant*:" a sorry jest, if you apply a meaning to it; an empty mockery, if you give it none.

It was an old custom with our forefathers to bear devices not alone upon their signet-rings, but upon the other ornaments of their dress: some would have them on the blade, others upon the pommel of their sword, and the fair dames of the period were not slow to follow their example. It must have been a pretty sight to have seen the blonde *Alix de Preuilli* wearing at her girdle an "*aumônière représentant, au milieu d'une forêt d'arabesques, deux jeunes filles, qui sciaient un cœur*;" as also to have turned over the rings and amulets which lay upon her toilet-table, among which we are informed was "*une bague sur laquelle était gravée la figure du Bêlier, avec le signe de Mars, et où était écrit, 'Bon pour guérir les vapeurs d'une blonde de vingt ans.'*"

In those days the cherry blossom and the *giroflée de Mahon* were types in themselves, saying, "*Ayez de moi souvenance, et ne m'oubliez pas.*" We have altered the flower to which this signification attaches, but the sentiment remains with us still.

One of the commonest, but not the least pleasing of our modern devices, is the ivy clinging round the oak,—"*Je meurs où je m'attache.*" I can conceive circumstances under which this seal might have great potency; it bespeaks a helplessness which is always interesting: a faithful and implicit trust. The same plant (parasite, as some have

* "*Hominem se esse etiam triumphans, in illo sublimissimo curru admonetur: suggeritur enim ei à tergo 'respice post te—hominem memento te.'*"—TERTULLIAN in *Apologet.* cap. 33.

unworthily called it,) is seen sometimes to twine about the broken shaft of a column, even as Margaret, that sweet pattern of her sex, clung to the shattered fortunes of "luke-warm John,"*—saying, "*In adversis etiam fida*;" thus expressing the pertinacious constancy of one who will not be set aside.

A somewhat similar, but more fantastic image than the first of the above, is a pin—the legend, "*Je pique, mais j'attache*." This must have been first invented and adopted by some sprightly Beatrice, some black-eyed damsel of the bodkin and pomander times.

For a seal of invitation, I have seen one extremely simple and sweet,—"*Do come*." The little dash under the first word gives it an imploring tone. There is, perhaps, something childish about it; but I doubt whether that does not add a grace to it.

There is a noble family who have happily combined both state and sentiment in their seal of arms,—"*Oublier ne puis*." These are words which speak "of triumphs long ago," as well as of present faithfulness and truth. The objects animate and inanimate which are made use of to express a meaning often horribly tortured and deformed are numerous. It is at times a looking-glass, which calls itself "a true friend;" a star which is invoked by some idolater, who exclaims, (setting Providence aside,) "*Veillez sur ce que j'aime*;" or a sister planet, to whom some sea-tost mariner declares, "*Si je te perds, je suis perdu*." But of these you will find more than enough at the Pantheon, or the Soho-square Bazaar.

"*De loin comme de pres*," is a motto sometimes seen, and it is one which speaks to the heart: there is no frippery about it; it is honest and manly,—or womanly, if you please: so is "*Fiel, pero desdichado*:" and there is a melancholy gallantry in the last, worthy of its origin amid the romantic mountains of Castile.

I recollect being once struck with a seal which I took up accidentally at the house of a friend. The emblem was a bird flying away—the legend, "*Le froid me chasse*." Poor bird! how many, like thee, would fain seek a warmer region, but, failing in their search, turn back upon the frozen North and die!

Cupid, under various circumstances, is pressed into the service of many seals. I have seen him riding on a lion, fancifully interpreting the power of love over valour and strength; carried pick-a-back by the devil, the splenetic motto being, "*Le diable emporte l'amour*;" playing at foot-ball with the Prince of Darkness, their *globulus* being a world—the motto, "*Entre nous*:" he is also made a waterman, and forced to try an oar for the convenience of old Father Time: again, he is a fisherman, and exultingly tells you, "*J'attrape sage et fou*;" a blacksmith hammering on an anvil, and forging chains; or a link-boy dispensing light around, whilst he himself continues blind.

There are those who affect Helenism, and who engrave *Χαιρε* (Farewell) upon their seal. I have a German correspondent who claims my attention even before I open his letters, by the words "*Denke mein*."

A few seals there are which cannot come under the denomination of sentimental, and which yet express something like a sentiment of their own; but these are hardly worthy of being classed. Among them is the sporting seal, a fox's head, or the words "Tally-ho!" the seal vulgar, bearing on it "I N V my letter;" "I hope I don't

* "John Woodvill," by C. Lamb.

intrude;" or, "Who the devil can this be from?"—and the seal absurd, as that which represents Love playing on the violin to a little dog, and bidding him "Go to the devil and shake himself;" the seal *persuasive* and supplicatory, "*Lisez et croyez*;"—or, "*Dites-moi oui*;" and last, not least, that richest among them all, of which Moore has told you in his poem respecting "Rings and Seals."

H. I. M.

MADRIGAL OF THE SEASONS.

SPRING MORN.

'Tis merry on a fair Spring morn,
When hush'd is ev'ry ruder wind,
And Nature, like a mother kind,
Smiles joyous on her babe just born :
When sparkling dew is on the ground,
And flowrets gay are budding round,
And Hope is heard in ev'ry sound,
'Tis merry, oh, 'tis merry !

SUMMER NOON.

'Tis merry on a Summer's noon,
When Zephyr comes with balmy kiss,
And wakes the drowsy earth to bliss
By gently breathing Love's own tune :
When leaves are green, and skies are blue,
And waters of a golden hue,
And ev'ry glance brings beauties new,
'Tis merry, oh, 'tis merry !

AUTUMN EVE.

'Tis merry on an Autumn eve,
When birds sing farewell to the sun,
And, corn well sheaved, and labour done,
The fields the healthful reapers leave :
When those whom daylight keeps afar
May meet beneath the vesper star
Without one fear their joy to mar,
'Tis merry, oh, 'tis merry !

WINTER NIGHT.

'Tis merry on a Winter's night,
When fast descends the deep'ning snow,
And o'er the heath the shrill winds blow,
To watch the crackling faggot's light :
When spicy wine and nut-brown ale,
Give zest to each rare Christmas tale,
And song, and joke, and laugh prevail,
'Tis merry, oh, 'tis merry !

FAMILY DRAMATICALS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TALES OF AN ANTIQUARY."

"A play, Frank :—wherein are such things ! such hideous, monstrous things ! that it has almost made me forswear the stage."

The Duke of Buckingham's Rehearsal.

THERE are no farther particulars known concerning the following letter, than that it was found upon a sequestered road, within a short distance of a celebrated and fashionable watering-place. From the tenor of its contents, it may certainly be supposed to have fallen from the pocket of an eminent son of Thespis, on his summer campaign, who had perhaps been reading it over, or studying his part, in that retreat. But though the direction was wanting, yet the memorandum of "Sent fifty pounds by next post" showed that it had been written to one whose hand was "open as day to melting charity ;" though, unfortunately, the noble action so commemorated was "a deed without a name." As there are still but too many persons in the metropolis who, like the Sticklebacks, make their passion for private theatricals the means of tormenting all their acquaintances, and of displaying their own absurdities, the following description of the tasteful and sagacious proceedings of that family is published, to show Folly "her own image,"—"pour encourager les autres ;" since, however extravagant the picture may appear, it never can be doubted that it is an "owre true tale," and actually copied from the life.

Though I have no letter, my dear Edmund, direct from yourself, yet I owe you many thanks for the country papers, which give me so much information of your motives, and relate how successfully you are *starring it in the provinces*, though as yet not quite a light of the first magnitude in the town hemisphere. With *Jobson*, however, I must caution you "not to grow saucy upon it." nor forget that, in less splendid times, before you either felt or deserved the sun of patronage, you have been known to walk the parades at certain fairs, and to dance a hornpipe with your white stockings curiously blackened round the feet, to supply the lack of pumps : which most ingenious device not only completely wore out *their* soles, and blistered *your own*, but, as I am confidently told, cost thee, from thine indulgent uncle, divers aching bones for a month afterward. Think not, however, that I write thus out of envy at your talent or your success. No ! by the never-dying name of *Roscius* ! perish the selfish thought ! Only, as "an elder actor, not a better," "let me, who know the public, counsel you," that "*lowliness* is young ambition's ladder," which you should be careful not to throw down till you be safely off it at the top ; and also, how certain other great actors are said not to have openly avowed their humble origin, by exhibiting the fishing-net which they had cast, or the lowly garb which they had once worn, until they were fairly clothed in "the purple," and the triple tiara was really won.

Notwithstanding all this, I must confess that I *do* almost envy you

your liberty ; or rather, that I do most fervently desire to share it, as I told you with so much energy at your departure, in the yard of the Belle Sauvage, which had probably never witnessed such fine acting before, or at least not since the days when Inns were Theatres. For, trust me, "my gay cousin Ranger," after all the privation and contempt attached to the life of strolling players, such as we have been ;—you know, as *Blandish* says, "if you and I did not sometimes speak truth to each other, we should forget there was such a quality incident to the human mind ;"—after all these deductions, your strolling actor enjoys his freedom almost beyond any other animal in the world that I know of ; and, at this present moment, I should certainly enjoy mine beyond any other stroller in existence ; for, on the contrary, here am I restrained within limits which encourage much more of "fretting" than of "strutting," for they are still narrower than those in which you left me. They are confined, indeed, to a certain ancient verge, belonging to a certain ancient court of the sovereign, bounded on the North and East by Great Suffolk-street and the Borough of Southwark ; on the South by Newington Causeway and the Elephant and Castle ; and on the West by the Obelisk, the Surrey Theatre, and the Waterloo-road ; the whole space of which, in my thoughts at least, well deserves to retain the old neighbouring name of "Melancholy Walk." Herein, I say, am I enclosed, like a spirit within a circle,—and thou knowest what a choice *spirit* I am ;—whilst thou—too, too happy dog !—*thou* art at liberty to feel the free air upon thy cheek ; to see the fields in all their brightness, and the blue summer sky in all its glory ; to roam where you list, "till the livelong daylight fail ;" and "then to the well trod stage anon," where you behold nothing but holiday faces crowding all the benches—hear nothing but applauses, shouts, and encores, until you believe yourself really a king or a demigod, and are ready to say, "Upon my life, I *am* a lord indeed !" But I think I hear you asking, "Why, Tom, is thy part to be *all* patter ?" and charitably reminding me that my legitimate occupation is to *rant* fustian, and not to *write* it. I will therefore "deliver myself like a man of this world ;" and, taking up my story at your last *cue* of "let me hear from thee," first tell you of my "private griefs," and then of such a scene of mirth and folly, that though it be "seven out of the nine days' wonder with me," I have not yet decided whether it be most to be laughed at, or lamented. You may therefore think, if you will, that you and I are about to have a narrative-scene together, such as Dimond used so regularly to introduce in the second act of his pieces ; when two performers always brought forward two chairs to the centre front of the stage, thereby indicating that the house was about to be favoured with a long story.

You doubtless remember that, touched by the distresses of our very clever and very worthless friend Sedley, when his best-beloved child lay at the point of death, I became security for him to Sykehouse the surgeon, and afterwards to Fillgrave the undertaker, that her remains might receive "a little earth for charity," to a stipulated amount, as I supposed, and easily within my power. Outcast as he is from almost all society by disinheritance, debts, imprudence, and unfortunate character, you will not wonder that, when his dear one died, she was "by strangers honoured, and by strangers mourned." Now that all these events are over, I dare say you can at once

guess at their actual result, much more easily than I could have even conceived the possibility of it. In a little time, Walter Sedley, Esq. M.A. author of, &c. &c. &c. was not to be found,—though *I* was, and to be answerable to an amount very far exceeding my abilities or engagements. Remonstrance availed me nothing, and therefore, like *Prince Henry*, “so far as my coin would stretch, I paid it ;” but, unlike him, I could make no great use of my credit. I never possessed the consummate art of “Plausible Jack” Palmer, who could persuade the very bailiff who arrested him to become his bail ; and so, to avoid such a stage direction as, “Scene changes to a room in a prison, *Tom Fairspeech* discovered seated in a melancholy attitude,”—to escape this, I say, I determined to withdraw myself into the above well-known and worshipful limits, to muse “for a certain term” upon the Pleasures of Friendship, and the best means of rendering my rock-stricken vessel fit for sea again, which I despair not of doing after all ; for well do I believe that

“Time may still have one fated hour to come,
Which, wing’d with Liberty, may overtake
Occasion past.”

The extension of my bounds was effected by “hard entreaty, and a good round sum ;—entreaty’s weak without it ;” and so I actually reside *without* the walls of “Demnan’s Park ;” though “I pray you, in any case, possess no gentleman of our acquaintance with notice of my lodging.”

I have no great philosophy in me, as thou knowest, Edmund ; but I am very much of the mind of the young man in *Gay’s Fables* ; as I thought that Care, or his shadow, *did go before* my misfortunes, I have no fancy that either should *follow* me, like Goldsmith’s *Twitch* and *Flanigan*, “Before and behind, you know.” I am therefore indifferently cheerful in my cage : “And what for no ?” as *Meg Dods* has it.

“Then you be merry, merry there,
And we’ll be merry, merry here ;
For who can tell where we all may be
To be merry another year !”

Moreover, I can assure you that, if I had wit enough, I have quite gaiety enough to describe our neighbourhood in the picturesque and humorous style of Washington Irving or Mary Mitford : how *Leandish’s Royal Ordinary* is opposite my window ; and how *Trimmings*, the great West-end tailor, has recently come to live at the next door. However, like Old Philip Astley, as we can’t snow white, we’ll snow brown ; and this leads me to the scene which I promised to relate to you half a page ago.

By some little regularity of payment, the above-mentioned light heart, and the eloquence of a player’s tongue and memory, I have made a very fair progress in the good liking of my *Mistress Quickly*, who, pitying my restraint and loneliness, has introduced me to the family of the great Mr. Stickleback, also our neighbour, as “the civillest and well-spokenest gentleman as ever she see, and one who can say as many funny things and fine speeches as any play-actor in the Rules, or out on ’em.” She, however, little suspects that I am in reality one of those same “harlotry players,” for I have changed my name ; and, therefore, whenever thou writest, Edmund, do not

direct to me by style and title as such, if thou hast any regard for thy neck. Old Stickleback I had already found as thorny and hedgehog-like as his name; but his family made ample amends, by being as forwardly-complaisant and talkatively-conceited as imperfect mortality could well be. Moreover, they were about to have a private play, to which they invited me, lamenting that we were not sooner acquainted, that I might have taken a part in the same. It was a loss, however, which I assure you I did not at all regret; for, had their plot been "as good a plot as ever was laid," I, at least, have had too much honourable professional labour to resort to such private acting for amusement,—like Placido and the Little Devil, the noted tumblers, who, when visiting the King at Hampton, determined the distance of a pavilion by walking to it on their hands, with their legs upwards, as though their daily antics were not sufficient. But, in the present instance, I devoutly believe that "the gods took care of Cato," and preserved me from the irrecoverable contamination of the Stickleback theatricals.

In reading this account of them, Edmund, I will allow you to call them "Wonderful! wonderful! and most wonderful! and yet again wonderful! and after that, out of all whooping!" Nay, you may think it almost incredible that such things can be, and even say or swear that you could not have believed them had you seen them yourself; but for your life do not question *my* veracity. "Why should I carry lies about?" or how should the mind of any decent individual ever devise such folly? "I tell thee what, Edmund, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, and call me horse!"

At my first visit to Mr. Stickleback's, the day before the performance, I thought the house appeared rather defective in furniture, and in no little confusion; but all surprise at either appearance soon ceased on my being introduced into the room where the play was to be enacted, and beholding the fittings-up, the dresses, and the decorations. I am convinced that hardly a floor was left covered by its respective baize or carpet; that the windows were all despoiled of their curtains, and that the bedsteads were reduced to what sailors call "bare poles," by having resigned their valances, &c. to furnish forth the tirings and properties of the entertainments. These, as we were informed by a bill printed with the ordinary hand-types used for marking the household linen, were, "Pizarro; or, the Invasion of Peru; or, the Death of Rolla: a variety of singing and dancing; and the romantic romance of the Blind Boy; or, Rodolph, the Usurping Prince of Sarmatia, and Kalig, the Faithful Courtier!" But before I recount to you the follies of this performance, I ought, in equity to old Stickleback himself, to state that he was entirely ignorant and guiltless of them all, since the whole design was privately concocted between his wife and family, who also took the opportunity of his absence from home to astonish their acquaintance by such a display of taste and talent. "But they are coming to the play: get you a place!"

The proscenium of the stage was formed by the opening of two folding-doors, which, I was assured by Mrs. Stickleback, who appeared to have no little pride and complacency in pointing out the most preposterous of the arrangements, were absolutely taken off their hinges. The space was filled up by an old japanned cornice, and the scarlet festoons of a window-curtain, and a green baize

rather the worse for not a few years' wear, which had been taken up from the room within. But these appointments were by far the most modest and appropriate of the whole. In my own poor notions of such matters, a large table-lamp on each side the stage, and another suspended from the ceiling of the audience-apartment, would have respectably and sufficiently lighted the front. But, no! the Sticklebacks had a soul and conception far beyond such every-day contrivances. When we were all seated in staring and silent expectation, we first heard the steps and loud whisperings and disputings of several persons in the adjoining narrow passage, carrying some large heavy vessel full of liquid, which ever and anon seemed to give a lurch, and then to wash over the edge, to the great dismay of its bearers. At last the curtain was partly raised, and four persons appeared, carrying—mind, I'll swear for the truth of this, whatever you may think,—four persons appeared, carrying a large trough of new bright tin, of sufficient capacity for half a dozen swine to feed at, if they were disposed to be accommodating, three parts filled with lamp-oil, in which were floating a multitude of small pieces of cork, with a lighted wick attached to each! With much labour, and no little spilling of the said oil, these most extraordinary footlights were borne to the front, and set down: but when the prologue came forward, they were found to be so smoky, so offensive, and so much in the way,—for the whole machine reached to the middle of his, the said Prologue's legs,—that they were at once unanimously voted out, and were removed with the same labour and mischief; their place being then supplied by a row of candles set upon the floor.

I say nothing about the total overthrow of this most delicious invention, which, I fear, from the noise and confusion after its exit, took place in the passage, but pass on now to the performance. I dare say that you can very well imagine both tune and words of the prologue, which was, doubtless, home-made, and quite like the generality of such compositions, having a great deal about "*our cause*," and "*your applause*," without which many persons think an honest prologue cannot be written. There were also divers choice poetical similes, always ending with "*thus we to-night*;" and in one part the Sticklebacks likened themselves to phoenixes and young eagles, though I thought that magpies or jackdaws would have been by far the more appropriate birds. I felt truly concerned for the young man who delivered this address, because he might have been respectable enough in sound health; but at this time he was far advanced in a most dangerous malady, which has been of late very fatal to many of our acquaintance; that is to say, he was nearly eaten up by conceit: and I farther found, as the play proceeded, that all the other actors were deplorably sick of the same disease. This terrible pestilence, Edmund, usually devours its victims downwards, since it first seizes upon some weak part of the head—next it destroys the senses, intoxicates the sight, vanquishes the tongue, advances to the heart, and then the man is lost for ever! "*Pray you, avoid it.*"

The principal parts of the drama were of course divided chiefly between the members of the gifted family, each of whom was distinguished by some special peculiarity and striking excellence, which having once seen, there was no mistaking them afterward. Thus,

Mr. Cæsar Augustus Stickleback, as *Ataliba*, had a slight snuffle, and, being something of a negro make and colour, looked, in his stage attire, not unlike the image of a Virginian which had run away from a tobacconist's shop-door, *Rolla*, Mr. Brutus Stickleback, *exasperated* the *h*, and the audience, in every speech; and had a good deal of the bear-garden flourish in his action, which, perhaps, did not quite harmonise with the majestic modesty of the Peruvian leader. *Alonzo*, Mr. Sebastian Stickleback, could not enunciate his *v*'s and *k*'s without a little previous contortion of his eyes and lips; and his dress was a domino, which had figured at all the fourth-rate masquerades about London for the last quarter of a century. Miss Judith Marcia Stickleback, as *Elvira*, was, I am persuaded, distinctly heard for three doors off on each side the house, as well as by all who passed it, such was her noble anxiety "to top the part," as *Bayes* says; whilst the narrow stage appeared too little for either her soul or her body. Little Miss Kitty Stickleback, on the contrary, was so lisping, and mincing, and languishing, as *Cora*, that one half of her speeches could not be understood, and the remainder were never heard at all.

These were the principals; but a few select friends of similar taste and qualifications were permitted to gather up some scraps of the family glory by personating the inferior characters, or appearing as soldiers, priests, and virgins. Their habits were mostly white night-gowns, or divers-coloured bed-furniture, &c. with huge gilded suns about their necks, which seemed to me very much like those leaden plates that the Sun Fire Office affixes to the houses of its insurers. The weapons were chiefly plain staves, or tin swords; and the shields were made out of the usual substitutes for such properties,—namely, the covers of fish-kettles and saucepans. These Mrs. Stickleback herself assured me that her son, Cæsar Augustus, had been at infinite pains in collecting, and also that he had actually caused quite a scarcity of such articles in their vicinity, and their price to rise up to more than double. They were well scoured, and very fiercely painted with what I suppose to be some of "Satan's devices," since I know of no other potentate who could ever have assumed such. The best properties and dresses were, of course, somewhat unequally divided, and few in number, like the liveries of *Petruchio*'s servants;—

"There were none fine but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly."

But of all the characters, by far the greatest and grandest personage was *Pizarro* himself, as right was no doubt. To be sure, a gaudy old Turkish suit, with caftan, calpac and turban, tin crescent, scimitar, &c. were not in the purest style of costume; but then the wearer did so roar, and rant, and strut, and tyrannise, that he must have been worse than a Turk who held him to be a hair's breadth behind Francisco Pizarro himself in those qualities. The performer of this part was a huge black-haired individual, named Josephus Elijah Schmollinger, whom I unwarily supposed to be a German Jew; though Mrs. Stickleback soon enlightened my ignorance, by saying that "some of his family were such, but that Mr. Josephus was as good a Christian as any of themselves, and, having come over to England young, he was thought to speak the tongue as well as

they did." There was no denying assertions so powerfully supported, especially as I was very much of her mind; but *how* he spake, you will be able to conceive, when I tell you that he sounded *a* as *ah*, *w* as *v*, and *s* as *sh*! and that thus he pronounced *Pizarro's* opening speech in the third scene of the third act:—"Vell, capricious idols, Fortunes! be mine ruin thy vork and thy boast. To mineselfs I vill still be true. Yet, ere I fall, grant me thy smiles to prosper in von acts of vengeances; and be that smiles, Alontzo's deaths!"

I shall not try your patience by going all through "the murder of Pizarro," scene by scene, and character by character; for in such cases as this, enough is *better* than a feast. Some circumstances in the representation, however, struck me as being novel. One was, that instead of *Rolla* offering the Castilian sentinel a wedge of gold as the bribe for visiting *Alonzo*, he produced a small pert, cockney-looking, red leather purse, with a tuck, and stamped with the words, "A Trifle from Margate!" In the last scene, too, the high, rude, and hazardous bridge between the lofty rocks, was a long and broad white deal board, not five feet from the floor, so securely planted, that no effort of the Peruvian could push it off the sideboard without the aid of the Spanish soldiers, who very considerably came to his assistance, and who afterwards, with equal consideration, set it up again. The curtain dropped at last, without any other accident than the usual one of leaving *Pizarro's* body half outside, which was dragged in by its legs and arms.

I was now determined to make my escape as soon as I decently could; but presently came an original epilogue, of about the same merit as the former address, both of which were of the kind mentioned by Bayes, when he says, "I have made a prologue and an epilogue, which may both serve for either; that is, the prologue for the epilogue, or the epilogue for the prologue: nay, they may both serve for any other play as well as this." By the time it was over, *Pizarro* was so much refreshed as to enter again in the same habit, and roar to us Braham's "Death of Nelson," in the voice of a bassoon, his lower notes and his pronunciation being positively awful.

" 'T'vosh in Trafalgar's bay
 Ve saw de Frenchmans lay,
 Each hearts vos a bounding den!"

After this, which was about half-past eleven o'clock, one of the younger fry of the Sticklebacks, who was considered to be endowed with no little portion of the *vis comica*, came forward in the habit of a worn-out scarecrow, having his face duly varnished with Brunswick black, to charm the audience with the tasteful melody of "Jim Crow." The next entertainment was to have been Madame Vestris's Savoyard song, by *Cora*, for which purpose a *real* hussar-dressed monkey had been hired from a *real* Savoyard, and securely tied to a chair in the green-room. About the middle of the *second encore* of the previous elegant melody of "Jim Crow," however, a loud and hasty knock was heard, at which the performers, who knew that they were acting without the paternal licence, turned pale under their paint, most of the audience fell into consternation, and the hostess started up, exclaiming, "My stars alive! if there arn't Mr. Stickleback, after all!" At the same time, the apartment was ob-

served to be rapidly filling with smoke, and a strong smell of fire, from the small adjoining parlour used as a "tiring-house." In came Mr. Stickleback, truly the *Provoked Husband*, and in a fitting mood for playing *Sir John Brute*; and, alarmed at the smoke in the passage, and the noise and confusion everywhere, he rushed at once into the green-room. It was then discovered that the hussar-dressed monkey had been amusing himself by fishing the cork floats out of the oil-trough, which had been carelessly set aside within his reach, with the wicks alight, and throwing them about the room; when they had caught the dress of *Ataliba*, which he had hastily thrown aside to get ready for his hornpipe.

It was with some difficulty that Mr. Stickleback was prevented from twisting the neck of General Jocko, who, however, wisely escaped in the confusion. A little prompt attention, and a good deal of water, soon put out the fire, and no great mischief was done by it: but as for the oil, dirt, and disorder in the house, "St. Dunstan!" thought I to myself with *Gurth* the swineherd, "how it must be scraped and cleansed ere it be again fit for a Christian!" All these events have, nevertheless, effected one beneficial end: for I hear that when old Stickleback's passion subsided, he swore roundly that if ever he should find his dwelling so turned out at windows again, he will have his wife indicted for keeping a disorderly house, and send both actors and audience all to the treadmill!

THE BIRD OF PARADISE.

How weak is Matter when compared with Mind!
 How slowly does the *hand* those high thoughts write
 Which spirit does so brilliantly indite!
 The feeble pen toils sluggishly behind
 Those flashing visions of ecstatic light,
 That pass before the mind's internal sight,
 With all their hues of beauty and of grace!
 Before the plodding instrument can trace
 A world made up of letters cold and dead,
 The dazzling Bird of Paradise has fled,
 Or, stripp'd of its fair plumage, drops to earth,
 The colours faded from its golden wings.
 Oh! I could weep to see such high-born things,
 Such flashing thoughts, that are of heavenly birth,
 Depart without a record of their worth.
 O that the Lightnings were my ready pen!
 What glowing pictures could be written then!
 How longs the everlasting mind to tell
 Of scenes where seraphs rapt in glory dwell,
 Caught ere their colours fade, like dew-drops fair,
 That sparkle when the glorious sun is there!
 But if a cloud obscure its kindling rays,
 Lost are those colours, like the diamond bright;
 No longer can the dew-drop sparkling blaze—
 It is a drop of common water quite.

A TALE OF GRAMMARYE.

THE Baron came home in his fury and rage,
 He blew up his Henchman, he blew up his Page ;
 The Seneschal trembled, the Cook looked pale,
 As he ordered for supper grilled kidneys and ale.
 Vain thought ! that grill'd kidneys can give relief,
 When one's own are inflamed by anger and grief.

What was the cause of the Baron's distress ?

Why sank his spirits so low ?—

The fair Isabel, when she should have said " Yes,"
 Had given the Baron a " No."

He ate, and he drank, and he grumbled between :

First on the viands he vented his spleen,—

The ale was sour,—the kidneys were tough,

And tasted of nothing but pepper and snuff !

—The longer he ate, the worse grew affairs,

Till he ended by kicking the butler down stairs.

All was hushed—'twas the dead of the night—

The tapers were dying away,

And the armour bright

Glanced in the light

(Of the pale moon's trembling ray ;

Yet his Lordship sat still, digesting his ire,

With his nose on his knees, and his knees in the fire,—

All at once he jump'd up, resolved to consult his

Cornelius Agrippa de rebus occultis.

He seized by the handle

A bed-room flat candle,

And went to a secret nook,

Where a chest lay hid

With so massive a lid,

His knees, as he raised it, shook,

Partly, perhaps, from the wine he had drunk,

Partly from fury, and partly from funk ;

For never before had he ventured to look

In his Great-Great-Grandfather's conjuring-book.

Now Lord Ranulph Fitz-Hugh,

As lords frequently do,

Thought reading a bore,—but his case was quite new ;

So he quickly ran through

A chapter or two,

For without Satan's aid he knew not what to do,—

When poking the fire, as the evening grew colder,

He saw with alarm,

As he raised up his arm,

An odd-looking countenance over his shoulder.

Firmest rock will sometimes quake,

Trustiest blade will sometimes break,

Sturdiest heart will sometimes fail,

Proudest eye will sometimes quail ;—

No wonder Fitz Hugh felt uncommonly queer

Upon suddenly seeing the Devil so near,

Leaning over his chair, peeping into his ear.

The stranger first
 The silence burst,
 And replied to the Baron's look ;—
 " I would not intrude,
 But don't think me rude
 If I sniff at that musty old book.
 Charms were all very well
 Ere Reform came to Hell ;
 But now not an imp cares a fig for a spell.
 Still I see what you want,
 And am willing to grant
 The person and purse of the fair Isabel.
 Upon certain conditions the maiden is won ;—
 You may have her at once, if you choose to say ' Done !'

" The lady so rare,
 Her manors so fair,
 Lord Baron, I give to thee ;
 But when once the sun
 Five years has run,
 Lord Baron, thy soul's my fee !"

Oh ! where wert thou, ethereal Sprite ?
 Protecting Angel, where ?
 Sure never before had noble or knight
 Such need of thy guardian care !
 No aid is nigh—'twas so decreed ;—
 The recreant Baron at once agreed,
 And prepared with his blood to sign the deed.

With the point of his sword
 His arm he scored,
 And mended his pen with his Misericorde ;
 From his black silk breeches
 The stranger reaches
 A lawyer's leathern case,
 Selects a paper,
 And snuffing the taper,
 The Baron these words mote trace :—
 " Five years after date, I promise to pay
 My soul to Old Nick, without let or delay,
 For value received."—" There, my Lord, on my life,
 Put your name to the bill, and the lady's your wife."

* * *

All look'd bright in earth and heaven,
 And far through the morning skies
 Had Sol his fiery coursers driven,—
 That is, it was striking half-past eleven
 As Isabel opened her eyes.

All wondered what made the lady so late,
 For she came not down till noon,
 Though she usually rose at a quarter to eight,
 And went to bed equally soon.
 But her rest had been broken by troublesome dreams :—
 She had thought that, in spite of her cries and her screams,
 Old Nick had borne off, in a chariot of flame,
 The gallant young Howard of Effingham.
 Her eye was so dim, and her cheek so chill,
 The family doctor declared she was ill,
 And muttered dark hints of a draught and a pill.

All during breakfast to brood doth she seem
 O'er some secret woes or wrongs;
 For she empties the salt-cellar into the cream,
 And stirs up her tea with the tongs.
 But scarce hath she finished her third round of toast,
 When a knocking is heard by all—
 "What may that be?—'tis too late for the post,—
 Too soon for a morning call."
 After a moment of silence and dread,
 The court-yard rang
 With the joyful clang
 Of an armed warrior's tread.
 Now away and away with fears and alarms,—
 The lady lies clasped in young Ethingame's arms.

She hangs on his neck, and she tells him true,
 How that troublesome creature, Lord Ranulph Fitz-Hugh,
 Hath vowed and hath sworn with a terrible curse,
 That, unless she will take him for better for worse,
 He will work her mickle rue!

"Now, lady love, dismiss thy fear,
 Should that grim old Baron presume to come here,
 We'll soon send him home with a flea in his ear;—
 And, to cut short the strife,
 My love! my life!
 Let me send for a parson, and make you my wife!"
 No banns did they need, no licence require,—
 They were married that day before dark:
 The Clergyman came,—a fat little friar,
 The doctor acted as Clerk.

But the nuptial rites were hardly o'er,
 Scarce had they reached the vestry door,
 When a knight rush'd headlong in;
 From his shoes to his shirt
 He was all over dirt,
 From his toes to the tip of his chin;
 But high on his travel-stained helmet tower'd
 The lion-crest of the noble Howard.

By horrible doubts and fears possest,
 The bride turned and gaz'd on the bridegroom's breast—
 No Argent Bend was there;
 No Lion bright
 Of her own true knight,
 But his rival's Sable Bear!
 The Lady Isabel instantly knew
 'Twas a regular hoax of the false Fitz-Hugh;
 And loudly the Baron exulting cried,
 "Thou art wooed, thou art won, my bonny gay bride!
 Nor heaven nor hell can our loves divide!"

This pithy remark was scarcely made,
 When the Baron beheld, upon turning his head,
 His Friend in black close by;
 He advanced with a smile all placid and bland,
 Popp'd a small piece of parchment into his hand,
 And knowingly winked his eye.

As the Baron perused,
 His cheek was suffused

With a flush between brick-dust and brown ;
 While the fair Isabel
 Fainted, and fell
 In a still and death-like swoon.
 Lord Howard roar'd out, till the chapel and vaults
 Rang with cries for burnt feathers and volatile salts.

"Look at the date!" quoth the queer-looking man,
 In his own peculiar tone ;
 My word hath been kept,—deny it who can,—
 And now I am come for mine own."
 Might he trust his eyes?—Alas ! and alack !
 'Twas a bill ante-dated full five years back !
 'Twas all too true—
 It was over due—
 The term had expired !—he wouldn't "renew,"—
 And the Devil looked black as the Baron looked blue.

The Lord Fitz-Hugh
 Made a great to-do,
 And especially blew up Old Nick,—
 " 'Twas a stain," he swore,
 " On the name he bore
 To play such a rascally trick !"—
 " A trick ?" quoth Nick, in a tone rather quick,
 " It's one often played upon people who 'tick.'"
 Blue flames now broke
 From his mouth as he spoke,
 They went out, and left an uncommon thick smoke,
 Which enveloping quite
 Himself and the Knight,
 The pair in a moment were clean out of sight.
 When it wafted away,
 Where the dickens were they ?
 Oh ! no one might guess—Oh ! no one might say,—
 But never, I wis,
 From that time to this,
 In hall or in bower, on mountain or plain,
 Has the Baron been seen or been heard of again.

As for fair Isabel, after two or three sighs,
 She finally open'd her beautiful eyes.
 She coughed, and she sneezed,
 And was very well pleased,
 After being so rumped, and towzled, and teased,
 To find, when restored from her panic and pain,
 My Lord Howard had married her over again.

MORAL.

Be warned by our story, ye Nobles and Knights,
 Who're so much in the habit of "flying of kites ;"
 And beware how ye meddle again with such Flights :
 At least, if your energies Creditors cramp,
 Remember a Usurer's always a Scamp,
 And look well at the Bill, and the Date, and the Stamp :
 Don't sign in a hurry, whatever you do,
 Or you 'll go to the Devil, like Baron Fitz-Hugh.
 "DALTON."

FAMILY STORIES.—No. VIII.

DR. INGOLDSBY'S STORY.

The Lady Rohesia lay on her death-bed !

So called the doctor,—and doctors are generally allowed to be judges in these matters ; besides, Doctor Butts was the Court Physician ; he carried a crutch-handled staff, with its cross of the blackest ebony,—*raison de plus !*

"Is there no hope, doctor?" said Beatrice Grey.

"Is there no hope?" said Everard Ingoldsby.

"Is there no hope?" said Sir Guy de Montgomeri.—He was the Lady Rohesia's husband ;—he spoke the last.

The doctor shook his head : he looked at the disconsolate widower *in posse*, then at the hour-glass ;—its waning sand seemed sadly to shadow forth the sinking pulse of his patient. Dr. Butts was a very learned man. "*Ars longa, vita brevis !*" said Doctor Butts.

"I am very sorry to hear it," quoth Sir Guy de Montgomeri.

Sir Guy was a brave knight, and a tall ; but he was no Scholar.

• "Alas ! my poor sister !" sighed Ingoldsby.

"Alas ! my poor mistress !" sobbed Beatrice.

Sir Guy neither sighed nor sobbed ;—his grief was too deep-seated for outward manifestation.

"And how long, doctor,—?" The afflicted husband could not finish the sentence.

Doctor Butts withdrew his hand from the wrist of the dying lady ; he pointed to the horologe ; scarce a quarter of its sand remained in the upper moiety. Again he shook his head ; the eye of the patient waxed dimmer, the rattling in the throat increased.

"What 's become of Father Francis?"—whimpered Beatrice.

"The last consolations of the church—" suggested Everard.

A darker shade came over the brow of Sir Guy.

"Where is the Confessor?" continued his grieving brother-in-law.

"In the pantry," cried Marion Hacket pertly, as she tripped down stairs in search of that venerable ecclesiastic ;—"in the pantry, I warrant me."—The bower-woman was not wont to be in the wrong ;—in the pantry was the holy man discovered,—at his devotions.

"*Pax vobiscum !*" said Father Francis, as he entered the chamber of death.

"*Vita brevis !*" returned Doctor Butts :—he was not a man to be browbeat out of his Latin,—and by a paltry friar Minim, too. Had it been a Bishop, indeed,—or even a mitred Abbot ;—but a miserable Franciscan !

"*Benedicite !*" said the friar.

"*Ars longa !*" retorted the leech.

Doctor Butts adjusted the tassels of his falling band, drew his short sad-coloured cloak closer around him, and, grasping his cross-handled walking-staff, stalked majestically out of the apartment.—Father Francis had the field to himself.

The worthy chaplain hastened to administer the last rites of the church. To all appearance he had little time to lose : as he concluded, the dismal toll of the Passing-Bell sounded from the belfry tower ; little Hubert, the bandy-legged Sacristan, was pulling with all his might.—It was a capital contrivance that same Passing-Bell ;

—which of the Urbans or Innocents invented it, is a query ; but, whoever it was, he deserved well of his country and of Christendom.

Ah ! our ancestors were not such fools, after all, as we, their degenerate children, conceit them to have been. The Passing-Bell ! a most solemn warning to imps of every description, is not to be regarded with impunity : the most impudent *Succubus* of them all dare as well dip his claws in holy water as come within the verge of its sound. Old Nick himself, if he sets any value at all upon his tail, had best convey himself clean out of hearing, and leave the way open to Paradise.—Little Hubert continued pulling with all his might, and St. Peter began to look out for a customer.

The knell seemed to have some effect even upon the Lady Rohesia : she raised her head slightly ; inarticulate sounds issued from her lips,—inarticulate, that is, to the profane ears of the laity. Those of Father Francis indeed were sharper ; nothing, as he averred, could be more distinct than the words “ A thousand marks to the priory of St. Mary Rouncival.” Now the Lady Rohesia Ingoldsby had brought her husband broad lands and large possessions : much of her ample dowry, too, was at her own disposal, and nuncupative wills had not yet been abolished by Act of Parliament.

“ Pious soul ! ” ejaculated Father Francis. “ A thousand marks, she said—”

“ If she did, I ’ll be shot ! ” said Sir Guy de Montgomeri.

“ —A thousand marks ! ” continued the confessor, fixing his cold grey eye upon the knight, as he went on, heedless of the interruption ;—“ a thousand marks ! and as many *Aves* and *Paters* shall be duly said—as soon as the money is paid.”

Sir Guy shrank from the monk’s gaze ; he turned to the window, and muttered to himself something that sounded like “ Don’t you wish you may get it ? ”

* * * * *

The bell continued to toll. Father Francis had quitted the room, taking with him the remains of the holy oil he had been using for Extreme Unction. Everard Ingoldsby waited on him down stairs.

“ A thousand thanks ! ” said the latter.

“ A thousand marks ! ” said the friar.

“ A thousand devils ! ” growled Sir Guy de Montgomeri from the top of the landing-place.

But his accents fell unheeded : his brother-in-law and the friar were gone ; he was left alone with his departing lady and Beatrice Grey.

Sir Guy de Montgomeri stood pensively at the foot of the bed : his arms were crossed upon his bosom, his chin was sunk upon his breast ; his eyes were filled with tears ; the dim rays of the fading watch-light gave a darker shade to the furrows on his brow, and a brighter tint to the little bald patch on the top of his head,—for Sir Guy was a middle-aged gentleman, tall and portly withal, with a slight bend in his shoulders, but that not much : his complexion was somewhat florid, especially about the nose ; but his lady was in *extremis*, and at this particular moment he was paler than usual.

“ Bim bome ! ” went the bell.—The knight groaned audibly ; Beatrice Grey wiped her eye with her little square apron of lace de Malines : there was a moment’s pause,—a moment of intense affliction ; she let it fall,—all but one corner, which remained between her finger and thumb.—She looked at Sir Guy ; drew the thumb and forefinger of

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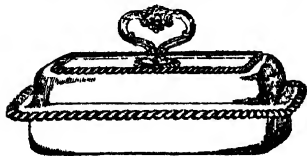
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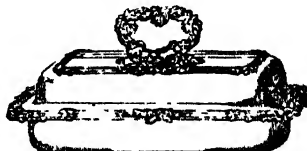
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MR. G. P. R. JAMES, the author of "DARNLEY," "RICHELIEU," &c. has just completed his brilliant picture of the Augustan age of France, in the third and fourth volumes of his "LIFE AND TIMES OF LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH." The volumes are embellished with many admirably engraved portraits of the distinguished wits, beauties, and statesmen who adorned the court of Louis Quatorze.

The Marquis of Londonderry's NARRATIVE OF HIS TOUR IN THE NORTH OF EUROPE is at length published. The facilities enjoyed by the noble lord at the Northern Courts of Europe were unusually great; and, accordingly, we may expect some interesting particulars respecting the sayings and doings of those whose views and objects absorb the attention of the world.

The author of "Zenobia, Queen of the East," ("Letters from Palmyra,") has just produced a new romance, called "THE LAST DAYS OF AURELIAN;" and, from a slight glance that we have taken at the work, we have no hesitation in saying that the events described are more diversified and striking than those to be met with in the "Letters from Palmyra," stirring and dramatic as were many in that work; as, for instance, the description of the fall of Palmyra, which for vivid colouring, picturesqueness, and contrast, is a perfect masterpiece.

THE NEW CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE, by Mr. Bolton Corney, are now published, and fully justify the reports of those who were so fortunate as to obtain the *private* impression of the work. Whether considered as a series of essays on important and attractive subjects, or as an illustration of the far-famed *Curiosities* of Mr. D'Israeli, it forms a happy union of instruction and amusement. To those who possess that popular work it is indispensable: as a periodical writer has observed, it should "flank the portly royal in all libraries." The *Ideas on Controversy*, peculiar to this edition, will bear a comparison with the *Canons of Criticism*, which so much delighted the contemporaries of Pope and Warburton.

Mr. Maxwell, the author of the very popular "Stories of Waterloo" and "Wild Sports of the West," furnishes the subject for the new volume of "The Standard Novels." His "CAPTAIN BLAKE; or, MY LIFE," is the novel selected, and a better selection could not possibly have been made. It is a regular rattling story, told by an Irishman in the form of an autobiography. The expression, grotesque phraseology, the rich inimitable brogue, and the invulnerable *sang froid* of the narrator, form a body of attractions altogether irresistible. It is, moreover, a true picture of life—smiles and tears, calms and tempests, following as closely on each other as the sunshine does the shade on the hills in harvest. The adventures of Captain Blake, "of the Blakes of Castle Blake, in the county of Galway, in the province of Connaught," are well worthy of being associated with those of "Jacob Faithful," "Peter Simple," "Japhet," &c. included in this admirable collection.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Washington Irving's *ASTORIA* has been too frequently considered as one of those works in which truth and fiction are injudiciously blended. M. Biot, the distinguished French philosopher, in an elaborate abstract of the narrative which he has lately published, does justice to its historical and moral importance. He describes it as "*un livre qui à la réalité d'une histoire joint l'intérêt d'un roman.*"

Some researches lately made in the Cathedral of Rouen have led to the discovery, under the pavement of the sanctuary, of the statue of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, which used to ornament his tomb, and a box enclosing his heart. This statue, which is in perfect preservation, is six feet and a half in length, and represents the King in a recumbent position, with his feet resting on a lion couchant. The tomb was once inclosed by a railing of silver, which was sold in the middle of the thirteenth century, in order to pay the ransom of St. Louis. This tomb is to be restored and placed in the chapel of the Holy Virgin.

LITERARY PROPERTY.—The manuscript of "*Robinson Crusoe*" ran through the whole trade, and no one would print it. The bookseller who at last bought it cleared 1,000 guineas by it. "*Burn's Justice*" was disposed of by its author for a mere trifle, as well as "*Buchan's Domestic Medicine*," both of which yield immense incomes. The "*Vicar of Wakefield*," the most delightful novel in our language, was sold for a few pounds; and Miss Burney's "*Evelina*" produced only five guineas. Dr. Johnson fixed the price of his "*Lives of the Poets*" at 200 guineas, by which the booksellers, in the course of a few years, cleared 25,000*l.* Tonson, and all his family, rode in their carriage with the profits of the 5*l.* epic of Milton. The copyright of "*Vyse's Spelling-book*" sold for 2,000 guineas.

TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES DURING A RESIDENCE IN NEW ZEALAND, FROM THE YEAR 1831 to 1837. By J. S. POLACK, Esq.—This work is in a high degree interesting and instructive, and presents us with the most graphic picture of uncivilized man that has been published during the last half century, with the exception of Washington Irving's celebrated "*Astoria*" and "*Captain Bonneville*." The *Spectator*, in a very able review of this work, observes, "The author of this work resided in New Zealand for seven years, and his sojourn has not been without advantage in a literary view. With some reading, a good deal of practical knowledge, very quick and considerable power of observation, as well as a dash of facetiousness, he has been able to make most advantageous use of his opportunities, and has produced one of the most complete accounts of a half-savage country we have lately met with. The attention just now directed towards New Zealand as a field for colonization gives great interest to Mr. Polack's work. It furnishes a very good idea of the present condition and capability of New Zealand, including its extent, productions, harbours, rivers, climate, &c., and conveys a living picture of the customs, manners, morals, and character of the natives, including their aptitude for civilization and amalgamating with European blood. The narrative of the journey undertaken by the author into the interior of the country presents one of the best pictures of savage life and character that we ever remember to have read; while by its distinct truth it enables the reader to form a very capital notion of the native society of New Zealand, and the general features of the country."

DISCOVERY OF FORTY-THREE AUTOGRAPH LETTERS WRITTEN BY RUBENS. In a recent sitting of the Royal Historical Commission at Brussels, M. DE GERTUCHE, the president, communicated a report addressed to him by M. GUCHARD respecting the search which he is now making in the library at Paris for documents connected with the territory of the country. His labours have not been in vain. The report mentions, among other things, forty-three autograph letters of our immortal RUBENS. These letters are of the years 1626 to 1630. They are all addressed to PIERRE DU PUY, one of the most learned men of the reign of LOUIS XIII., the friend and fellow-labourer of President DE THOU, and brother of JACQUES DU PUY, whose memory is immortal in the *Bibliothèque du Roi*, of which he was the keeper. This correspondence relates principally to public affairs and the political events of the age. All RUBENS' letters are in Italian, except one, which is in French; the great artist apologises for his boldness in using this language, though he had no knowledge of it, taking care, at the same time, to assign his reason for so doing. M. GUCHARD is endeavouring to find a person able to make a faithful translation of that part of the collection which is in Italian.

GENERAL MONK.—The new work announced under the title of "*Memoirs of George Monk, Duke of Albemarle*," from the French of M. Guizot, translated and edited by the Hon. J. Stuart Wortley, is now published. Monk is best known for that act of his life, which a sort of pious sentiment on the part of the people of England has deified into one of consummate skill and sublime heroism. The prominent share he took in the proceedings that restored the Stuarts to the throne of England must always render his name one of great attraction to the English reader. Mr. Wortley's translation of this interesting

work is executed with care and elegance; and the notes and illustrations he has added to the work are of considerable value in rectifying some points where Guizot has been misled by the authorities on which he relied, and in showing occasionally how much may be said in favour of Monk to balance the slight censures of the author. Mr. Wortley's estimate of Monk is more favourable than that of M. Guizot, although he is not slow to admit many of his faults. Between the text and the notes,—both of which exhibit great research and judgment,—the character of Monk is fully, fairly, and ably analysed.—*Atlas*.

INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL IN THE HOLY LAND, EGYPT, EDOM, &c. BY J. L. STEPHENS, ESQ.—These volumes will be read with pleasure. Mr. Stephens is one of the most agreeable travellers we have lately met with in print. With no other clue than that afforded by the Scriptures to the track of the Israelites and the footsteps of the Messiah,—aspiring not to the character of a scientific or a book-making traveller, (for the publication of his notes was unpremeditated,) he carries us along with him by the amusing character of the incidents of his journey, and the lively reality of his narrative, which has the freshness and autobiographical character of a journal, without its tediousness and fragmentary shape. In crossing the desert, Mr. Stephens struck out a new and almost untrodden path, that, since the departure of the children of Israel from the “house of bondage,” had only been crossed by the wandering Arab. Under the protection and guidance of the Sheik of Akaba, our traveller went through the heart of the desert to the Holy Land. From Suez he proceeded to Mount Sinai; and thence traversed the “great and terrible wilderness” to Petra, the Edom of the Scriptures, by Gaza; ascending to the tomb of Aaron on Mount Hor by the way, and passing through the whole length of the land of Idumea to Hebron. Neither Burckhardt, who first discovered Petra, nor either of the three different parties who have since at various intervals entered this city of the desert, passed through Idumea. To Mr. Stephens, therefore, belongs the privilege of boasting that he was the first to disturb the literal fulfilment of Isaiah's prophecy, who, in predicting the doom of Idumea, said, “None shall pass through it for ever and ever.” This, considering the dangers and difficulties of the way, was no small feat to accomplish.—*Spectator*.

THE WIFE HUNTER, &c.—TALES BY THE MORIARTY FAMILY.—“These admirable volumes,” says the *Dublin Mail*, “have excited a deserved and lively interest in the novel-reading world. ‘The Wife Hunter,’ which occupies two volumes of the series, is the work of a shrewd, satirical, and, withal, exceedingly good-natured writer, whose experiences of human nature in its various moods and tempers have been carefully treasured, and turned to excellent account. The autobiographer details the adventures arising from his efforts to combine matrimonial with political success; in a word, he seeks the representation of a borough, on the speculation that the magic ‘M.P.’ appended to his name may, in conjunction with his various other accomplishments, dazzle the vanity of a wealthy squire's wealthy daughter. But we beg to inquire why Mr. Moriarty has entitled his novel ‘The Wife Hunter?’ The name is a manifest misnomer: the work should have been called ‘The Wife Hunters;’ for the heroes of the story are both indefatigably occupied in trying to ensnare the affections of the interesting objects of pursuit—the dexterous, humorous, unprecedented Murrough O'Driscoll, as well as his trusty confederate, John O'Brien Grant. Among the most piquant portions of this work, we may mention the public dinner Mr. Murrough O'Driscoll contrives to get the rustic inhabitants of Ballyhurlly to treat him to,—the pretty Mary Sheridan's marriage with the mock sailor,—O'Driscoll's addresses to the Misses O'Moore,—and his love adventures with the larking actress and the brewer's widow. There is rare fun in all these sketches; they are told with genuine Hibernian humour, and are incomparably racy and life-like. The electioneering speech made by Grant to the women of Kilshindy is a most unique as well as brilliant bit of blarney.”

ZENOBIA, QUEEN OF THE EAST, A ROMANCE.—(“*Letters from Palmyra*.”)—“This new romance will be acceptable to the many readers who took delight in ‘Valerius,’ ‘Sathiel,’ and the ‘Last Days of Pompeii,’ as the last reproduction of the scenes of antiquity. The work has been introduced to the notice of the public in a recent number of *The London and Westminster Review*, and some of the most showy scenes and descriptions were extracted by the reviewer in justification of the high recommendation he bestowed on it. In our opinion, however, its merit lies in its general effect as a compact, well-studied whole. There is no mystery to be unravelled in the story; but it is no mean evidence of power that, in dispensing with mystery, a writer is able to enchain our interest,—that his characters have truth enough to display themselves by following the desultory yet connected chain of real events, instead of requiring distorted positions, forced grouping, and fictitious colouring, to enable them to arrest attention. Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra, is the principal figure of the author's picture, round which the rest arrange themselves; a figure well, because calmly, conceived, and highly but unambitiously finished. She is, moreover,

set off, rather than foiled, by those assembled round her ;—Fausta, her friend and almost worshipper ;—Julia, her daughter, less brilliant, but yet higher hearted ;—the sage Longinus, and the bold, stern Zabdas.”—*Athenaeum*. [This is really a beautiful and interesting romance, worthy of the pen of Croly, Bulwer, or Lockhart.]

Mr. HOGARTH’S “MEMOIRS OF THE MUSICAL DRAMA.”—This is a very agreeable work, full of pleasant and varied information relative to its subject. Mr. Hogarth has not addressed his book solely to the scientific portion of those who take interest in music, nor, indeed, exclusively to those who pay any attention whatever to this art. It is as much a history of the literary as of the musical progress of the lyrical drama, and those parts which relate to the poets of different countries are perhaps the most interesting of the whole. Thus what may be called the operatic biography of Dryden is gone through, while the author is on the subject of Purcell ; and as the operas of that poet are now almost unknown, he is presented to the general reader in a point of view entirely novel. All that is introduced into the work, however, is necessary, and there is nothing omitted which is of consequence ; we see no reason why it should not bear the name of a history of the musical drama, the only difference from other histories being that from the very nature of its subject, as well as from the agreeable manner in which it is told, it is more light and entertaining than most works belonging to the dignified class. Mr. Hogarth’s work is, indeed, a valuable addition to this department of literature, not the least interesting part of it being the insight given into the manners of different times. There is scarcely a class of readers who might not find something attractive in all its varied information. It is equally calculated for those who take it up as the amusement of an hour and dip here and there into its pages, or for those who would seriously peruse it for information respecting the art it so well illustrates.—*Times*.

A valuable work on the statistics of Crime in England is in the press. It is called “POVERTY, MENDICITY, AND CRIME.” The curious and startling details contained in this work will be found to exceed anything in the pages of fiction. It is derived from official reports, &c. submitted to the Legislature, and from long personal observation.

The present disturbed state of Persia, caused by the intrigues of Russia, will give much additional interest to Lieutenant Conolly’s Journey to the North of India, which is about to be published in a cheaper form, enriched with much new information on the important subjects of Russia and Persia.

A new work from the pen of the author of “TRAVELS IN THE NORTH OF EUROPE,” (Rev. C. B. ELLIOTT,) is announced for immediate publication. It is entitled “TRAVELS IN THE THREE GREAT EMPIRES OF AUSTRIA, RUSSIA, AND TURKEY.” Part the First containing a Voyage down the Danube, with Travels in Hungary, Wallachia, Moldavia, Bessarabia, Southern Russia, Crim-Tartary, and Turkey in Europe ; Part the Second containing Travels in Syria, Palestine, and Asia Minor, with a Tour in the country East of Jordan, and a visit to the Apocalyptic Churches, and the islands of the Archipelago. The popularity of his former work is well known ; and from the interesting countries and remarkable localities visited by Mr. Elliott during his present journey, we may expect a work of much entertainment and information.

The valuable French work, the victories of the French arms, is well known, and it has been remarked with surprise that notwithstanding the brilliant achievements of the British army in the Peninsula and elsewhere, we at present possess no collected record of a similar nature to the French work in question. The author of the “STORIES OF WATERLOO,” whose graphic pencil painted so admirably the events of the great Three Days of Waterloo, is well calculated to undertake such a task, and we are pleased that Mr. Maxwell has made this the subject of his new work, which he entitles “THE VICTORIES AND CONQUESTS OF THE BRITISH ARMY.” It will be embellished with portraits of the most distinguished British Officers engaged.

During the present month, the public may expect another story from the pen of the author of “THE PILOT.” The new work is entitled “EVE EFFINGHAM, OR HOME.” The scene is laid in the United States, and it is understood that Cooper has, in this work, given his narrative of the Domestic Manners of the Americans, which we hear are as trenchant as the productions of Mrs. Trollope, Captain Basil Hall, &c.

Mr. J. B. FRAZER, the celebrated Oriental Traveller, and author of the “KUZZIL-BASH,” “THE RESIDENCE OF THE PERSIAN PRINCES,” &c., has in the press “A WINTER’S JOURNEY (TATAR) FROM CONSTANTINOPLE TO TEHRAN ; with Travels through various parts of Persia ; a Residence in Tehran, and Journey through Khorsan among the Toorkmans of the Desert, and by the Caspian Sea to Tabrez.”

BENTLEY'S

MISCELLANY.

SEPTEMBER, 1838.



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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

~~THE~~ Editor begs to decline the following Contributions, with many thanks. They lie at the Publisher's.

"Song of the Demon of Misery;" "Nuptials of Sienna;" "Victoria;" "Père la Chaise;" "Story of the Hibernian;" "Darby D'Arcy;" "Greek Version of an Irish Melody;" "Musea Moribunda;" "Serenade;" "Toasted Cheese, &c." "Song of Alceste;" "It was my lot to be hatched a Sparrow;" "Rhymes to a Chimney."

The Editor is also unable to avail himself of papers by "G. E. I.;" "Mox Moribundus;" "H. L.;" "D. S.;" "F.;" "F. J. F.;" "H. X. A.;" "C. B. D.;" "Sebrake Worraf;" "A Stroller;" "W * * Nugator;" "A. B.;" "Milo;" "J. H. G. (Great Marylebone Street);" "Henri;" "Zemia;" "J. F. M.;" "M. M.;" "W. N.;" "J. B. T."

Accepted—"Bletherumskite," (although he makes some sad mistakes in his bean-stalk lore, which we shall take leave to correct.)

Our "forsaken" friend could, we venture to think, do better.



FULL REPORT OF THE SECOND MEETING OF THE MUDFOG ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF EVERYTHING.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

IN October last, we did ourselves the immortal credit of recording, at an enormous expense, and by dint of exertions unparalleled in the history of periodical publication, the proceedings of the Mudfog Association for the Advancement of Everything, which in that month held its first great half-yearly meeting, to the wonder and delight of the whole empire. We announced at the conclusion of that extraordinary and most remarkable Report, that when the Second Meeting of the Society should take place we should be found again at our post, renewing our gigantic and spirited endeavours, and once more making the world ring with the accuracy, authenticity, immeasurable superiority, and intense remarkability of our account of its proceedings. In redemption of this pledge, we caused to be despatched per steam to Oldcastle, (at which place this second meeting of the Society was held on the 20th instant.) the same superhumanly-endowed gentleman who furnished the former report, and who,—gifted by nature with transcendent abilities, and furnished by us with a body of assistants scarcely inferior to himself,—has forwarded a series of letters, which for faithfulness of description, power of language, fervour of thought, happiness of expression, and importance of subject-matter, have no equal in the epistolary literature of any age or country. We give this gentleman's correspondence entire, and in the order in which it reached our office.

“Saloon of Steamer, Thursday night, half-past eight.

“WHEN I left New Burlington Street this evening in the hackney cabriolet, number four thousand two hundred and eighty-five, I experienced sensations as novel as they were oppressive. A sense of the importance of the task I had undertaken, a consciousness that I was leaving London, and, stranger still, going somewhere else, a feeling of loneliness and a sensation of jolting, quite bewildered my thoughts, and for a time rendered me even insensible to the presence of my carpet-bag and hat-box. I shall ever feel grateful to the driver of a Black-wall omnibus, who, by thrusting the pole of his vehicle through the small door of the cabriolet, awakened me from a tumult of imaginings that are wholly indescribable. But of such materials is our imperfect nature composed!

“I am happy to say that I am the first passenger on board, and shall thus be enabled to give you an account of all that

happens in the order of its occurrence. The chimney is smoking a good deal, and so are the crew; and the captain, I am informed, is very drunk in a little house upon deck, something like a black turnpike. I should infer from all I hear that he has got the steam up.

"You will readily guess with what feelings I have just made the discovery that my berth is in the same closet with those engaged by Professor Woodensconce, Mr. Slug, and Professor Grime. Professor Woodensconce has taken the shelf above me, and Mr. Slug and Professor Grime the two shelves opposite. Their luggage has already arrived. On Mr. Slug's bed is a long tin tube of about three inches in diameter, carefully closed at both ends. What can this contain? Some powerful instrument of a new construction, doubtless."

"Ten minutes past nine."

"Nobody has yet arrived, nor has anything fresh come in my way except several joints of beef and mutton, from which I conclude that a good plain dinner has been provided for to-morrow. There is a singular smell below, which gave me some uneasiness at first; but as the steward says it is always there, and never goes away, I am quite comfortable again. I learn from this man that the different sections will be distributed at the Black Boy and Stomach-ache, and the Boot-jack and Countenance. If this intelligence be true, (and I have no reason to doubt it,) your readers will draw such conclusions as their different opinions may suggest.

"I write down these remarks as they occur to me, or as the facts come to my knowledge, in order that my first impressions may lose nothing of their original vividness. I shall despatch them in small packets as opportunities arise."

"Half-past nine."

"Some dark object has just appeared upon the wharf. I think it is a travelling carriage."

"A quarter to ten."

"No, it isn't."

"Half-past ten."

"The passengers are pouring in every instant. Four omnibuses full have just arrived upon the wharf, and all is bustle and activity. The noise and confusion are very great. Cloths are laid in the cabins, and the steward is placing blue plates-full of knobs of cheese at equal distances down the centre of the tables. He drops a great many knobs; but, being used to it, picks them up again with great dexterity, and, after wiping them on his sleeve, throws them back into the plates. He is a young man of exceedingly prepossessing appearance,—either dirty or a mulatto, but I think the former.

...interesting old gentleman who came to the wharf in an

omnibus has just quarrelled violently with the porters, and is staggering towards the vessel with a large trunk in his arms. I trust and hope that he may reach it in safety ; but the board he has to cross is narrow and slippery. Was that a splash ? Gracious powers !

" I have just returned from the deck. The trunk is standing upon the extreme brink of the wharf, but the old gentleman is nowhere to be seen. The watchman is not sure whether he went down or not, but promises to drag for him the first thing to-morrow morning. May his humane efforts prove successful !

" Professor Nogo has this moment arrived with his nightcap on under his hat. He has ordered a glass of cold brandy and water, with a hard biscuit and a bason, and has gone straight to bed. What can this mean !

" The three other scientific gentlemen to whom I have already alluded have come on board, and have all tried their beds, with the exception of Professor Woodensconce, who sleeps in one of the top ones, and can't get into it. Mr. Slug, who sleeps in the other top one, is unable to get out of his, and is to have his supper handed up by a boy. I have had the honour to introduce myself to these gentlemen, and we have amicably arranged the order in which we shall retire to rest ; which it is necessary to agree upon, because, although the cabin is very comfortable, there is not room for more than one gentleman to be out of bed at a time, and even he must take his boots off in the passag .

" As I anticipated, the knobs of cheese were provided for the passengers' supper, and are now in course of consumption. Your readers will be surprised to hear that Professor Woodensconce has abstained from cheese for eight years, although he takes butter in considerable quantities. Professor Grime having lost several teeth, is unable, I observe, to eat his crusts without previously soaking them in his bottled porter. How interesting are these peculiarities !"

" Half-past eleven.

" PROFESSORS WOODENSCONCE and Grime, with a degree of good humour that delights us all, have just arranged to toss for a bottle of mulled port. There has been some discussion whether the payment should be decided by the first toss or the best out of three. Eventually the latter course has been determined on. Deeply do I wish that both gentlemen could win ; but that being impossible, I own that my personal aspirations (I speak as an individual, and do not compromise either you or your readers by this expression of feeling) are with Professor Woodensconce. I have backed that gentleman to the amount of eighteenpence."

" Twenty minutes to twelve.

" PROFESSOR GRIME has inadvertently tossed his half-crown out of one of the cabin-windows, and it has been arranged that

the steward shall toss for him. Bets are offered on any side to any amount, but there are no takers.

"Professor Woodensconce has just called 'woman;' but the coin having lodged in a beam is a long time coming down again. The interest and suspense of this one moment are beyond anything that can be imagined."

"Twelve o'clock."

"THE mulled port is smoking on the table before me, and Professor Grime has won. Tossing is a game of chance; but on every ground, whether of public or private character, intellectual endowments, or scientific attainments, I cannot help expressing my opinion that Professor Woodensconce *ought* to have come off victorious. There is an exultation about Professor Grime incompatible, I fear, with true greatness."

"A quarter past twelve."

"PROFESSOR GRIME continues to exult, and to boast of his victory in no very measured terms, observing that he always does win, and that he knew it would be a 'head' beforehand, with many other remarks of a similar nature. Surely this gentleman is not so lost to every feeling of decency and propriety as not to feel and know the superiority of Professor Woodensconce. Is Professor Grime insane? or does he wish to be reminded in plain language of his true position in society, and the precise level of his acquirements and abilities? Professor Grime will do well to look to this."

"One o'clock."

"I AM writing in bed. The small cabin is illuminated by the feeble light of a flickering lamp suspended from the ceiling; Professor Grime is lying on the opposite shelf on the broad of his back, with his mouth wide open. The scene is indescribably solemn. The rippling of the tide, the noise of the sailors' feet over-head, the gruff voices on the river, the dogs on the shore, the snoring of the passengers, and a constant creaking of every plank in the vessel, are the only sounds that meet the ear. With these exceptions, all is profound silence.

"My curiosity has been within the last moment very much excited. Mr. Slug, who lies above Professor Grime, has cautiously withdrawn the curtains of his berth, and, after looking anxiously out, as if to satisfy himself that his companions are asleep, has taken up the tin tube of which I have before spoken, and is regarding it with great interest. What rare mechanical combination can be contained in that mysterious case? It is evidently a profound secret to all."

"A quarter past one."

"THE behaviour of Mr. Slug grows more and more mysterious. He has unscrewed the top of the tube, and now renews his observations upon his companions evidently to make sure

that he is wholly unobserved. He is clearly on the eve of some great experiment. Pray heaven that it be not a dangerous one; but the interests of science must be promoted, and I am prepared for the worst."

"Five minutes later.

"HE has produced a large pair of scissors, and drawn a roll of some substance, not unlike parchment in appearance, from the tin case. The experiment is about to begin. I must strain my eyes to the utmost, in the attempt to follow its minutest operation."

"Twenty minutes before Two.

"I HAVE at length been enabled to ascertain that the tin tube contains a few yards of some celebrated plaster, recommended—as I discover on regarding the label attentively through my eye-glass—as a preservative against sea-sickness. Mr. Slug has cut it up into small portions, and is now sticking it over himself in every direction."

"Three o'clock.

"PRECISELY a quarter of an hour ago we weighed anchor, and the machinery was suddenly put in motion with a noise so appalling, that Professor Woodensconce (who had ascended to his berth by means of a platform of carpet bags arranged by himself on geometrical principles) darted from his shelf head foremost, and, gaining his feet with all the rapidity of extreme terror, ran wildly into the ladies' cabin, under the impression that we were sinking, and uttering loud cries for aid. I am assured that the scene which ensued baffles all description. There were one hundred and forty-seven ladies in their respective berths at the time.

"Mr. Slug has remarked, as an additional instance of the extreme ingenuity of the steam-engine as applied to purposes of navigation, that in whatever part of the vessel a passenger's berth may be situated, the machinery always appears to be exactly under his pillow. He intends stating this very beautiful, though simple discovery, to the association."

"Half-past three.

"WE are still in smooth water; that is to say in as smooth water as a steam-vessel ever can be, for, as Professor Woodensconce (who has just woke up) learnedly remarks, another great point of ingenuity about a steamer is, that it always carries a little storm with it. You can scarcely conceive how exciting the jerking pulsation of the ship becomes. It is a matter of positive difficulty to get to sleep."

"Friday afternoon, six o'clock.

"I REGRET to inform you that Mr. Slug's plaster has proved of no avail. He is in great agony, but has applied several large

additional pieces notwithstanding. How affecting is this extreme devotion to science and pursuit of knowledge under the most trying circumstances!

* We were extremely happy this morning, and the breakfast was one of the most animated description. Nothing unpleasant occurred until noon, with the exception of Doctor Foxey's brown silk umbrella and white hat becoming entangled in the machinery while he was explaining to a knot of ladies the construction of the steam-engine. I fear the gravy soup for lunch was injudicious. We lost a great many passengers almost immediately afterwards."

" Half-past six.

"I AM again in bed. Anything so heart-rending as Mr. Slug's sufferings it has never yet been my lot to witness."

" Seven o'clock.

"A MESSENGER has just come down for a clean pocket-handkerchief from Professor Woodensconce's bag, that unfortunate gentleman being quite unable to leave the deck, and imploring constantly to be thrown overboard. From this man I understand that Professor Nogo, though in a state of utter exhaustion, clings feebly to the hard biscuit and cold brandy and water, under the impression that they will yet restore him. Such is the triumph of mind over matter.

"Professor Grime is in bed, to all appearance quite well; but he *will* eat, and it is disagreeable to see him. Has this gentleman no sympathy with the sufferings of his fellow-creatures? If he has, on what principle can he call for mutton-chops—and smile?"

" Black Boy and Stomach-ache, Oldcastle, Saturday noon.

"You will be happy to learn that I have at length arrived here in safety. The town is excessively crowded, and all the private lodgings and hotels are filled with *savans* of both sexes. The tremendous assemblage of intellect that one encounters in every street is in the last degree overwhelming.

"Notwithstanding the throng of people here, I have been fortunate enough to meet with very comfortable accommodation on very reasonable terms, having secured a sofa in the first-floor passage at one guinea per night, which includes permission to take my meals in the bar, on condition that I walk about the streets at all other times, to make room for other gentlemen similarly situated. I have been over the outhouses intended to be devoted to the reception of the various sections, both here and at the Boot-jack and Countenance, and am much delighted with the arrangements. Nothing can exceed the fresh appearance of the saw-dust with which the floors are sprinkled. The forms are of unplanned deal, and the general effect, as you can well imagine, is extremely beautiful."

" Half-past nine.

"THE number and rapidity of the arrivals are quite bewildering. Within the last ten minutes a stage-coach has driven up to the door, filled inside and out with distinguished characters, comprising Mr. Muddlebranes, Mr. Drawley, Professor Muff, Mr. X. Misty, Mr. X. X. Misty, Mr. Purbblind, Professor Rummun, The Honourable and Reverend Mr. Long Eers, Professor John Ketch, Sir William Joltered, Doctor Buffer, Mr. Smith (of London), Mr. Brown (of Edinburgh), Sir Hookham Snivey, and Professor Pumpkinskull. The ten last-named gentlemen were wet through, and looked extremely intelligent."

" Sunday, two o'clock, P.M.

"THE Honourable and Reverend Mr. Long Eers, accompanied by Sir William Joltered, walked and drove this morning. They accomplished the former feat in boots, and the latter in a hired fly. This has naturally given rise to much discussion.

"I have just learnt that an interview has taken place at the Boot-Jack and Countenance between Sowster, the active and intelligent beadle of this place, and Professor Pumpkinskull, who, as your readers are doubtless aware, is an influential member of the council. I forbear to communicate any of the rumours to which this very extraordinary proceeding has given rise until I have seen Sowster, and endeavoured to ascertain the truth from him."

" Half-past six.

"I ENGAGED a donkey-chaise shortly after writing the above, and proceeded at a brisk trot in the direction of Sowster's residence, passing through a beautiful expanse of country with red brick buildings on either side, and stopping in the market-place to observe the spot where Mr. Kwakley's hat was blown off yesterday. It is an uneven piece of paving, but has certainly no appearance which would lead one to suppose that any such event had recently occurred there. From this point I proceeded—passing the gas-works and tallow-melter's—to a lane which had been pointed out to me as the beadle's place of residence; and before I had driven a dozen yards further, I had the good fortune to meet Sowster himself advancing towards me.

"Sowster is a fat man, with a more enlarged developement of that peculiar conformation of countenance which is vulgarly termed a double chin than I remember to have ever seen before. He has also a very red nose, which he attributes to a habit of early rising—so red, indeed, that but for this explanation I should have supposed it to proceed from occasional inebriety. He informed me that he did not feel himself at liberty to relate what had passed between himself and Professor Pumpkinskull,

but had no objection to state that it was connected with a matter of police regulation, and added with peculiar significance, 'Never was sitch times !'

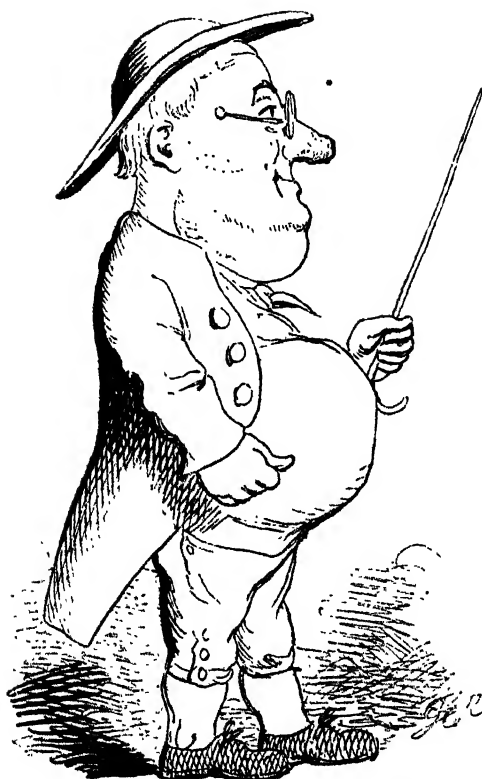
● 'You will easily believe that this intelligence gave me considerable surprise, not wholly unmixed with anxiety, and that I lost no time in waiting on Professor Pumpkinskull, and stating the object of my visit. After a few moments' reflection, the Professor, who, I am bound to say, behaved with the utmost politeness, openly avowed (I mark the passage in italics) *that he had requested Sowster to attend on the Monday morning at the Boot-jack and Countenance, to keep off the boys; and that he had further desired that the under-beadle might be stationed, with the same object, at the Black Boy and Stomach-ache !*

"Now, I leave this unconstitutional proceeding to your comments and the consideration of your readers. I have yet to learn that a beadle, without the precincts of a church, churchyard, or workhouse, and acting otherwise than under the express orders of churchwardens and overseers in council assembled, to enforce the law against people who come upon the parish, and other offenders, has any lawful authority whatever over the rising youth of this country. I have yet to learn that a beadle can be called out by any civilian to exercise a domination and despotism over the boys of Britain. I have yet to learn that a beadle will be permitted by the commissioners of poor law regulation to wear out the soles and heels of his boots in illegal interference with the liberties of people not proved poor or otherwise criminal. I have yet to learn that a beadle has power to stop up the Queen's highway at his will and pleasure, or that the whole width of the street is not free and open to any man, boy, or woman in existence, up to the very walls of the houses—ay, be they Black Boys and Stomach-aches, or Boot-jacks and Countenances, I care not."

"Nine o'clock.

"I HAVE procured a local artist to make a faithful sketch of the tyrant Sowster, which, as he has acquired this infamous celebrity, you will no doubt wish to have engraved for the purpose of presenting a copy with every copy of your next number. I enclose it. The under-beadle has consented to write his life, but it is to be strictly anonymous.

"The accompanying likeness is of course from the life, and complete in every respect. Even if I had been totally ignorant of the man's real character, and it had been placed before me without remark, I should have shuddered involuntarily. There is an intense malignity of expression in the features, and a baleful ferocity of purpose in the ruffian's eye, which appals and sickens. His whole air is rampant with cruelty, nor is the stomach less characteristic of his demoniac propensities.



The Tyrant Schooler.

"Monday.

"THE great day has at length arrived. I have neither eyes, nor ears, nor pens, nor ink, nor paper, for anything but the wonderful proceedings that have astounded my senses. Let me collect my energies and proceed to the account."

SECTION A.—ZOOLOGY AND BOTANY.

FRONT PARLOUR, BLACK BOY AND STOMACH-ACHE.

PRESIDENT—SIR WILLIAM JOLTERED. VICE-PRESIDENTS—MR. MUDDLEBRANES AND MR. DRAWLEY.

“MR. X. X. MISTY communicated some remarks on the disappearance of dancing bears from the streets of London, with observations on the exhibition of monkeys as connected with barrel-organs. The writer had observed, with feelings of the utmost pain and regret, that some years ago a sudden and unaccountable change in the public taste took place with reference to itinerant bears, who, being discountenanced by the populace, gradually fell off one by one from the streets of the metropolis, until not one remained to create a taste for natural history in the breasts of the poor and uninstructed. One bear, indeed, — a brown and ragged animal, — had lingered about the haunts of his former triumphs, with a worn and dejected visage and feeble limbs, and had essayed to wield his quarter-staff for the amusement of the multitude; but hunger, and an utter want of any due recompence for his abilities, had at length driven him from the field, and it was only too probable that he had fallen a sacrifice to the rising taste for grease. He regretted to add that a similar, and no less lamentable change, had taken place with reference to monkeys. These delightful animals had formerly been almost as plentiful as the organs on the tops of which they were accustomed to sit; the proportion in the year 1829 (it appeared by the parliamentary return) being as one monkey to three organs. Owing, however, to an altered taste in musical instruments, and the substitution, in a great measure, of narrow boxes of music for organs, which left the monkeys nothing to sit upon, this source of public amusement was wholly dried up. Considering it a matter of the deepest importance, in connection with national education, that the people should not lose such opportunities of making themselves acquainted with the manners and customs of two most interesting species of animals, the author submitted that some measures should be immediately taken for the restoration of these pleasing and truly intellectual amusements.

“The PRESIDENT inquired by what means the honourable member proposed to attain this most desirable end?

“The AUTHOR submitted that it could be most fully and satisfactorily accomplished, if Her Majesty’s government would cause to be brought over to England, and maintained at the public expense, and for the public amusement, such a number of bears as would enable every quarter of the town to be visited—say at least by three bears a week. No difficulty whatever need be experienced in providing a fitting place for the reception of these animals, as a commodious bear-garden could be erected in

the immediate neighbourhood of both houses of parliament; obviously the most proper and eligible spot for such an establishment.

"PROFESSOR MULL doubted very much whether any correct ideas of natural history were propagated by the means to which the honourable member had so ably adverted. On the contrary, he believed that they had been the means of diffusing very incorrect and imperfect notions on the subject. He spoke from personal observation and personal experience, when he said that many children of great abilities had been induced to believe, from what they had observed in the streets, at and before the period to which the honourable gentleman had referred, that all monkeys were born in red coats and spangles, and that their hats and feathers also came by nature. He wished to know distinctly whether the honourable gentleman attributed the want of encouragement the bears had met with to the decline of public taste in that respect, or to a want of ability on the part of the bears themselves?

"Mr. X. X. MISTY replied, that he could not bring himself to believe but that there must be a great deal of floating talent among the bears and monkeys generally; which, in the absence of any proper encouragement, was dispersed in other directions.

"PROFESSOR PUMPKINSKULL wished to take that opportunity of calling the attention of the section to a most important and serious point. The author of the treatise just read had alluded to the prevalent taste for bears'-grease as a means of promoting the growth of hair, which undoubtedly was diffused to a very great and (as it appeared to him) very alarming extent. No gentleman attending that section could fail to be aware of the fact that the youth of the present age evinced, by their behaviour in the streets, and at all places of public resort, a considerable lack of that gallantry and gentlemanly feeling which, in more ignorant times, had been thought becoming. He wished to know whether it were possible that a constant outward application of bears'-grease by the young gentlemen about town, had imperceptibly infused into those unhappy persons something of the nature and quality of the bear? He shuddered as he threw out the remark; but if this theory, on inquiry, should prove to be well-founded, it would at once explain a great deal of unpleasant eccentricity of behaviour, which, without some such discovery, was wholly unaccountable.

"The PRESIDENT highly complimented the learned gentleman on his most valuable suggestion, which produced the greatest effect upon the assembly; and remarked that only a week previous he had seen some young gentlemen at a theatre eyeing a box of ladies with a fierce intensity, which nothing but the influence of some brutish appetite could possibly explain. It was dreadful to reflect that our youth were so rapidly verging into a generation of bears.

"After a scene of scientific enthusiasm it was resolved that this important question should be immediately submitted to the consideration of the council.

"The PRESIDENT wished to know whether any gentleman could inform the section what had become of the dancing-dogs?

"A MEMBER replied, after some hesitation, that on the day after three glee-singers had been committed to prison as criminals by a late most zealous police-magistrate of the metropolis, the dogs had abandoned their professional duties, and dispersed themselves in different quarters of the town to gain a livelihood by less dangerous means. He was given to understand that since that period they had supported themselves by lying in wait for and robbing blind men's poodles.

"Mr. FLUMMERY exhibited a twig, claiming to be a veritable branch of that noble tree known to naturalists as the SHAKSPEARE, which has taken root in every land and climate, and gathered under the shade of its broad green boughs the great family of mankind. The learned gentleman remarked, that the twig had been undoubtedly called by other names in its time; but that it had been pointed out to him by an old lady in Warwickshire, where the great tree had grown, as a shoot of the genuine SHAKSPEARE, by which name he begged to introduce it to his countrymen.

"The PRESIDENT wished to know what botanical definition the honourable gentleman could afford of the curiosity?

"Mr. FLUMMERY expressed his opinion that it was a DECIDED PLANT."

SECTION B.—DISPLAY OF MODELS AND MECHANICAL SCIENCE.

LARGE ROOM, BOOT-JACK AND COUNTENANCE.

PRESIDENT—MR. MALLET. VICE-PRESIDENTS—MESSRS. LEAVER AND SCROO.

"Mr. CRINKLES exhibited a most beautiful and delicate machine, of little larger size than an ordinary snuff-box, manufactured entirely by himself, and composed exclusively of steel; by the aid of which more pockets could be picked in one hour than by the present slow and tedious process in four-and-twenty. The inventor remarked that it had been put into active operation in Fleet Street, the Strand, and other thoroughfares, and had never been once known to fail.

"After some slight delay, occasioned by the various members of the section buttoning their pockets,

"The PRESIDENT narrowly inspected the invention, and declared that he had never seen a machine of more beautiful or exquisite construction. Would the inventor be good enough to inform the section whether he had taken any and what means for bringing it into general operation?

"Mr. CRINKLES stated that, after encountering some preliminary difficulties, he had succeeded in putting himself in commu-

nication with Mr. Fogle Hunter, and other gentlemen connected with the swell mob, who had awarded the invention the very highest and most unqualified approbation. He regretted to say, however, that these distinguished practitioners, in common with a gentleman of the name of Gimlet-eyed-Tommy, and other members of a secondary grade of the profession whom he was understood to represent, entertained an insuperable objection to its being brought into general use, on the ground that it would have the inevitable effect of almost entirely superseding manual labour, and throwing a great number of highly-deserving persons out of employment.

"The PRESIDENT hoped that no such fanciful objections would be allowed to stand in the way of such a great public improvement.

"Mr. CRINKLES hoped so too; but he feared that if the gentlemen of the swell mob persevered in their objection, nothing could be done.

"PROFESSOR GRIME suggested, that surely, in that case, Her Majesty's government might be prevailed upon to take it up.

"Mr. CRINKLES said, that if the objection were found to be insuperable he should apply to parliament, which he thought could not fail to recognise the utility of the invention.

"The PRESIDENT observed, that up to this time parliament had certainly got on very well without it; but, as they did their business on a very large scale, he had no doubt they would gladly adopt the improvement. His only fear was that the machine might be worn out by constant working.

"MR. COPPERNOSE called the attention of the section to a proposition of great magnitude and interest, illustrated by a vast number of models, and stated with much clearness and perspicuity in a treatise entitled "Practical Suggestions on the necessity of providing some harmless and wholesome relaxation for the young noblemen of England." His proposition was, that a space of ground of not less than ten miles in length and four in breadth should be purchased by a new company, to be incorporated by Act of Parliament, and inclosed by a brick wall of not less than twelve feet in height. He proposed that it should be laid out with highway roads, turnpikes, bridges, miniature villages, and every object that could conduce to the comfort and glory of Four-in-hand Clubs, so that they might be fairly presumed to require no drive beyond it. This delightful retreat would be fitted up with most commodious and extensive stables for the convenience of such of the nobility and gentry as had a taste for ostlering, and with houses of entertainment furnished in the most expensive and handsome style. It would be further provided with whole streets of door-knockers and bell-handles of extra size, so constructed that they could be easily wrenched off at night, and regularly screwed on again, by attendants provided for the purpose,

every day. There would also be gas-lamps of real glass, which could be broken at a comparatively small expense per dozen, and a broad and handsome foot-pavement for gentlemen to drive their cabriolets upon when they were humorously disposed—for the full enjoyment of which feat live pedestrians would be procured from the workhouse at a very small charge per head. The place being inclosed and carefully screened from the intrusion of the public, there would be no objection to gentlemen laying aside any article of their costume that was considered to interfere with a pleasant frolic, or indeed to their walking about without any costume at all, if they liked that better. In short, every facility of enjoyment would be afforded that the most gentlemanly person could possibly desire. But as even these advantages would be incomplete, unless there were some means provided of enabling the nobility and gentry to display their prowess when they sallied forth after dinner, and as some inconvenience might be experienced in the event of their being reduced to the necessity of pummelling each other, the inventor had turned his attention to the construction of an entirely new police force, composed exclusively of automaton figures, which, with the assistance of the ingenious Signor Gagliardi, of Windmill-street in the Haymarket, he had succeeded in making with such nicety, that a policeman, cab-driver, or old woman, made upon the principle of the models exhibited, would walk about until knocked down like any real man; nay, more, if set upon and beaten by six or eight noblemen or gentlemen, after it was down, the figure would utter divers groans mingled with entreaties for mercy: thus rendering the illusion complete, and the enjoyment perfect. But the invention did not stop even here, for station-houses would be built, containing good beds for noblemen and gentlemen during the night, and in the morning they would repair to a commodious police office where a pantomimic investigation would take place before automaton magistrates,—quite equal to life,—who would fine them in so many counters, with which they would be previously provided for the purpose. This office would be furnished with an inclined plane for the convenience of any nobleman or gentleman who might wish to bring in his horse as a witness, and the prisoners would be at perfect liberty, as they were now, to interrupt the complainants as much as they pleased, and to make any remarks that they thought proper. The charge for these amusements would amount to very little more than they already cost, and the inventor submitted that the public would be much benefited and comforted by the proposed arrangement.

“**PROFESSOR NOCO** wished to be informed what amount of automaton police force it was proposed to raise in the first instance.

“**MR. CORFANNOSE** replied, that it was proposed to begin with

seven divisions of police of a score each, lettered from A to G inclusive. It was proposed that not more than half this number should be placed on active duty, and that the remainder should be kept on shelves in the police office ready to be called out at a moment's notice.

"The PRESIDENT, awarding the utmost merit to the ingenious gentleman who had originated the idea, doubted whether the automaton police would quite answer the purpose. He feared that noblemen and gentlemen would perhaps require the excitement of threshing living subjects.

"MR. COPPERNOSE submitted, that as the usual odds in such cases were ten noblemen or gentlemen to one policeman or cab-driver, it could make very little difference in point of excitement whether the policeman or cab driver were a man or a block. The great advantage would be, that a policeman's limbs might be all knocked off, and yet he would be in a condition to do duty next day. He might even give his evidence next morning with his head in his hand, and give it equally well.

"PROFESSOR MUFF.—Will you allow me to ask you, sir, of what materials it is intended that the magistrates' heads shall be composed?

"MR. COPPERNOSE.—The magistrates will have wooden heads of course, and they will be made of the toughest and thickest materials that can possibly be obtained.

"PROFESSOR MUFF.—I am quite satisfied. This is a great invention.

"PROFESSOR NOGO.—I see but one objection to it. It appears to me that the magistrates ought to talk.

"MR. COPPERNOSE no sooner heard this suggestion than he touched a small spring in each of the two models of magistrates which were placed upon the table; one of the figures immediately began to exclaim with great volubility that he was sorry to see gentlemen in such a situation, and the other to express a fear that the policeman was intoxicated.

"The section, as with one accord, declared with a shout of applause that the invention was complete; and the President, much excited, retired with Mr. Coppernose to lay it before the council. On his return,

"MR. TICKLE displayed his newly-invented spectacles, which enabled the wearer to discern, in very bright colours, objects at a great distance, and rendered him wholly blind to those immediately before him. It was, he said, a most valuable and useful invention, based strictly upon the principle of the human eye.

"The PRESIDENT required some information upon this point. He had yet to learn that the human eye was remarkable for the peculiarities of which the honourable gentleman had spoken.

"MR. TICKLE was rather astonished to hear this, when the President could not fail to be aware that a large number of

most excellent persons and great statesmen could see, with the naked eye, most marvellous horrors on West India plantations, while they could discern nothing whatever in the interior of Manchester cotton mills. He must know, too, with what quickness of perception most people could discover their neighbour's faults, and how very blind they were to their own. If the President differed from the great majority of men in this respect, his eye was a defective one, and it was to assist his vision that these glasses were made.

"MR. BLANK exhibited a model of a fashionable annual, composed of copper-plates, gold leaf, and silk boards, and worked entirely by milk and water.

"MR. PROSEE, after examining the machine, declared it to be so ingeniously composed, that he was wholly unable to discover how it went on at all.

"MR. BLANK.—Nobody can, and that is the beauty of it."

SECTION C.—ANATOMY AND MEDICINE.

BAB-ROOM, BLACK BOY AND STOMACH-ACHF.

PRESIDENT—DR. SOEMUP. VICE-PRESIDENTS—MESSRS PTSSFLL AND MORTAIR.

"DR. GRUMMIDGE stated to the section a most interesting case of monomania, and described the course of treatment he had pursued with perfect success. The patient was a married lady in the middle rank of life, who, having seen another lady at an evening party in a full suit of pearls, was suddenly seized with a desire to possess a similar equipment, although her husband's finances were by no means equal to the necessary outlay. Finding her wish ungratified, she fell sick, and the symptoms soon became so alarming, that he (Dr. Grummidge) was called in. At this period the prominent tokens of the disorder were sullenness, a total indisposition to perform domestic duties, great peevishness, and extreme languor, except when pearls were mentioned, at which times the pulse quickened, the eyes grew brighter, the pupils dilated, and the patient, after various incoherent exclamations, burst into a passion of tears and exclaimed that nobody cared for her, and that she wished herself dead. Finding that the patient's appetite was affected in the presence of company, he began by ordering a total abstinence from all stimulants, and forbidding any sustenance but weak gruel; he then took twenty ounces of blood, applied a blister under each ear, one upon the chest and another on the back; having done which, and administered five grains of calomel, he left the patient to her repose. The next day she was somewhat low, but decidedly better, and all appearances of irritation were removed. The next day she improved still further, and on the next again. On the fourth there was some appearance of a return of the old symptoms, which no sooner developed themselves than he administered another dose of calomel, and strict orders that, unless a decidedly favourable change oc-

curred within two hours, the patient's head should be immediately shaved to the very last curl. From that moment she began to mend, and in less than four-and-twenty hours, was perfectly restored; she did not now betray the least emotion at the sight or mention of pearls or any other ornaments. She was cheerful and good-humoured, and a most beneficial change had been effected in her whole temperament and condition.

"MR. PIPKIN (M.R.C.S.) read a short but most interesting communication in which he sought to prove the complete belief of Sir William Courtenay, otherwise Thom, recently shot at Canterbury, in the Homoœpathic system. The section would bear in mind that one of the Homoœpathic doctrines was, that infinitesimal doses of any medicine which would occasion the disease under which the patient laboured, supposing him to be in a healthy state, would cure it. Now, it was a remarkable circumstance—proved in the evidence—that the deceased Thom employed a woman to follow him about all day with a pail of water, assuring her that one drop (a purely homoœpathic remedy, the section would observe,) placed upon his tongue, after death, would restore him. What was the obvious inference? That Thom, who was marching and countermarching in osier beds, and other swampy places, was impressed with a presentiment that he should be drowned; in which case, had his instructions been complied with, he could not fail to have been brought to life again instantly by his own prescription. As it was, if this woman, or any other person, had administered an infinitesimal dose of lead and gunpowder immediately after he fell, he would have recovered forthwith. But unhappily the woman concerned did not possess the power of reasoning by analogy, or carrying out a principle, and thus the unfortunate gentleman had been sacrificed to the ignorance of the peasantry.

SECTION D. STATISTICS.

OUT-HOUSE, BLACK BOY AND STOMACH-ACHE.

PRESIDENT—MR. SLUG. VICE-PRESIDENTS—MESSRS. NOAKES AND STYLES.

"MR. KWAKLEY stated the result of some most ingenious statistical inquiries relative to the difference between the value of the qualification of several members of Parliament as published to the world, and its real nature and amount. After reminding the section that every member of Parliament for a town or borough was supposed to possess a clear freehold estate of three hundred pounds per annum, the honourable gentleman excited great amusement and laughter by stating the exact amount of freehold property possessed by a column of legislators, in which he had included himself. It appeared from this table that the amount of such income possessed by each was 0 pounds, 0 shillings, and 0 pence, yielding an average of the same. (Great

laughter.) It was pretty well known that there were accommodating gentlemen in the habit of furnishing new members with temporary qualifications, to the ownership of which they swore solemnly—of course as a mere matter of form. He argued from these *data* that it was wholly unnecessary for members of Parliament to possess any property at all, especially as when they had none the public could get them so much cheaper.

SUPPLEMENTARY SECTION, E. UMBUGOLOGY AND DITCHWATERISICS.

PRESIDENT—MR. GRUB. VICE-PRESIDENTS, MESSRS. DUIL AND DUMMY.

"A paper was read by the secretary descriptive of a bay pony with one eye, which had been seen by the author standing in a butcher's cart at the corner of Newgate Market. The communication described the author of the paper as having, in the prosecution of a mercantile pursuit, betaken himself one Saturday morning last summer from Somers Town to Cheapside; in the course of which expedition he had beheld the extraordinary appearance above described. The pony had one distinct eye, and it had been pointed out to him by his friend Captain Blunderbore, of the Horse Marines, who assisted the author in his search, that whenever he winked this eye he whisked his tail, (possibly to drive the flies off,) but that he always winked and whisked at the same time. The animal was lean, spavined, and tottering; and the author proposed to constitute it of the family of *Fitjor dogsmeataurios*. It certainly did occur to him that there was no case on record of a pony with one clearly-defined and distinct organ of vision, winking and whisking at the same moment.

"MR. Q. J. SNUFFLETOFFLE had heard of a pony winking his eye, and likewise of a pony whisking his tail, but whether they were two ponies or the same pony he could not undertake positively to say. At all events he was acquainted with no authenticated instance of a simultaneous winking and whisking, and he really could not but doubt the existence of such a marvellous pony in opposition to all those natural laws by which ponies were governed. Referring, however, to the mere question of his one organ of vision, might he suggest the possibility of this pony having been literally half asleep at the time he was seen, and having closed only one eye?

"THE PRESIDENT observed, that whether the pony was half asleep or fast asleep, there could be no doubt that the association was wide awake, and therefore that they had better get the business over and go to dinner. He had certainly never seen anything analogous to this pony; but he was not prepared to doubt its existence, for he had seen many queerer ponies in his time, though he did not pretend to have seen any more remarkable donkeys than the other gentlemen around him.

"PROFESSOR JOHN KETCH was then called upon to exhibit the skull of the late Mr. Greenacre, which he produced from a blue bag, remarking, on being invited to make any observations that occurred to him, 'that he'd pound it as that 'ere 'spectable section had never seed a more gamerer cove nor he vos.'

"A most animated discussion upon this interesting relic ensued; and, some difference of opinion arising respecting the real character of the deceased gentleman, Mr. Blubb delivered a lecture upon the cranium before him, clearly showing that Mr. Greenacre possessed the organ of destructiveness to a most unusual extent, with a most remarkable developement of the organ of carveativeness. Sir Hookham Snivey was proceeding to combat this opinion, when Professor Ketch suddenly interrupted the proceedings by exclaiming, with great excitement of manner, "Walker!"

"The PRESIDENT begged to call the learned gentleman to order.

"PROFESSOR KETCH. 'Order be blowed! you've got the wrong 'un, I tell you. It ain't no 'ed at all; it's a coker-nut as my brother-in-law has been acarvin' to hornament his new baked 'atur-stall wots a'comin down here vile the 'sociation's in the town. Hand over, vill you?"

"With these words Professor Ketch hastily repossessed himself of the cocoa-nut, and drew forth the skull, in mistake for which he had exhibited it. A most interesting conversation ensued; but as there appeared some doubt ultimately whether the skull was Mr. Greenacre's, or a hospital patient's, or a pauper's, or a man's, or a woman's, or a monkey's, no particular result was attained."

"I cannot," says our talented correspondent in conclusion, "I cannot close my account of these gigantic researches and sublime and noble triumphs, without repeating a *bun mot* of Professor Woodensconce's, which shows how the greatest minds may occasionally unbend, when truth can be presented to listening ears, clothed in an attractive and playful form. I was standing by, when, after a week of feasting and feeding, that learned gentleman, accompanied by the whole body of wonderful men, entered the hall yesterday, where a sumptuous dinner was prepared; where the richest wines sparkled on the board, and fat bucks—propitiatory sacrifices to learning—sent forth their savoury odours. 'Ah!' said Professor Woodensconce, rubbing his hands, 'this is what we meet for; this is what inspires us; this is what keeps us together, and beckons us onward; this is the spread of science, and a glorious spread it is!'"

A CHAPTER ON GOURMANDERIE

ON A TRIP AT THE RESTAURANTS OF PARIS.

In the highest category of Parisian restaurants, I class *Le Café de Paris*, *Grignon's*, the *Trois Frères*, *Verly's*, *Vatour's*, the *Rocher de Cancale*, and the *GRAND VATEL*. Among these the *Rocher* is said to tower supremely. It stands in the same relation to the others as *Tagliani* with respect to *Julia*, *Noblet*, *Alfred*, and *Leroux*; or rather as *Shakspeare* with respect to *Shirley*, *Jonson*, and the other dramatists of that age. Therefore does your Parisian epicure, if he like dancing and dramatic poetry, exclaim, "Time has thus far beheld *one* *Shakspeare*, *one* *Tagliani*, and *one* *Rocher de Cancale*." For myself, I cannot altogether accede to this general reputation. In classing such establishments, I am guided by five elements; to wit, cookery, expense, service, company, and apartment. Now, in cookery the *Rocher* is unequalled. In each of the remaining elements it is inferior to some one or other of its competitors. Without going into laborious comparisons, I at once declare that I give a preference to that restaurant over whose entrance are inscribed these monumental words,—*An Grand Vatel*. The *Rocher* may be patronized on special occasions;—the *Grand Vatel* I prefer, as a regular daily dining house. The former is the *Johannishberg* of your gourmet; the latter his *Chambertin*.

The *Café de Paris* stands on the Italian Boulevard. Its rooms are spacious, with ceilings of most aristocratic loftiness; its furniture is rich; its table-linen is of snowy whiteness; its floor is polished into mirrors; its garçons have clear complexions, and its *dame-du-comptoir* looks mellow, as if just bathed in cream. Indeed no gentleman should enter those elegant rooms unless lately from a bath, and in genteel vestments. He will see a company around him of fashionable ladies and gentlemen. Such is the public of the *Café de Paris*. It is one sphere for the first bringing out of an elegant fashion. Counts, marquises, and bucks dressed for the opera, like to dine at the *Café de Paris*. It is, however, in the midst of noise and motion. Those tranquil epicures who would not have digestion molested by street shouts, and rattling of carriages, will seldom patronize this restaurant. I have sometimes taken breakfast there. Its omelettes are beyond all praise; I remember them with some emotion. The *Café de Paris* is one of the most expensive restaurants in Paris. People are pleased to pay for the renown of dining there.

If you would escape the outer-world tumult near the *Café de Paris*, go at once to *Grignon's*. It is on the second floor, and its entrance is up a broad staircase in the *Passage Vivienne*. *Grignon's* is an expensive establishment, with its twenty large and small dining apartments. The private rooms are often ordinary. Its public hall, however, has an air of lofty elegance and well-bred quiet that strikes you at first. Its thick and heavily colored velvet curtains are of that almost horizontal, and when illuminated by gas, the room is very brilliant. The quiet of the frequenters of *Grignon's* is not, as *Le Rocher* is, into more stiff and slower

There is, moreover, much staring at entrances and exits. When last dining there, I counted six Americans at various tables, and a still greater number of English. There was of course thus far an absence of French *abandon*. The spirit of the various company seemed to be narrowed and cramped by fastidious ideas of propriety. A transition from Grignon's to a characteristic French café is an emancipation indeed. In the one all is freedom; in the other all chains. The service at Grignon's is extremely slow,—a feature in which it approximates to the gentility of the Rocher. Of its cookery, I remark in general that the *entrées* are too highly seasoned for my taste. The *entremets* and *hors d'œuvres* are unexceptionable. I confess frankly, however, that I am not partial to Grignon's. I have sometimes been discomposed by unpardonable anomalies. Hockheimer has been introduced without the properly-coloured glasses; and it has not been deemed fit to repeat a dinner there, since my *coquille de volaille* was served up in a silver imitation, instead of the veritable shell from the sea.

The *Trois Frères Provençaux* is situated in the northern extremity of the Palais Royal. You enter between two statues, whereof one is Hebe holding her emblems. The rooms are not very spacious, though they are adorned with numerous arched mirrors, between which are refreshing pictures of landscape. You may dine there, looking out into the gardens upon one of the gayest summer scenes in Europe. A barometer is suspended near the door, whereby those sensitive in digestion may regulate their diet with reference to any indicated change of weather. The *dame-du-comptoir* is to be looked at as an image of Mademoiselle Mars; moreover, she will say more good things in one half hour than any other *dame-du-comptoir* can say in two. Old gentlemen of wit, in the intervals of their courses, are happy to leave their seats, and exchange merry sallies with her. Many dislike the *Trois Frères*, on account of its tables being continuous; they should be isolated. Its *carte* also is in the shape of a large sheet of paper, instead of a conveniently bound volume. The first time I entered the restaurant, I beheld there dining a vivacious old gentleman, whom the summer before I had known at the springs of Baden as an accomplished epicure. I sat down at table No. 3, with much confidence. You pay pretty smartly for your cookery at the *Trois Frères*;—but *such* cookery!

Very's is but a few steps from the *Trois Frères*. Old Very was long ago a renowned restaurateur; he now rests in one of the Parisian cemeteries. The man who served so many banquets in his day has at last become a banquet. No epicure ever visits Paris without placing an amaranth upon his tomb. There you may read—

J. B. VERY.

Died at Paris, 21st January, 1809.

A good brother, a sincere friend;

His whole life was consecrated to the Useful Arts.

That he should have been a good brother and sincere friend, were reasonable consequences of his professional education; and when I consider the influence of diet upon the body, and through the body on the heart, and mind, and character, I call his art not merely a useful, but likewise a spiritual one. "Tell me what a man eats," said Charles V., and I will tell you what he thinks."

Very's salon of the first, like that of the second floor, is magnificent. Taken by itself, it perhaps is not the most extraordinary room in the world; but, taken with all its multiplications through twenty immense mirrors, it may safely be pronounced so. It is to restaurants far more than what Veron's fine salon is to cafés: its floor is of purer marble; its chandeliers are more gorgeous; its mirrors are larger and more numerous; its gilding is more rich, and its arabesques are more lovely. Entering it for the first time, when illuminated, I doubt not that you will pause, in a sort of rapture and astonishment. No palace from the lamp of Aladdin could have arisen to your fancy, in the splendour and dazzling brilliancy of this fifty times reflected scene. The apartment will accommodate eighty epicures. The plate is in excellent order, and the carte is not only bound into a handsome volume, but also fortified with brass, like those old tomes which are reputed to contain the rarest treasures of human thought. The two dames-du-comptoir are magnificently apparelled, thus harmonizing with the gorgeousness around them. They possess not the quick wit of the lady at the Trois Frères; indeed they have not the like foils to keep it active and elastic. Very's is said to be degenerating, and a prevailing idea is now embodied in the following formula;—"the English have spoiled Very's."

Vefour's is next door to Very's. Strange proximity!—distracting with doubt the unaccustomed. The window at Vefour's, so surpassingly rich in game and fruits, often wins away from Very's. Its rooms, though smaller, are gilded and painted into like dazzling and fanciful brilliancy.

Au Rocher de Cancale! The rock which gives the finest oysters to Europe gives its name to this restaurant. It is situated rather obscurely, at the meeting of the Rue Mandar with that of Montorgueil. There is nothing pleasing about its exterior. Entering a sort of anteroom, about which are fancifully arranged fruits and game, a lady at the counter salutes you. There is nothing here like the Vefour and Very splendour you have just left. At the Rocher is good cooking; at the Rocher there is no magnificence. From that anteroom you pass up winding stairs, meeting here and there a mirror, and everywhere narrow avenues leading into private dining apartments. There is ever something of mystery to me in those narrow avenues; they seem redolent of intrigue. Were there no other history of human nature than what those walls might write, a very significant and comprehensive volume would the world possess. The winding stairs lead you to the saloon in the third story. That saloon is too ordinary for description. It accommodates only fifteen diners. The Rocher generally entertains private parties. For their reception it has fifteen cabinets. Some will contain four, six, and ten, while others are for twenty and thirty persons. The Rocher garçons are excellent. They catch your slightest whisper. Nothing can be worse than a half-deaf garçon. They are, moreover, of marble coolness and tranquillity. Nothing can be more unpalatable to the eye than a perspiring garçon. The carte of the Rocher is abundant beyond all comparison. Every great restaurant has its *crack dish*. That at the Rocher in 1837 was *Sole en matelote Normande*. The genius which conceived that delicious combination, may be pronounced *creative*, in any comprehensible sense of the

word. During the intervals, strive to fathom the depths of its multifarious carte. I have one, at this moment, before me. As a curiosity, would you like to contemplate its contents? As the preliminary question of the garçon relates to wine, turn to the last page of the carte and make your choice among *thirty-seven* red, *thirty-one* white, and twelve foreign wines. Of soups, there are thirty-four different kinds. This is enormous; but look at the piscatory column. Behold *one hundred and twelve* different modes of serving up twenty or thirty kinds of fish! The German notion of Shakspeare's many-sidedness, is totally lost in this amplitude of a French cook's idea of the many-sidedness of an epicure's piscatory palate. But look at the beef column,—*thirty-seven* modes of cooking ox and cow, whereof nineteen are beef-steaks *à la* this, or *à la* that. Nevertheless the offspring beats the parent out and out, for lo! *fifty-two* modes of serving up veal! Your fowl, however, though considerably smaller, beats them all, since of fowl, the Rocher professes seventy-two different styles in the cooking. Of game, it likewise has fifty; and this, moreover, is quite independent of fowl and game *rôtie*, whereof are thirty-five additional forms. "Strange multitude of combinations this," you exclaim, and when I tell you that one style of serving up a chicken's leg is called *à la diable*, you may also exclaim that ingenuity is devoutly put to it, for their designations. Moreover, here is mutton in thirty-six forms; and its offspring, lamb, in twelve. Thus far, I have spoken only of the *entrées*. Behold the *entremets*. Fifty-six forms of vegetable,—twenty of eggs,—ten of coquillages,—fourteen of salads,—and forty-three of entremets sweet. There are also of hors d'œuvres forty-four kinds. Your dessert may be selected from forty-two different delicacies, and the dinner may be concluded by tasting one among thirty kinds of *liqueur*. Here is some breadth and expansiveness of invention, with minutest ingenuity. The combinations which, in so few moments, I have enumerated, are results of many thoughtful years, many thousand experiments, and many disappointing efforts. A first rate French dish may not, like a first rate inspiration of poetry, music, or painting, be gleamed forth in a sudden instant. Time and toil are indispensable, and I never look upon *Sole en matelotte Normande*, without reflecting that, if such dish were at once to be obliterated from the memory of cooks, and the Almanach des Gourmands, perhaps an age might pass away before, in all its present perfection, it could be re-created.†

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I know no better resting-place, after our long walks among the Parisian Eating Houses, than a seat at table No. 6, in the Grand Vatel. * My reader must certainly have heard of Vatel,—Vatel the cook, the Artist—the *great* Vatel;—how he was engaged to prepare a dinner for the royal fête at Chantilly; how the sea-fish (*marée*) had not arrived at 8 o'clock A. M., and how for that reason, retiring to his chamber, he stabbed himself to the heart, preferring death to

† M. Henrion de Pensée, late President of the Court of Cassation, wrote thus to M. La Place, Chaptal, and Berthollet:—"I regard the discovery of a dish as a far more interesting event than the discovery of a star; for we have always stars enough, but we can never have too many dishes, and I shall not regard the sciences as sufficiently honoured, or adequately represented amongst us, until I see a Cook in the first class of the Institute."

even the possibility of disappointing a royal palate. The account may be read in Madame de Sévigné's letter of April 24th, 1671, wherein the writer, not without some pathos, thus conjectures: 'Songez que la marée est peut-être arrivée comme il expiroit.*' Fitly was this restaurant consecrated to his memory. 'Au Grand Vatel.' The words have to me a monumental and a melancholy interest, and seldom do I pass beneath them without half-denouncing the *marée* whose tardy arrival brought that martyr to a suicidal end.

You approach the restaurant, beneath those words, through a narrow staircase. Opening the door, and returning the recognition of a *dame-du-comptoir* on your left, walk at once round to No 6. It is a little table for a party of two, behind which rises an immense mirror, from whose point you get a very complete visual range of the entire company. On your right hand is a table for six, and on your left another for four. The large apartment will easily accommodate one hundred and fifty persons. There are, moreover, private cabinets, where you may retire with your friends and where the service is similar to that of the grand hall, except that therein enter no *half* bottles of wine.

* Madame De Sévigné has devoted two letters to the character and death of this renowned culinary Artist. She speaks of him as of one fit to administer a government;— *cet homme d'une capacité distinguée de tous les autres, dont la bonne tête étoit capable de contenir tout le soin d'un État, cet homme que je connoissais*,— plunging herself thus upon his acquaintance. His melancholy fate seems, for a time to have entirely absorbed her thought. Concluding one of the letters, she says, 'M. De Menars is about to marry Mademoiselle de la Grange Neuville, but I know not how I have courage to talk to you about my one but Vatel.' It seems there were many presentiments or rather pre-events, which foreboded his coming destiny. On the evening before the fatal Friday, there was a Royal *souper*, and at several tables the *toast* was lacking. Vatel was exceedingly troubled, and many times was heard to exclaim in bitterness, 'I am lost. I have lost my honour.'— '*je suis perdu d'honneur, vous en affrontez que je ne supporterai pas.*' To Gourville he said, '*my brain reels,*'— '*la tête me tourne,*' imploring his aid in giving orders. Gourville, like another Crito, often repeated comforting words, but the memory of the *rôti qui avoit manqué*, was ever returning. One of the Royal Princes visited the disconsolate cook in his chamber, telling him that nothing could have been finer than the *souper* of the King. 'Monsieur,' replied Vatel, '*votre bonté m'achève, je sais que le rôti a manqué à deux tables.*' 'Point du tout,' answered the Prince, '*ne vous tachez point tout va bien.*'

At four of the clock, on Friday morning, April the 24th, 1671, Vatel awoke. All rested in sleep but a solitary purveyor, who was bringing in two loads of *marée*. 'Is that all;— '*est ce là tout?*' asked Vatel quickly. 'Oui, Monsieur.' Vatel had sent to every port in the kingdom. Vatel waited long, but no more *marée* arrived. 'Sa tête s'échauffoit.' He sought out Gourville, and said to him, 'I will not survive *this* disgrace.' Gourville dubiously smiled. Instantly Vatel rushed to his chamber, placed his sword against the door, passed it towards his heart, made two efforts in vain, a third was fatal, and he fell dead. In the mean time, the *marée* arrived from all quarters. They sought Vatel to take charge of it, went to his chamber, burst open the door, and found him bathed in blood. 'M. le Prince fut au désespoir. M. le Duc pleura,' for it was upon Vatel that depended his newly-proposed jaunt into Burgundy. The Prince, with much feeling, (fort tristement,) announced his death to the King. 'On dit que c'étoit à force d'avoir de l'honneur à sa manière, on le loua fort, on le loua et blâma son courage. The guest of the Court for Vatel was temporary as it was violent, and from Mad. De Sévigné, one learns with sad astonishment, that, as if nothing had happened, the fête went merrily onward to its close. Who could have anticipated such quick forgetfulness of the great Artist, and martyr to his fame à sa manière, as that revealed in the following narration?— 'On dîna très-bien, on fit collation, on soupa, on se promena, on joua, on fût à la chasse; tout étoit parfumé de jonquilles, tout étoit enchanté.

As the hour of five has not arrived, very few dinners have made their appearance. Here and there a chair may be seen leaning against a table, to indicate that such places have been reserved. Six or seven garçons, in clean white aprons and polished hair, look silently out at the crowds in the garden, or whisper something among themselves. Here, as in all the restaurants, stands a middle-aged gentleman by the side of the comptoir; his complexion is a little florid; his hair is brushed up with careful precision; his white cravat is painfully high; his dress-coat is of deep snuff colour; his stomach is advancing into embonpoint, and his polished boots are strapped. You might perhaps take him for a visiter, were it not for that official napkin thrust under his left arm. He is the proprietor of the establishment, its Amphytrion, and is there stationed to look at garçons, and see that all proceeds well.

Suspending your hat and surtout from loops behind, you take a seat, and the garçon depositing by the side of your plate,—whereon rest the usual napkin and large roll of bread,—a knife, fork, and spoon, presents you the carte, and at once puts the question, “*Quel vin desirez vous, Monsieur?*” Looking through that part of the carte, which contains at least forty-eight different kinds of wine, you resolve, (as the dinner is to be an ordinary one) on Macon. The Macon of the Grand Vatel is altogether the finest I have tasted in Paris. It is, however, much inspirited by an intermingling of eau-de-seltz, a bottle of which you likewise order.

Each individual has certain predilections and associations, which render one style of dinner more dear to him than any other. That all persons should be similarly impressed by the same meal is as absurd as that all persons should be similarly impressed by the same style in poetry, music, or painting. I almost fear that my reader,—whom I now most respectfully invite to dine with me on the opposite side of the table,—may neither approve my choice of dishes nor the order of their succession. And yet I trust he will rub his hands in assent when I call first for a dozen of Cancale oysters. “*Garçon, une douzaine.*” They immediately enter, heaped up in their natural shells upon a large plate, in company with a lemon. The Cancale oysters have often an unpleasant taste of copper; but, impregnated with that lemon juice, they constitute a very excellent *hors d'œuvre*.

Soup after oysters is exactly *comme-il-faut*, and suppose we try it now. There are eighteen different kinds of soup in the carte of the Grand Vatel. My reader may select that which best pleases him. I venture to suggest *Creci aux croûtons*. It is a soup delicious in itself, and is rendered more delicious by its relation to the preceding dish. Those oysters seem to have prepared the palate for that soup. To speak figuratively, the oysters have planted the elements of the soup's success. I may here say that, unless cognizant of your dishes, you are not always safe in making choice. Experimenting upon that vast mysterious carte before you, like all experimenting, is expensive and dangerous. It is not every Columbus that, discovering a new world, thereby contributes to his own worldly happiness. Hoping to make some valuable discoveries, I once abandoned my usual soups, and called for *riz à la Turque*. The name looked relishable enough; but the dish, the soup itself!—surely neither Turk nor Christian could possibly have relished that.

Soup completed, the palate instinctively longs for fish. The carte

of the Grand Vatel reveals to you seventy-six different forms of cooking fish. Very's having ninety-one, of course surpasses it; but it beats Vefour's by twenty-four. I doubt not that dining at Havre, you pronounced fried sole the most delicious piscatory dish that ever had been served before you. At the Grand Vatel, however, do not, do not fling yourself away on fried sole; call at once for *Turbot à la crème*. It is a combination mild as moonbeams, and can only be fitly spoken of in poetry. I think you may not find its name down in the carte. To say truth, the cartes of the Rocher and the Grand Vatel do not disclose their best treasures. As Raphael doubtless had sublimer visions in his secret soul than ever he revealed on canvass, so the secret repertory of a first-rate French cuisine possesses dishes altogether superior to those enumerated in its carte. The *turbot*, as it is *au gratin*, requires the cook's ingenuity for some twenty or twenty-five minutes. During that time the company has begun to thicken.

One great beauty in the company of the Grand Vatel is this; that it is not only European but Continental. I have become familiar with several persons who frequent it. One ancient gentleman interests me exceedingly. He wears the red ribbon, and, on entering, salutes not only the Amphytrion and the dame-du-comptoir, but likewise his garçon. When seated, he slowly unfolds his napkin, and passes it twice or thrice over his plate; then taking his glass, he deliberately rubs that, holding it finally up to the light to see if it be clean; then his knife, fork, and spoon undergo the same cleansing process; and then he tucks one corner of his napkin into the bosom of his buttoned coat. By this time the garçon, who perfectly comprehends his palate, has placed before him wine and soup. His subsequent dishes are always ordered without visible reference to the carte. He knows that carte by heart. This gentleman is a retired tradesman of moderate income; he patronizes the Grand Vatel and the Théâtre Français; he is a frequenter of both. At a little distance from him stands another table, whereat are a Frenchman, his wife, and three children. Farther on, behold two *petits maitres* in long black curls, with champagne ice-stricken before them. Still farther on, a gentleman pours out Beaune to one, who should be his wife; and now arrive deputies, and proprietors, and gentlemen of fashion, and ladies, and young people, and old people, and Germans, and Italians; throngs promiscuous, differing in ten thousand points, and resembling in two;—they are all hungry, and they are all conversational.

If the English have no restaurants, neither have they the anti-domestic state of feeling and habits which the existence of such establishments implies. Those persons who deem the hearth of home one richest nursery of private virtues, and in their developement of public virtues also, will pronounce them in this respect far better off than the French. Whatever moralists and John Bull may think of this feature, no Frenchman could possibly for a moment think of making an exchange. To him, such publicity of life is indispensable to its enjoyment. He must take his dinner in public, and his coffee in public; he must read his newspaper in public, and promenade hours each day in the public places of his metropolis. The wish was implanted in him when a child, and has become a part of his character in after life. If its gratification be hostile to the birth and

growth of many substantial household virtues, it tends at least to make a frank, a graceful, a conversational, and an accomplished people. He pronounces the gratification of an opposite wish selfish, unsocial, aristocratical, exclusive, and prejudice-begetting. There might perhaps be an intermediate course, capable of gathering to itself the best features of either extreme, and whose pursuit would be attended by a preferable state of private and public society. Such course a young and flexible nation might enter upon. The social system of France is in harmony with her past habitudes, her other national features, and her existing institutions. No American in his senses can at present wish to see the English social system introduced in his country, as no man could possibly desire to see this French social system transported across the channel.

The healthy developements of a people, like those of an individual, are always natural, and generally harmonious. That one nation may avail itself of certain institutions in another, to develope (not thwart or change the radical character of) itself, is reasonable enough. More than this would be unsalutary and ridiculous, to say nothing of its unpatriotic character.

This *Turbot à la crème*, which the garçon has now brought in, you, after a short time, pronounce an airy and a graceful combination,—a very Taglioni of piscatory dishes. Words cannot well express its sportive delicacy. Perhaps it is one of the gayest achievements of the French culinary art. It is to other dishes what “*La Gazza Ladra*” is to operas, or the arabesque of the Alhambra to architecture. It is only well composed at the Rocher and the Grand Vatel. Grignon prepares it wretchedly; and one garçon at Very’s, when the dish was ordered, actually did not know what it was! Englishmen and Americans have been known to inhabit Paris weeks, nay months, without having tasted it. Such are among the consequences of going exclusively to Englishized French restaurants. I think you may frequently be made very cheerful by the sportiveness of this marvellous dish. I have a friend who, in some moments of despondency, has half resolved to starve himself down into the merest sketch or skeleton of a man, and then forthwith to volume and body forth his bones upon *Turbot à la crème* alone. A psychological experiment this, which, I doubt not, might lead to some very curious, and perhaps very useful truths.

After *Turbot*, order a beefsteak *à la Anglaise*. Order it, merely to assure yourself that the French cannot cook a beefsteak. England is the only country for that simply flavourous dish; and in England, mine host John Jennings of the “*Lion*,” at Canterbury, is much to be recommended. His hot steaks exhale an indescribable aroma. The beefsteaks of France are unworthy of the name. The dish is too simple for French ingenuity. It is only in intricate combinations that French cooks succeed. However chaste and classically simple may be their standard literature, their cookery is quite the reverse. A man of one idea is not more detestable to you than is a dish of one idea to a Frenchman’s palate.

While you are waiting for *asperges aux petits pois*, that is, for an *entremets* of asparagus with peas, the garçon deposits before you a silver case of toothpicks. “What do you think of French vegetables?” asked I of a travelled American. “Excellent, very excellent,” was his reply. “What do you think of French vegeta-

bles?" asked I of another travelled American. "Damnable, damnable!" replied he. The fact is, the French serve up the worst and the best vegetables that grow. The dish just ordered has an amiable mirthful taste; but as for asparagus or peas, their characteristics are quite swallowed up and lost among the numerous ideas intermingled with them.

Ask now for an entrée of pâtisserie,—a *vol-au-vent à la financière*, for instance. It is a gentle delicacy, in the midst whereof you discover a cockril's comb. The word *vol-au-vent* typifies it exactly. It seems *flying to the mind*, so mild and feather-like is its course to its destination. We may now go on, if we please, calling for any score of additional dishes. So Frenchly cooked have been those already enjoyed, that we are unburdened as before commencing. Herein is one beauty of a French meal. You are not sluggish after it, and have none of that old, transatlantic, bloated, blowzy, after-dinner sensation. You are conversational, nay, rather amiable; and, if an enemy in the world have a favour to request, now is his moment to present himself. Happy influences these, and haply to be remembered when all other influences of foreign travel have passed away!

French cookery addresses much the palate, but still more the stomach and constitution, and through them the entire man. When a scholar at Hofwyl is fretful or peevish, Fellenburg does not give him a chastisement, he gives him a warm bath. Fellenburg wisely knows what moral ameliorations such physical agent can bring about. Diet is a tremendous agent for spiritual ends. I like to fancy society, moral, intellectual, and political, under the old image of a ship; at whose helm, however, I seem to see a fat man in white apron, and white-tasseled cap, with ladle in hand.

The merely physical ends of eating are threefold. There is the simple and exclusive end of gratifying those few square inches of gustative superficies denominated the Palate. This is a narrow, base, and sensual end, proposed to themselves by gluttons alone. There is then the end of not only gratifying the palate, but, likewise pleasing the stomach; and thus for a time diffusing throughout the frame much balmy and aromatic enjoyment. This end is certainly higher than the first-named, and lies within the daily endeavour of all *gourmands*. But now we come to the third and noblest end proposed to himself by none save your accomplished and philosophical epicure. This end has three constituent parts, whereof each harmonizes with the other:—the securing for your palate its largest possible quantity of present gratification, for your stomach and general frame the greatest amount of present enjoyment, and for your constitution the best materials of its permanent strength and activity. To accomplish this triply-divided and most comprehensive end is labour of deepest difficulty. Not only must good digestion wait on appetite, but health on both. What pleases the palate may much offend the stomach, or the constitution; and what benefits the constitution may not be most relished by the palate, or even the stomach. The labour, though difficult, is not impossible; and when achieved, like all difficult labours on this earth, bears the finest fruits. In successful pursuit of this, as of a more spiritual aim, each one must be his own teacher and his own guide. The means which bless one man may curse his neighbour. Hence appears the daring quackery of those lecture-books which prescribe the same dietetic

system for all mankind ;—lengthening or shortening all mortal palates and stomachs to their one Procrustean bed ! Strangely presuming lectures ! striving to teach the unteachable. Let him who would not shorten his days, or, to speak more properly, diminish the number of his earthly meals, beware of them.

The French have good cooking, and they know little or nothing about dyspepsia. Moreover, from the highest to the lowest, they take their meals very slowly.

An *omelette soufflé* may well precede your dessert. An omelette ‘blown up!’—a type this of the vapoury-lightness in all French dishes. To the eye it presents an ample exterior. It is, however, but a zephyr ; and with ease may be compressed into a maiden’s thimble. You pronounce it stuff unsubstantial as infants’ dreams. But nothing can be more delicate. The delicacy, half-musical, of nightingales’ tongues served up at the banquet of a Roman epicure, might *perhaps* be compared with it.

For the dessert you have a choice among thirty-nine articles. This is sufficiently bewildering. Take a *meringue à la crème*. It will prepare your palate for the forth-coming coffee. This beverage, however, is usually sipped at some café. The Moka of the Grand Vatel is excellent. Before introducing it, the *garçon* deposits before you the bowls of *perfumed* water. After coffee imitate the French lady opposite, and swallow a little glass of *liqueur*. You may, however, not care to disturb the agreeable impression wrought through French coffee by taking anything subsequent thereunto. Indeed difficulties and doubts frequently arise in determining upon the true pausing point in the courses of a Parisian dinner. I should not be surprised were you to stop at once with *turbot à la crème*, resolved to run no risk of annihilating, or in any manner of confusing the one-ness and tranquil delicacy of its impression. Whoever has seen Macbeth last embodied by Kemble, and other mighty spirits now passed away for ever, and who has resolved not to have the memory thereof marred by witnessing another representation, will, I trust, appreciate this anxiety of an epicure to preserve unruffled the mirror of his dream. It is no cheerful employment to him, if in his usual benevolence, to note among carelessly-dining friends around him, one positively pleasant gustatory impression broken in upon by others less worthy ; the satisfactory completeness, for instance, of *queue de mouton à la purée*, shattered into fragments by *haricots* and *artichauts* ; the music of one full finely-falling wave thus jangled, as it were, by the splash and splatter of quick-successive wavelets. If for him there be one other contemplation still less cheerful, it is perhaps the sight of those who are pretending to dine, and, alas, dine not ; who *dwell* not on separate courses of the banquet ; who perform a sort of palate-service, while their hearts are far from them. No man expects to see without sending his soul to his eye, or to hear without sending it to his ear, or to meditate without sending it to his brain ; and yet there *are* those who pretend to dine without sending it to the palate, or even to the stomach ; which latter, indeed, by an antique Thinker was deemed its legitimate cradle and dwelling-place. I am thoroughly convinced that, from frequent neglect of such important mission, injuriously-huge quantities are often devoured, where healthily-small portions would have sufficed ; the stomach and constitution possessing quite

sufficient for their purposes, long before the palate is in anywise satisfied: the former exclaiming "hold, enough," the latter blindly shouting out "come on." I was recently dining with two friends. After soup I took my *poularde en bas de soie* and *charlotte russe*, with silent, close attention. I was satisfied, and felt conscious that I had dined. My friends, however, continued still to call upon the garçon, and actually consumed four meat and game courses after my *charlotte russe* had, so to speak, squared the circle of my appetite. The explanation of their unsatisfied, still-devouring state, was, in the fact that, during the entire meal they had been rather warmly engaged in discussing the abstract question, whether or no the French could, in strictness, be called an *economical* people. The mind of each was of course active within his brain, instead of being where the mind of every diner should, for the time, reside: their palates could no more notice and be gratified by the passing flavours, than the striking clock could by their ears be noticed; and, when they took leave of the dame-du-comptoir, so far from being entitled to declare that they had enjoyed a dinner, they might only with propriety state, that "whereas, some time ago, a certain quantity of nourishment was *out-side* of us, that certain quantity of nourishment is now *in-side* of us." There was, moreover, for them no memorable ground whereon gratitude might stand. I believe Dr. Franklin sometimes went so far as to aver, that five minutes after dinner he remembered not what he had been eating. Strange unphilosophic averment,—one stimulator of a noble sentiment in man's nature thus quite neglected!

If you conclude to take a glass of *liqueur* after your coffee, take it, and then call for the bill. The garçon places before you a narrow strip of paper, whereon, in the manuscript of the dame-du-comptoir, you peruse the following symbolic expressions:—

	r.
" Macon	1, 10
Eau de Seltz	15
Pain	10
Huitres	10
Citron	5
Potage	12
TURNER	1, 05
Bifteck	18
Vol-au-vent	1, 10
Aspergès	1, 10
Omelette	1, 10
Meringue	1,
Café	16
Liqueur	5

13, 2

Though my reader has been abundantly dining with me, I, as is usually done, ordered each dish "for one only." The garçon expects a franc. Having listened to his "*mercie, Monsieur*," let us now bid adieu, for the present, to the renowned Restaurants of Paris.

PAPER MONEY LYRICS.

CHORUS OF BUBBLE BUYERS.

"When these practisers come to the last decoction, blow, blow, puff, puff, and all flies *in fumo*. Poor wretches! I rather pity their folly and indiscretion, than their loss of time and money for these may be restored by industry but to be a fool born is a disease incurable."—*Ben Jonson's Volpone*.

Oh! where are the hopes we have met in a morning,
As we hustled and hustled around Capel Court!
When we laugh'd at the croakers that bade us take warning,
Who once were our scorn, and now make us their sport.

Oh! where are the regions where well-paid inspectors
Found metals omnigenous, streak'd, and emboss'd?
So kindly bought for us by honest directors,
Who charged us but three times as much as they cost.

Oh! where are the riches that bubbled like fountains,
In places we neither could utter nor spell,
A thousand miles inland 'mid untrodden mountains,
Where silver and gold grew like heath and blue-bell?

Oh! where are the lakes overflowing with treasure?
The gold-dust that roll'd in each torrent and stream?
The mines that held water by cubic-mile measure,
So easily pump'd up by portable steam?

That water our prospects a damp could not throw on;
We had only a million-horse power to prepare,
Make a thousand-mile road for the engine to go on,
And send coals from Newcastle to boil it when there.

Oh! where are the bridges to span the Atlantic?
Oh! where is the gas to illumine the poles?
They came to our visions,—that makes us half frantic:
They came to our pockets; that touches our souls.

Oh! there is the seat of most exquisite feeling:
The first pair of nerves to the pocket doth dive:
A wound in our hearts would be no time in healing,
But a wound in our pockets how can we survive?

Now curst be the projects, and curst the projectors,
And curst be the bubbles before us that roll'd,
Which, bursting, have left us like desolate spectres,
Bewailing our bodies of paper and gold.

For what is a man but his coat and his breeches,
His plate and his linen, his land and his house?
Oh! we had been men had we won our mock riches;
But now we are ghosts, each as poor as a mouse.

But shades as we are, we, with shadowy bubbles,
When the midnight bell tolls will through Capel Court glide,
And the dream of the Jew shall be turmoils and troubles,
When he sees each pale ghost on its bubble astride.

And the lecturing Scots that upheld the delusion,
By prating of paper, and wealth, and free trade,
Shall see us by night to their awe and confusion,
Grim phantoms of wrath that shall never be laid.

HER MAJESTY'S PORTRAITS.—THE GREAT STATE SECRET.

TORIES and Whigs some time since made a great fuss about ministers dining so often with the Queen. We say nothing of the laudable pride, pomp, and jealousy occasioned by the circumstance. We have only to remark that, among the innumerable conjectures of every shade of improbability to which it gave rise, there was not one that bordered upon a half-tint of truth. The present paper is devoted to an elucidation of the state secret.

George III. was accustomed to see Mr. Pitt on state affairs at the early and cool-headed hour of six in the morning. The fourth George, loving the more mature and mellow counsel of pausing-time, generally spared an hour after dinner on one day of the week—namely, Wednesday—to enter into those deep conferences with his ministers so necessary to the safe continuance of our political, social, and moral existence: and the hours appropriated by his late nautical majesty to the examination of the state-chart and log-book, approached nearer to those of his daybreak-loving sire. “But her present Majesty,” ejaculated the more intemperate members of the opposition, “her present Majesty holds counsel with her ministers every day at dinner! They *dine* there—at Buckingham Palace! They are commanded thither for the express purpose—and they eat! Full of royal-cupboard-love, they go sponging upon her august board every day; and talk, with their mouths full, of all sorts of men and measures. It is unprecedented; nay, worse, if it *forms* a precedent for the future,—and a very bad one, we must humbly venture to think. With equal loyalty and humility we moreover solicit permission to ask, what, in the name of grace, will her Majesty be pleased to do next? These were junior members, and could not keep their temper in the face of a fact so savoury to their opponents. The green-eyed monster issued from every tureen of royal turtle which their seething imaginations saw placed before their rivals; and, albeit, they were far too generous, and possessed too much statesman-like magnanimity to express a public wish that the callipash might choke their eloquence, they most fervently prayed in private that a similar effect might be produced by the callipee. “Strange that such difference should be,” &c. The elder members of the opposition smiled in silent superiority. They did not understand why the Lords Melbourne, Russel, Palmerston, and Glenelg should dine so frequently upon state-affairs; but they felt it undignified to notice such things.

Now, however, there is an end of all concealment. We are permitted to divulge the secret, and our anxious friends shall presently be shown what deep and important reason has been hidden in the breast of the Premier, which no taunts and misrepresentations could for a moment make him dream of bringing to light. The mystery is now about to be unfolded; the elaborate design to become apparent; the cause of those secret cabinet councils; the numerous couriers, messages, letters, portfolios, embroidered silk and morocco cases, which have created so much surprise, so many opinions and fancies, and so much uneasiness, is about to be made public. The result will show that the daily banquets eaten by the noble

lords aforesaid have not been eaten in vain ; that the personal happiness of her Most Gracious Majesty in especial, and the universal public good, was the object of their thoughts ; that the most convenient time *was* chosen in order to carry such objects into effect ; and that the most loyal and patriotic feelings are involved in the speedy attainment of those objects. The cause of her Majesty having her ministers to dine with her so frequently was, in fact, a necessary part of a measure now in progress. They *must* be continually in her presence, and at those artistically auspicious moments when there is least restraint upon the play of the royal features ; because it is important that they should, in all reverence, be as conversant with such a view in its various shades of expression, as with that which is displayed on grave and august occasions. Finally, and most fortunately, the measure is one for which there *is* a precedent, — and a truly literal, laudable, excellent, and comprehensive precedent it will prove, as we shall presently, in all duty, and under authority, set forth and expound.

Everybody must have observed the innumerable quantity of portraits of her Majesty, Victoria I., which fill the windows of all the print and picture shops. Everybody must also have observed that there are no two alike. The portraits by the same painter are different individuals. As though, by some extraordinary hallucination in the minds of all our artists,—descending to the printers and proof-takers,—the very copies of the same picture or plate differ from each other. The inferences and consequences are various ; some of them, under circumstances which we shall have to explain, wearing a serious and threatening aspect to the safety and happiness of her Majesty's throne and person, and the loyalty and welfare of the United Kingdom, and her Majesty's Colonies.

We must pause a moment to take a cursory glance at some of the aforesaid pictures and prints, purporting to be portraits of her gracious Majesty. It might, at least, have been expected that Hayter, "painter of portraits to the Queen," would have produced, by virtue of his office as well as of his talent, a most striking likeness ; that the perspective honour of knighthood conferred upon him by his admirers would have stimulated the unquestionable virtues and talents aforesaid to a degree which would have rendered failure next to impossible. Doubtless this was the case ; and yet, such is the common fallacy of our expectations where most is expected, that his portraits are a very inefficient adumbration of the fair original. We allude to his pictures both before and since her Majesty's ascent to the throne. The engravings differ from the pictures, it is true ; but not more than the latter differ from each other. Let anybody compare the pictures of her Majesty—standing with the fingers of one hand on a table ; seated with the Duchess of Kent in a box at the Opera ; standing, as it appears, within the arms of her royal mother ; and, seated on the throne since her accession, and say if they are the same individual. Her Majesty's chief painter will pardon us, we are sure : we most gladly acknowledge his talent as an artist. But this is a fatality—there is no help for it, — the temporary hallucination among artists is a national calamity, doubtless for some good purpose.

We now turn to the portrait by E. C. Parris, a gentleman famous

for his annual beauties, with complexions of the most delicate wax, tinted with rose and lily hues; fashionable features, and expressions softly elegant, and charmingly the same upon all occasions, and fingers and feet quite angelic,—in fact, much too small to be used; what has he given us in the place of our Queen? Truly, a sort of half-English, half-Spanish lady, up to her elbows in lace, with a countenance not unlike that of the lamented Madame Malibran. This remarkable coincidence renders it extremely interesting.

A great quantity of coloured prints are in circulation, taken from sundry pictures by Bouvier. They are throned, crowned, and have the broad blue order across the breast, with such other colours as a Frenchman loveth; are handsome in form and feature, and one of them possesses a sweet expression: still, they have not the form, the feature, or the kind of sweetness of expression which characterize the youthful sovereign. All of them, however, are very different from each other; so that individuals of every turn of fancy may find a chance of hitting their taste as to what face and figure they would choose her Majesty to have. This artist being an excellent man of business, has also favoured our admiring Cockneys with a sweeping thing in a green habit, which might be called Miss Anybody, riding on a prancing nondescript, unknown to naturalists.

One of the most popular *brochures*, however, is a huge lithographic drawing by Swandale, of the Royal Furniture: the half-smothered Innocent sitting pale in the midst, being now so reduced in figure (as she has elsewhere been made immensely too large,) that she seems of far less importance than her paraphernalia, while her whole contour of face is carefully at variance with all other artists' previous productions. We suppose some artists will call this making the most of an idea.

The medallion modelled by Weigall, and engraved by Freebairn, is like in some respects, and not at all in others; and the same may be said of the profile on stone by Lane. All that we have seen of the busts and figure-models have been hitherto abominable. One of them, by Barre,—not a mean work either as to art, or it would not be placed in Colnaghi's window,—presents the exact personification of a thick-and-hard-featured Scotch spinster of thirty-five. We pass over the strange fancies of W. Drummond, Noel, Costello, Dickenson, Averton, Hill, Gear, &c. &c. &c. and take a peep into the Suffolk-street Exhibition. We are there presented by Mr. Dawe with the full-length figure of a school-girl, having a complexion tinted
* with Norfolk biffin, faded in the sun, and standing in a wood of the same colour, before a bust of her royal father, which in shape and colour bears a close resemblance to a roasted apple; and a half-length thing, by Mr. Boaden, which the *Courier* justly pronounced to be “a trussed pullet.” Nor must we on any account omit the “great” allegorical picture on horseback, by Latilla; for, although her Majesty is there portrayed with the same aerial aspect as the angel soaring just above her forehead (which we venture to consider as rather a premature compliment), the evident portrait of the horse from the original of Vandyke is certainly very cleverly conveyed. We hope to Heaven that the series of pictures by Miss M. Gillies, called the “Daughter of Zion,” does not also contain some latent allegory applicable to her English Majesty, whose portrait, by Colleen, is placed directly underneath; and that it was not owing to an

ingenious perception of this "fine design," added to the real nobleness of the compositions, which occasioned the gallant and loyal *Globe* and *Courier* to speak in such terms of laudation concerning her Hebrew Majesty.

But, of all miniature painters, from whom could we expect a more exquisite and *vraisemblable* portrait than from Collen, who has studied the original for years, and is now Miniature Painter in Ordinary to the Queen, with a Knight in armour staring him in the face! We cannot, however, admit that he has at present succeeded. As far as likeness is concerned, his performance is still imperfect. Not that we blame Mr. Collen, — not that we do not appreciate his talents and accomplishments, — it is the universal hallucination among artists which is too strong for his genius. As to Chalon's portrait, it is perfectly wonderful. Not the remotest shade of one touch of likeness in feature or expression does it manifest.

We must dismiss, in one word, the heap of pictures and prints of a young lady of all degrees of width and height (the falsification in these respects being only equalled by the diversity of its manifestations), sitting in a chair, standing, walking, riding, driving, looking out of a box at the theatre, or in an open barouche, alone, or accompanied by a more or less mature and lofty lady, of qualities not so chameleon-like; and this one word will suffice to designate the batch — they are *treasonable*. The very best hands even among the caricaturists, are paralyzed. H. B., usually so happy, fails here utterly. He cannot represent the Queen, or give us anything like her. One hallucination outwits his wit, as it does that of all his fraternity of satirists and caricaturists, however admirable they may be at touching off the Duke or the Dan. We had the honour, at the private view of the Royal Academy Exhibition last year, of seeing her Majesty pass close in front of various pictures purporting to be representations of herself. How marvellous and edifying was the comparison of dissimilarities. With what difficulty, and evidently out of consideration for the feelings of artist's friends or patrons, who might be present, did she refrain from laughing; sometimes turning hastily away, as though the difficulties would be too great to master if she waited to give a second look. But, if such were the feelings attending the previous exhibition, what must her Majesty have felt on beholding the various "new views" of herself which we this year see displayed!

Wilkie has exerted his fine genius to overcome the fatality; but we can by no means allow that he has succeeded. Although it is evident that, in order to propitiate the Spirit of the Spell, he has offered up the likenesses of sundry noblemen, and an archbishop, who surround her, by mulcting each of them of twenty or thirty years of honourable life-time; still we fear he is woefully deceived, and the Spirit of the Patron Portrait will not be conciliated and brought down to earth by any such sacrifices. Directly above this picture is a full-length by G. Hayter, M. A. S. L., &c., and a fine portrait it is: albeit, we leave the public to decide whether it be not at least twenty years too old, and whether it would not better pass as one of her Majesty's aunts royal?

To conclude, however, the interminable list of *soi disante* resemblances here and elsewhere, we must say, generally, that the prevailing characters are those of *ad libitum* faces, with elegant figures of

commanding altitude, splendidly attired in crimson, white, or blue satin, heavy with gold and pearls, and coloured jewellery, and surrounded by all the appliances of regal state; and of figures, habiliments, and expressions in the extreme height of simplicity, and intended (by the most elaborate and laborious exertions of artists, black in the face with the excitement of previous efforts,) to express the unaffected *naïveté* of her Majesty. Finally, we venture to conjecture that the committee of the Royal Academy has gone so far (speculating on the possible chance of a lucky hit of likeness from some obscure pencil, which might nevertheless break the Spell,) as to admit several, which delicacy towards the original prevents us from duly characterizing—they are so felicitously abominable. Such as these latter are always carefully described as being her *Most Gracious Majesty*; and needful indeed is the utmost possible inherent grace to cope with and overcome all these uncouth and high-treasonable deformities. No: it is of no use: nothing whatever can be done without Precedent and Authority!

It is not generally known that the new coin was issued several weeks before the coronation, and called in again. Why? Of course because the die executed by Pistrucci was pronounced by Lords Melbourne, Russel, Palmerston, and Glenelg, as—no likeness. The one now issued is, doubtless, only a temporary production to meet a state emergency. It will instantly give place on the appearance of the result of the cabinet council-dinners; concerning which, together with the high precedent, whereupon the ministers have eaten and acted, the following brief explanation will suffice.

Queen Elizabeth, as artists and others say, was a difficult person "to take." She insisted upon sitting or standing her own way, which was not always the best. The nervousness occasioned by the proximity of so much "dread delight" might also have dazzled the limners' eyes, confounded their hearts, and rendered their hands unsteady and ineffectual. Howbeit, they gave her no satisfaction by their performances; and were driven, howling, from her presence. She considered that Spenser came much the nearest to a faithful representation of her virgin graces, but then he was only a poet. Nevertheless, and rather the more, though she refused to be taken by limners, the production of portraits, so called, multiplied throughout her realms, representing her still less like herself than before, and of an uglier favour than ever. She exclaimed much in private against the "wicked and impertinent artists" who thus belied her outward form, and the delicate expressions of its natural beauty, favour, and grace. They, however, persisted in exercising and vending their wicked and impertinent fancies, until her Majesty could stand it no longer. She accordingly published the following *EDICT*, which we shall give verbatim from the document in the British Museum.

"*Forasmuch* as the natural desire that all sorts of subjects and people, both noble and mean, have to procure the portrait and picture of the Queen's Majestie, grete numbers of paynters, and some printers and gravers, have already and doe daily attempt to make in divers manners Portraiture of her Majestie in paynting, &c. Wherein it is evidently shown that hitherto none have sufficiently expressed the natural representation of her Majestie's person, favor, or grace, but for the most part have erred therein, as thereof daily com-

playnts are made among her Majestie's loving subjects, in so much for the redress thereof her Majestie hath lately been so instantly and importunately sued unto by the Lords of the Council and others of her Nobility, in respect of the *grete disorder herein used*, not onely to be content that some speciall conyng Paynter might be permitted by access to her Majestie to take the naturall representation of her Majestie, whereof she hath bene allways of her own right disposition very unwylling."

We stop our transcription of the Edict to point out the salutary, though trifling verbal change, which has been made in the terms, for the purpose of rendering it strictly applicable to the case of her present portrait-injured Majesty and her dining Ministers. Thus:—Content that some "special conyng" persons, to wit the Lords Melbourne, Russel, Palmerston, and Glenelg, be permitted, by frequent access to her Majesty, to impress upon the mirror of their minds the natural representation of her Majesty, thereby thoroughly to qualify their judgments in pronouncing which portrait *is* like her Gracious Majesty, whenever Providence shall so far favour her loving subjects as to enable any "conyng" limner to paint one.

We now proceed with the Elizabethan decree. If the reader will only picture to himself Queen Elizabeth's blush-royal look behind her gigantic fan, with the rest of her high-built head walled up in starched ruff three quarters round, while she dictated the first sentence of the following, his time will not be wasted.

"Therfor her Majestie, being herein *as it were overcome* with the contynuall requests of so many of hir Nobility and Lords, which she cannot well denye, is pleased that for their contentations some conyng person, *mete therfor*, shall shortly make a Pourtrait of her person or visage," &c.

One more merely verbal alteration has become necessary, and will be found proper and advantageous, the corrected spelling of an old word producing a new and more accurate reading. Thus:—Is pleased that for their contentations some conyng Persons, to wit, her Majesty's well-approved ministers, *meel*, or *meat*, therefore at Buckingham Palace, at such hours as her Majesty may be pleased to appoint, to prepare their eyes, by frequent study of her Majesty's person or visage, (especially during the more auspicious periods of recreation and refreshment from the weighty cares of the day,) to the effect that they may acquire the aforesaid degree of judgment, to be exercised as aforesaid.

All the remainder is transcribed verbatim, and needs no further interpolation or new reading of any kind.

"A Portrait of her Majestie to be participated to others for the satisfaction of her loving subjects, and farder commaundeth all manner of persons in the mean tyme to forbear from paynting, graving, printing, or making any pourtrait of her Majestie until some speciall person shall be by her allowed and shall have first finished a Pourtrait of herself, after which finished her Majestie will be content that all other paynters, printers, or gravers, that shall be known men of understanding, shall follow at their pleasures the said Patron or first Portraiture; and for that her Majestie perceiveth that a grete number of her loving subjects are much greved, and take grete offense with the errors and deformities already committed, to sundry persons in this behalf she straightly chargeth all her officers to see due observation thereof, and to reform the errors already committed,

and to prohibit the showing or publication of such as are apparently deformed, which is reasonable."

Decree issued in the year 1653. The original is in the handwriting of Lord Burghly, then Cecil, and is now in the State-paper Office.

We thus discover how it has happened that all the portraits of Queen Elizabeth are corresponsive. You know her in a moment! "Forbear" therefore, ye multitude of "wicked and impertinent artists!"—the decree commands "all manner" of ye to forbear until the production of the Patron Portrait; and even then the honour is confined to such among your ardent tribe as "shall be known men of understanding." Venture not temeritously to infringe this command, which "straightway chargeth all her Majesty's officers to see due observation thereof;" in other words, applicable to modern times, you will in such a case be taken in charge by the police, and dealt with according to the degree of the deformity produced.

In a work recently published, entitled "*Queen Elizabeth and her Times*," there is an original letter from the Queen to Sir Edward Stafford, ostensibly on the subject of his embassy during the negotiations for her marriage with the Duke of Anjou; but "secretly pointing," as far-seeing diplomatists say, to this exasperating affair of her portraits. Her letter contains the following *doubles entendres*. "I speak not this, that I fear the like; but when I make collection of sundry kinds of discontentments, all tied in a bundle, I suppose the faggot will be harder altogether to be broken." This of course alludes to her vexation at the abominable portraits of her which the Duke of Anjou had obtained, and fiercely laments the difficulty of getting them all together for destruction. Again: "O Stafford! I think not myself well used, and so tell Monsieur that *I am made a stranger to myself*," &c. She moreover throws in a gentle hint of consequences to the delinquents, which makes us tremble from its very quietude;—it is *while* hot. "Hitherto they have thought me no fool; let me not live, the longer the worse." Ahem!—we venture not to quote more. But really it *must* have been a most serious and galling grievance to a woman of Elizabeth's beauty, delicacy, and refinement, to have been thus misrepresented. She had her personal vanities, like all other women and men, and was not well pleased to seem ill-favoured, though but in a picture, before the eyes of her courtly admirers, either abroad or at home. She would rather have been even flattered, in order to enhance herself with such faithful servants and reverential admirers as Leicester, Essex, and Sir Christopher Hatton (the Lord Keeper), behind the latter of whom she rode on a pillion home to her palace on the day of her coronation, and danced a *saraband* with him in the royal gardens, then at Clifton. Well might the poet write,

"The good Lord Keeper led the brawls!
The Seals and Maces danced before him!"

Is it any wonder then that a queen who possessed so much life and spirit, in addition to her beauty, should have felt herself most deeply aggrieved by the shameful misrepresentations of herself throughout her dominions? But if such feelings are natural and justifiable in her case, what must they be with respect to her present Majesty, who—without meaning any gross adulation—has certainly mounted the throne something younger, something more refined, and something more beautiful than Queen Elizabeth.

With regard to the evident importance of her present Majesty's true portraiture, a very few words will suffice.

The people "down in the country" are uncommonly loyal; and the further you go, the more loyal you find them. They have, however, for some time past been wavering in their feelings; indeed it is only a few weeks since we heard a Cornish farmer exclaim, as he flung down his spade, "What's the use o' seven queens? I never grudged taxes for one—I was proud on 't—but who can fork out for seven!" The poor man had seen seven portraits of her Majesty. Now, what else can any honest countryman think when he sees a quantity of portraits, some fat, some slim, some short of stature, some full ten heads high, some very pale, some very rosy, many brunette, and with features and expressions of all sorts of different and opposite characters;—what *can* the honest folks think but that there are as many queens as portraits? This is most dangerous: it breeds doubt, discontent, and disaffection, as it will breed general rebellion, revolution, and civil wars, if not speedily stopped by the operation of the foregoing decree. The recent rebellion in Canada is clearly attributable to this very source of doubt. Forty-three portraits of her Majesty were shipped for St. John's, New Brunswick; and nine of them found their way into Upper Canada. The people of Toronto took up arms directly. Nine queens at one blow!—and ascending their thrones at the very moment when these Canadians were petitioning Sir Francis Head to return to Nassau and write another book! Nine queens was such an impulse to the imagination and the memory, that it filled the blood of all the French settlers with the extract of fleur de lis; and, reverting to ancestral associations, they bethought them of the Salique law, and, having acquired in Canada a wholesome antipathy to poetry and muses, vowed they would have nothing to do with any one of the Nine. In vain it was represented to them that these portraits were the production of wicked and impertinent artists; that the one by Authority, and deduced from the working of a Precedented measure,—the Patron Portrait,—was not yet painted, and that all hitherto issued were spurious, fallacious, and treasonable—in fact, that there were not nine Gracious Majesties, but one Gracious Majesty, and it was hoped they would listen to reason. But the firing thought of nine queens had burst upon them, and all remonstrance was in vain. It was a very sad thing that Lord Durham's departure should have been so much delayed. Of course it was best that he should wait as long as possible for the chance of the Patron Portrait appearing, that he might take out a copy with him, to convince and pacify the Canadians at once. He was obliged, however, to go without the proof, and it will be sent after him as soon as obtained.

Dreadful disturbances, of a far more extensive character than have hitherto agitated that unfortunate country, are brewing in Ireland, entirely through the confusion of ideas. The peasantry, and indeed many of the small landholders, are decidedly of opinion that these extraordinary portraits of supposititious queens are mere blinds, or *ignes fatui*, to the fact of her Majesty having been secretly dethroned, and that she has now retired into private life. This *nately*-managed proceeding is also associated in their minds with recollections of Colonel F—— and the Orange associations; and the majority of the Irish believe it to be some ramification of that mysterious plot, the purpose of which was to make the Duke of Cumber-

land sovereign in her place. The portrait of the Majesty of Hanover would certainly occasion no such difficulty.

Touching the personal happiness of her Majesty, what can be more "imminent," as Shakspeare justly remarks, than her peril at the chance of a "deadly breach?" Approaching the problem with becoming awe, we venture in the most shadowy manner to hint at the great probability, at some future day, of her Majesty deigning to receive at the altar those vows of some adoring prince, which are the soft breathing prelude to a solution in Elysium. The royal suitors come to England in consequence of falling in love with English princesses through the medium of their portraits. Passionate and profound affection and reverence propel them into this country. They hasten on the wings of hope and fear; they are actuated by the purest motives. Whatever may have been thought by the selfish *canaille*, the Royal Suitors to English princesses have always been influenced by motives the most pure, capacious, and unmixed. True, that the youthfulness of the sovereign renders the prospect not so likely to be very near at hand; true, that the sagacity and early mental culture she has derived from her royal mother have ensured the wisdom of her choice whenever the solemn day of regal love shall dawn;—but, meantime, what becomes of the hearts of all foreign princes? Burning to waste, forsooth!—absolutely burning themselves away in fallacious flames, as sincerely as if they were actually here,—and with these treasonable portraits,—each foreign prince dying over a different queen, and no foreign prince falling in love with the real one, because there is no Patron Portrait! Thus, then, her Majesty might (it is in the compass of divine and human probability) fall in love with the true portrait of some foreign prince, while *he*, having most disastrously got hold of some audacious painted libel upon her Majesty's "person, favour, and grace," perpetrated by the wickedest of all wicked and impertinent artists, *he*, we say, could not feel any corresponding sentiment towards It. If he could do so, indeed, he would show himself incapable of appreciating the original. For what is this world, even to a prince, without affection? If he love not a great queen, he cannot help his own feelings!—he would rather wed a peasant girl, though she had not a penny, provided she reigned the empress of his heart. Well—these things cannot be helped at present. There *must* be a Patron Portrait!

Imagine it done!—imagine some artist, favoured of heaven, to have actually accomplished a portrait, pronounced by the Lords Melbourne, Russel, Palmerston, and Glenelg, according to the Edict, as a perfect likeness, and worthy to become the Patron of and for all future likenesses! Imagine, next, an immense house, or hall, to be called the Hall of Correction. It is lighted by a skylight running all along the roof, and there are seven hundred and thirty-six easels placed at equal distances down both sides of the hall. The Patron Portrait hangs up at one end. A trumpet sounds at day-break,—folding-doors are suddenly flung open, and seven hundred and thirty-six wicked and impertinent artists rush in, and, placing their ever-various portraits on their respective easels, set to work to change the faces into the true favour and grace of the Patron placed on high.

A CAMBRIDGE 'ROW' IN THE YEAR 1632 :

EXTRACTED FROM AN OLD MS. FOUND IN TRINITY COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE.

It was on a pleasant evening towards the end of March, in the year 1632, that two young men in the academical dress walked leisurely along the high road leading from Cambridge to Huntingdon. They appeared to be two students, who had extended their evening promenade rather beyond the limits usually attained by pedestrians, — a circumstance which possibly had escaped their observation from the earnestness with which they pursued their conversation. Although they wore the gowns of bachelors of arts, they appeared to be both very young, hardly exceeding the general age of under-graduates of the present day. They seemed about the same age, differing considerably in personal appearance — one being much taller than the other, and the hair of the taller darker than that of his companion. Of both, the limbs seemed well-proportioned, nervous, and active, like those of men who, though, as it seemed, students by profession, had not neglected the use of all kinds of athletic exercises.

They had walked for the last few minutes in silence, when the shorter spoke.

"And so *ὁ κριτής* abuses my verses?"

"He passes upon them the judgment I have mentioned," replied the other.

"The traitor knave! the *failour*!" rejoined the first, half angrily, half contemptuously. "Straightforward, honourable conduct, no one would expect from such a pompous knave! but, such scoundrelly duplicity I should have scarcely looked for, even from *ὁ κριτής*."

"Did he praise them before you?"

"To the skies; and the foul churl strongly pretended to advise me to continue to write verses, or poetry, as he was pleased to call it. But he is beneath my anger, or even my contempt!"

"He seemed to think you had got an over-weening conceit of your own powers, John; that there is a harshness, a ruggedness about your versification, which renders it utterly hopeless that you should ever write such verses as *Flip* or *Fritter*."

"I should be very sorry to write such verses!" replied the somewhat irritated poet, and walked on for the next five minutes in silence, which was broken by his taller companion; who, as he spoke, pulled a manuscript from his pocket.

"But, after all, John," he said, "you must confess that the verses which I am going to read to you are, to say the least of them, somewhat harsh."

"Why, Neville!" exclaimed his friend, "where, in Heaven's name, did you get that manuscript? I had no idea that my papers were going about the University in this manner. I should be glad to afford entertainment to it, and I am, as you know, far from being insensible to Fame; but, I confess I had rather be excused affording this species of entertainment to the old lady, and her

brood of sucklings ; and the Fame I court is not precisely of this nature."

"I am not at liberty to tell you where, or from whom, I procured this manuscript of your *opuscula*, John ; but, in God's name, my dear fellow, hear, and, — now the *ostium*, the inspiration of production is over,—judge whether this be not enough to set the teeth—the delicate, white, pearly teeth,—of all the nine on edge, and make them flee far away from thee for ever."

"What, the—hem ! read on, then. Harry Neville may speak as he pleases to John Milton."

Neville opened the MS., and, turning over a leaf or two, read as follows :—

"ON THE UNIVERSITY CARRIER.

"Here lies old Hobson ! death has broke his girt,
And here, alas ! hath laid him in the dirt :
Or else, the ways being foul, twenty to one
He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.
'T was such a shifter, that, if truth were known,
Death was half glad when he had got him down ;
For he had any time this ten years full,
Dodged with him betwixt Cambridge and the Bull."

"*Oh, jam satis !* pr'ythee have done, friend Neville," exclaimed Milton.

"Well, you confess this is but indifferent, my learned friend ; and that *ὁ κριτής* is not quite so much in the wrong, is not quite so unjust in his sage criticism as you seemed to opine but now," observed his companion with rather a provoking grin upon his countenance.

"I confess no such thing, Master Neville !" replied the poet stoutly ; "*ὁ κριτής* is, though a pompous one, as thorough-bred a donkey as ever shook long ears, brayed, and looked grave. And, as for my verses on poor old Hobson, they don't run quite so smoothly as some of those of your namby-pamby prize poets ; they are not, to be sure, such as are composed, as Shakspeare says,

"To caper nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute ;"

but they are what I deemed suited to the subject and occasion : in short, what I intended them to be,—that is enough. And, by-the-bye, talking of Shakspeare, reminds me of some verses that I wrote on him the other day. I think I have them with me ; and I will set them off against those you have just read."

He took a paper from his pocket, and began to read.

"ON SHAKSPEARE.

"What needs my Shakspeare for his honour'd bones
The labour of an age in piled stones ?
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid ?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name ?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a live-long monument.
For, whilst to the shame of slow-endeavouring art,
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart

Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
 Those Delphic lines with deep impression took ;
 Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving,
 Dost make us marble with too much conceiving ;
 And, so sepulchred, in such pomp dost lie,
 That kings for such a tomb would wish to die !"

"Ah, those, — those, John, I am bound to confess, are certainly somewhat of a higher key, a nobler strain !" exclaimed Neville ; "but then, again, I could set against those something almost as bad, if not worse, than old Hobson, the carrier's immortal monody."

"Immortal ! ay, immortal. You speak it in derision, Neville ; but I promise you I look for the bard's and the sage's immortality."

"Ha ! ha ! ha ! That 's a good jest, John. You talk as coolly about being an immortal poet as our sage friend, Lyttleton, does about being Lord Keeper. Both events will come to pass, no doubt, in the fulness of time. But Lyttleton has some excuse ; there is some substance, some solidity in his aim and object ; but yours is a shadow, a thing of air, *et præterea nihil*. However, not to talk of these things (which raise a frown upon your brow, man,) let us talk of love ; and, talking of love, old companion, there is the tree under which thou wert asleep when that fair and divine nymph, whom thou hast determined to deify, and enrol among the inhabitants of high Olympus, — if, indeed, she be not already one of the Muses, or Graces, — thought fit to produce that fine compliment upon your closed eyes, which has kept your active and soaring imagination upon the stretch ever since."

Neville's companion did not seem much to relish this last sally of his friend. He coloured considerably ; and shewed one or two symptoms of impatience and uneasiness, while the other stood laughing as he looked at the tree.

"Why, John," continued Neville, "you should purchase this tree, and a few yards of ground about it, and build a temple to the goddess of Romance. Your ancients had no such goddess though, nor any so deserving of adoration. However, at all events, you should erect a shed over the spot where you were lying when the fair nymphs left their car, and——"

Here he was interrupted by the clatter of a horse's hoofs, and turning their heads, they beheld a horseman advancing at full speed on the road from Huntingdon. The appearance of this person was remarkable, though, to a common and superficial observer, not very prepossessing. His dress, considering the period, was plain even to slovenliness. Although he had a sword by his side, and pistols in his belt, his sword swung awkwardly, and was without a sword-knot, — a heinous omission in the etiquette of dress at that period, — and his pistols were stuck in a belt which was without any of the embroidery or other ornament upon which the gallants of the time piqued themselves. He was mounted, however, upon a strong and spirited horse, which bore the marks, when he approached the two students, of having been hard ridden. The countenance of the rider was hard-featured and strongly marked, and, whether from habitual exposure to the weather, its natural complexion, or the present hard exercise, was considerably flushed. Yet it was not a common face by any means ; and the resolution and thought depicted in the full, broad forehead, the well-opened, hard eye, the not

very symmetrical, but boldly-cut, sagacious-looking nose, and the firm, strongly-marked lines of the mouth, gave to that countenance a noble and even refined expression. If anybody doubts this, we refer him to the portrait by Walker, now in the British Museum,* or to the copy of it published in the "Gallery of Portraits." His enemies would seem to have had the painting of his countenance as well as of his character, and to have dealt with both after the same fashion.

On perceiving the two young men, whom we have already introduced to the reader, the horseman drew in his horse suddenly. As he did this with somewhat of a jerk, like a man who starts suddenly from a fit of absence, the high-spirited animal reared backward almost beyond the perpendicular, irritated by the check he had received from the nervous arm of his rider. There was a short but furious contest between the horse and rider, which the advantages of curb, and scourge, and spur, added to complete self-possession, soon decided in favour of the latter, and the strong black horse, in which extraordinary muscular power was combined with great speed, stood panting and trembling, but in all his limbs motionless, before them.

"Give ye good day, or rather good even I should say, gentlemen and scholars," exclaimed the horseman, in a strong and deep but harsh voice, raising at the same time his unplumed hat with a courtesy which, though rude, resembled more the present continental manners than those now prevailing in that illustrious university. The young students somewhat more gracefully returned his courteous salutation; and, as they stepped up to the side of his horse, the shorter of the two said,

"Thou ridest with haste-post-haste. Why, Master Oliver, what taketh thee to Cambridge with such fiery expedition at this late hour of the day?"

"I might answer thee, Sir Bachelor of Arts," replied the horseman, "and peradventure it were good policy so to do, as the man in the foolish play-book answers, 'My horse, sir, my horse.'"

"That were an answer," returned the other, "as unworthy of thee, Master Oliver, as it is to speak so slightly of the works of Will Shakspeare. But I know well thou art no lover of the drama; the fine arts will not easily find a patron in thee."

"Peradventure not," was the harsh and laconic reply.

"But I perceive," continued the other, "that the object of thy speed is not for our ears; and as the evening closeth in, and it beginneth to wax late, we will not detain thee, but bid thee God speed, seeing that thou probably hast business of import to transact before the morrow."

"Thou sayest true," was the answer. "But look ye, lads, we shall probably see each other again before gates close for the night. In the mean time, as my errand presseth, I am even fain to ride on."

He waved his hand, and clapped spurs to his horse as he spoke, and horse and rider were soon lost to the view.

"There he goes," exclaimed Neville, "on some grave piece of madness or another; and I think, John, we had better make the best of our way back also, for I perceive we have walked farther

* This picture was presented by Cromwell to Colonel Rich, and bequeathed by his great grandson, Sir Robert Rich, Bart., to the British Museum.

than I had any idea of. I should not be much surprised if we find some rare piece of work afoot in the town; for when our friend Oliver rides at that rate, there is generally something in the wind."

The other nodded assent, and they quickened their pace without farther preface.

They entered the suburb, and proceeded along the straggling uneven street, (still more so then than it is now,) which slopes down between ancient and grotesque houses, or rather hovels, towards that narrow steep bridge across the Cam, which in our time (at least to the best of our recollection) was by them of the gown usually denominated—*lucus a non lucendo*—Magdalén Bridge, and by them of the town (*aristocratie, the snobs*) the Great Bridge.

Daylight was beginning to wane as they passed the gates of Magdalen, crossed the aforesaid bridge, and proceeded arm in arm along the long and somewhat squalid street, then, as now, named Bridge Street. The country people were still making their way out of the town from market with all convenient speed, and now and then they met a man in cap and gown threading his way, (likewise with all convenient speed,) apparently to his college,—most probably a Magdalen man, Magdalen being the only college on the other side of the river; unless, peradventure, the youth contemplated a walk of devout meditation in the precincts of the castle,—a region, perhaps, more removed out of the ken of proctor "grim and rude" than certain other localities we could name in that quarter of the habitable globe. However this might be, those they met wearing cap and gown were few in number, until they reached that part of Bridge Street where St. John's Lane and Jesus' Lane joined it,—then the wearers of cap and gown bore a much greater proportion than before to the other passengers. When they reached the corner of St. John's Lane, Neville said,

"I don't feel much inclined to read to-night, John. Instead of turning up here towards Trinity, I think I shall walk on with you towards Christ's; perhaps we may see something more of Oliver."

"I am sure," replied Milton, "I don't wish to see anything more of him to-night; for I give you fair warning, though you may not feel disposed to read, I do; and therefore you know, Neville, you may come as far as the gate with me, but not a step farther."

"Very well, be it so. I do not wish to disturb your reading, though I do not feel disposed to read or write myself."

"Your case is a desperate one, Neville," said Milton laughing, "and you deep in love, too. Why, Harry, man, you will never melt the hard heart of your cruel fair one without an occasional stave,—without an odd bit of *rarse* now and then, as our friend Passive-Obedience Bigbone would call it."

"And who said to you that I was in love, John? I am sure I never did. For, supposing even for a moment that I was in love, (not a very likely event, I promise you,—though, as Will Shakspeare says, 'By your smiling you seem to say so,') supposing for a moment, I say, for the sake of argument," (here Neville's companion laughed outright,) "that I were so, I am sure I deem far too highly of the ennobling passion, and I think I should also deem far too highly of the object that was able to inspire with such a passion the breast of Harry Neville, to make either a subject of University tittle-tattle. I see some one has been kind

enough to interest himself in my affairs,—a very gratuitous piece of impertinence—*quem ego*.—Ha! I know now who it is. I have not the slightest doubt it is that officious babbler Passive-Obedience Bigbone. That rascal is at the bottom of every lie that travels through the University. And, by-the-bye, to put you on your guard, John, I may as well tell you that the way to have anything spread through the University with the rapidity of light, is to tell it to Bigbone as a very great secret. Your story will travel back to you in the course of a day or two, very much enlarged, if not amended, by the various editions it has gone through. The rascal will not take the trouble with it, unless it is given to him as a very great secret; though I certainly did not do so in the present instance. Hang the officious meddling villain! I have sworn any time these three years to be rid of the fellow,—to forswear his society for ever. I may say with Jack Falstaff, that the rascal hath given me drugs to make me associate with him."

Milton walked on, but "gave no sign" as to whether Neville was right or wrong in his somewhat boldly-expressed conjecture, and Neville knew his friend too well to press the subject farther.

They walked on thus in silence till they arrived at the corner of the street leading from Sidney-street, the continuation of Bridge-street, into the market-place, when their attention was strongly drawn in that direction by certain signs and sounds, which experience taught them to consider as precursors of that species of commotion or tumult known in the modern vulgate under the appellation of a "row." They forthwith turned their footsteps in that direction, and ere long became, like Æneas, not only spectators of, but actors in a scene of no slight noise and tumult.

Towards the full understanding of this brawl, it may be as well to remind the reader that in 1632 young Englishmen, in addition to the other teachings of public school and university, were taught,—to use the words of Milton himself,—“the exact use of their weapon; to guard and to strike safely with edge or point. This,” continues he in his Tractate of Education, “will keep them healthy, nimble, strong, and well in breath; is also the likeliest means to make them grow large and tall, and to inspire them with a gallant and fearless courage, which, being tempered with seasonable lectures and precepts to them of true fortitude and patience, will turn into a native and heroic valour, and make them hate the cowardice of doing wrong. They must be also practised,” he goes on to say, “in all the locks and gripes of wrestling, wherein Englishmen were wont to excel, as need may often be in fight to tug or grapple, and to close.”

These pugnacious attainments, and the “gallant and fearless courage” they were calculated to foster, aided on many occasions and abetted no doubt by that still more gallant and fearless courage which is the immediate production of wine or other strong drink, often led the young gownsmen into quarrels and battles with the inhabitants of the town, in which the former were most frequently the aggressors. In these conflicts victory was sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other; sometimes it was doubtful, or upon neither side, though in those cases, as has happened after many greater and more important encounters, it was usually claimed by both.

But besides the encounters furnished to the young students by the inhabitants of the town, from the grocer's apprentice to the hardy, sturdy, and stalwart bargeman (*vulgo, bargee*) whose hands, and arms, and sides were of iron; besides these encounters, I say, the pugnacious scholars had occasionally an opportunity of engaging in combat with the parties of military who then (though the practice has been long discontinued,) were from time to time quartered in the town and neighbourhood. I do not mean, as the intelligent reader will scarcely need to be informed, to imply in this that there was then in England anything of a standing army. But, as is well known, about this time the soldiers, on their return from Buckingham's shamefully ill-conducted expedition, were quartered through the towns and villages of England. The encounters above referred to, of course did not include the officers, who, as might be expected from their habits, tastes, and connexions, if they took any part at all in such affairs, would be rather likely to take part with than against the scholars. Indeed it was still more likely—although strict and exact discipline was not much the order of the day among Charles's officers—that they should discountenance such disgraceful brawls altogether; brawls that were quite as unsoldierly on the one hand as unscholarly on the other.

At the period at which we treat there happened to be quartered at Cambridge a troop of horse, belonging to a then "crack," or "flash," or "splash," (or by whatever term the fashionable slang may be pleased to denominate it,) regiment of that day. As was proper and fitting for such a regiment, the officers were young men of rank, fashion, and figure, (if speaking of the present day, instead of "figure," we should write "fortune,"—but it was not altogether so in the *bon vieux tems*,)—gay and gallant, noble, and somewhat profligate cavaliers; some of those, in short, who afterwards, as we shall see, so long and bravely

fought in vain

For those who knew not to resign or reign."

The officers of the cavalry above mentioned were generally to be seen lounging about the streets in close companionship with the more aristocratic class of students, more especially with that distinguished and privileged order who, by virtue of royal descent, and innate hereditary capacity and wisdom, have the astonishing faculty of acquiring as much knowledge, as great stores of literature and science, in the space of two short years, as their less favoured and gifted fellow students are capable of acquiring in seven; a fact which to many profane and unbelieving scoffers may appear incredible, and which we confess even to ourselves, who are huge admirers of royalty and nobility, would be somewhat hard of belief, had we not repeatedly seen it fully and satisfactorily demonstrated in the honorary degree conferred upon them, and accompanied by a sublime and grandiloquent oration from the public orator of the university.

Now, it happened on the memorable evening in question, that our worthy friend Oliver, whom we have already made bold in some degree to introduce to the notice of our courteous reader, had occasion, questionless in the course of dispatching the important matters that must have brought him from Huntingdon to Cambridge in such haste, to pass through the market-place, in which

several of the gallants aforesaid happened to be promenading. Oliver, like a good, peaceable, inoffensive, harmless man as he was, was dodging along, apparently, as we have said, upon his needful and lawful errands, at a good swinging man-of-business-like, though somewhat ungainly and ungraceful, pace, heeding the gay and aristocratic men of arts and arms who were there grouped together no more, indeed considerably less, than the stones of the streets over which he was walking, when his attention was somewhat forcibly arrested by the unusual loudness and offensiveness of some remarks that seemed to be more immediately pointed at himself, and by the still more extraordinary loudness of the horse-laugh that accompanied them. Now, Oliver, as all the world knows, although a person who professed much, very much of the Christian spirit,—much, consequently, of meekness, long-suffering, slowness to anger, charity, and so forth,—was not exactly the person whom a prudent man would have liked to select for his butt, when he felt in the humour (if a prudent man indeed could ever be for a moment supposed to feel in such a humour) to play off insolence with impunity. Oliver's was certainly no temper to sit down quietly under an insult. However, unfortunately for themselves, the noble, wise, and valiant young persons in question did not know this; and in their rash and aristocratic ignorance they judged Oliver to be some swashing young farmer, of the better class of such persons, or at the best to be some very simple, somewhat slovenly, and very rural gentleman (for Oliver happened then to wear the very coat of which Sir Philip Warwick then, as he himself informs us, a courtly gallant, and piquing himself not a little on his fine clothes and courtly address, speaks of so slightly as having the appearance of being made by an ill country tailor,) and, judging thus, they shaped their behaviour towards him accordingly.

"Why, only look there, gallants," exclaimed one; "there goes simple Simon, either seeking the Lord, or fleeing from the devil. Holloa! master, look behind you, or you will lose that hundred-weight of iron that hangs at your haunches by way of a sword."

"What!" vociferated another, "does the bumpkin mean to call that thing a sword? I have heard of swords being turned into ploughshares, but here we have ploughshares turned into swords with a vengeance, I think. Ha! master Clod—Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!"

And he laughed loudly and long at his own very sorry wit; in which facetious cachinnation he was joined, heart and voice, by his enlightened companions.

Oliver stopped short in his career, and swung round, as you may have seen a vessel swing round when suddenly acted upon in mid career, and stopped by her cable. He fronted the speaker, and his rubicund and truculent nose and countenance seemed to become still more rubicund and truculent, though his manner at first was free from violence, and from all appearance of much passion; like that of a person whose object is rather investigation than resentment or punishment. He looked at them for some moments calmly, though somewhat sternly, before he spoke, as if to ascertain as well as possible, before he addressed them, how far insolence or aggression upon himself was contemplated by the aristocratic group before him.

"Friend," said he then, addressing the first speaker, "am I to understand that I am the individual to whom thou wert pleased to address thy somewhat uncourteous speech but now, or do I err in my supposition, and were thy words intended to apply to some of thy mates?"

The reply to this speech of Oliver's was a loud burst of laughter. Oliver's brow waxed blacker, and his nose more red; and his hand, as if by an involuntary but instinctive movement, found its way to the hilt of the somewhat portentous piece of iron that swung by his side, which *he* called an instrument of war, and which the young cavalier termed an instrument of agriculture. But while one hand grasped, or at least touched the hilt of his sword, Oliver's other hand grasped firmly his stout riding-rod; at the same time he again addressed his insolent assailants.

"Young men," said he,—“or rather young dogs, for that is a name that ye better merit,—if ye do not instantly acknowledge your error, and the insolence ye have been guilty of, I will beat into ye a lesson of manners, discretion, and good government that you will retain to the latest day of your lives. There is no breaking puppies but by severe discipline.”

The answer to this was a cut across the face from a switch which the young officer who had first accosted him held in his hand. Oliver warded off the blow, or at least the chief force of it, with his riding-rod. It just grazed his cheek;—but that was quite sufficient to put up the fiery blood of Oliver Cromwell, which it did in such sort, and with such effect, that almost before he could see from what quarter the blow came, the hero of the switch, who had been so liberal of his gratuitous insolence, had measured his length on the street. In a moment all was confusion. Some of the officers drew their swords, and Oliver had blows directed against his obnoxious person from all quarters, which he was obliged to parry with his stick in the best manner he could. But when he saw and felt steel come in contact with his oaken defence, he thought it was high time for him to make use of steel too; and, passing his riding-rod into his left hand, (a hero of a novel or romance would have thrown it away with a gesture duly heroic—Oliver was a better reasoner than to do that,) he drew his sword with his right.

At this moment some gownsmen happened to be passing, who recognised an acquaintance in the person who was contending singly against such fearful odds, ran forthwith to his assistance, and joined the affray both with voice and hand. The affair had reached this point of its progress, when Milton and Neville entered the market-place, the now fast-filling scene of action. On seeing, as they turned the corner, the cause of the tumult which they had heard afar off,

"By Heaven, John!" exclaimed Neville; "it is old Oliver attacked and insulted, I suppose, by some of those intolerable swaggering coxcombs. Did not I tell you we should see Oliver again to-night? It is lucky I did not turn into Trinity! I shall now have an opportunity of helping Oliver, and perhaps paying off some old scores;" and he shouted, "gown! gown! to the rescue! to the rescue!" and dashed into the thickest of the fray. He was followed somewhat more leisurely by his friend; for John, though possessed of great moral and, if we may be allowed the expression, intellectual

courage, did not possess that physical insensibility to danger which arises from a set of nerves that do not easily vibrate. This nervous temperament, however, he shared with almost all men of high intellect, and among others, with some of the most illustrious commanders that the world has ever seen. But though John did not rush into the fray with such headlong haste as his friend Neville, he did not on that account less surely or less firmly proceed to the assistance of his friends. As he was on the point of joining the combatants, a heavy hand laid upon his shoulder made him turn round, and on doing so he beheld by his side, arrayed in a Trinity gown a good deal the worse for wear, and which did not reach beyond his knees, a stalwart figure upwards of six feet in height, and bony and muscular in proportion.

"Ha! Bigbone," John exclaimed, "you could not have come at a better time. We want such arms as yours: you see our friends are like to be hard pressed."

"What is it? what is the matter? what's all the row about?" cried Bigbone. "Which side is for church and king?"

"Now pr'ythee, good Passive Obedience," said Milton hastily, "be advised; let church, king, and passive obedience shift for themselves only for this once. Thou seest thy friends are in eminent peril, and thou may'st be of service to get them out of jeopardy."

"Well, well, John," growled Passive Obedience, "thou art a good fellow, in despite of thy vile rank republican, anti-monarchical principles, and hang me," he added heartily, "if I care which side be for church and king; I will e'en for once lend a helping hand to my friends in their need. So let us strike in—hurra! gown! gown!"

"Gown! gown! down with the hireling cut-throats! down with the insolent coxcombs and the slaves they lead!"

Thus shouting their war-cry, they dashed into the combat: Bigbone spreading havoc around him with the blows of a bar of iron which he had picked up, and brandished with his Herculean arm.

And lest this should be wondered at, seeing that these academical combats, as we perhaps may call them, are usually carried on with no other arms than those with which the combatants have been furnished by nature, it may be proper to remark that as this rule had been, on the present occasion, departed from by their adversaries, who were armed with swords, the gownsmen were obliged in their own defence to arm themselves with what weapons they could lay hands on, which they did, in many instances, by closing with their adversaries, wrenching their swords out of their hands, and turning them against themselves. The combat now raged fiercely, receiving accessions of strength on both sides, as gownsmen poured in to join one side, and soldiers to join the other.

While the affairs of the belligerent powers were in this condition, the proctors, attended by their bull-dogs, arrived upon the scene of action. Notwithstanding, however, the sweeping and unlimited nature of their power in the University, their authority upon the present occasion was for a considerable time utterly disregarded; and indeed it seemed as if their presence at first was altogether unobserved, at least it was unheeded; an occurrence which we have seen take place in times that call themselves more civilized than those of

which we at present treat. It was a curious spectacle to see them rushing up and down between the combatants, as it were in the front of the battle, for the purpose of separating them. Arrayed in their full academical dress, they seemed the ministers of peace, of which the canonicals of the others were but a bad representative. Wherever they appeared for the moment, the habitual respect entertained for their office rendering their persons sacred (though the sanctity has been sometimes invaded,) restrained the combatants on both sides from pressing on them, and consequently kept them, for the moment, apart from one another. As they ran along they formed a lane, a sort of chasm which closed again the moment they had passed by. At length, by dint of strong exertions, particularly of voice, and by their exposing themselves to danger in no small degree, they succeeded in some measure in restoring peace, or, at least, in producing a partial cessation of hostilities. They had most trouble with Oliver and Neville, who appeared to be the life and soul, the ruling principle of their party. They had especial difficulty in inducing Neville to resume his peaceable demeanour. They found him engaged hand to hand in a desperate conflict with a young man, who appeared to be about his own age, and was dressed in a fellow-commoner's gown. These two swordsmen appeared to maintain their encounter with more than ordinary skill, and much more than ordinary rancour. On the countenance of both there was an expression of deadly hatred: and when the proctors at last succeeded in separating them, Neville, as he gave up his sword, was heard to mutter between his teeth, "He has escaped me once, but another time will come."

One of the proctors addressed a severe rebuke to Oliver, whom he appeared to know at once.

"A pretty employment this, for a gentleman of your standing, Master Cromwell, who ought to set an example of good order, and decent and peaceable demeanour to these young madmen, instead of inciting them to and heading them in rebellion, and open war, and massacre, and leading them to cut each other's throats, and the throats of all sober persons who come near them. I promise you, sir, you shall answer for this anyhow; but if there be found to be any lives lost, or even serious injuries, wounds, or maiming, your life and those of your rebellious associates will have to pay the penalty."

"Master proctor," replied Oliver, somewhat more than sternly, for it was even fiercely, "your reverence should first take the trouble to inquire how the disturbance arose which moveth your reverent spleen to such an extreme degree, and having inquired, your proctorship will perhaps be pleased to acknowledge that the fault lay not with me or those who supported me, but with those malignants who are the pride of your illustrious university, and the scourge, terror, and detestation of all the land besides."

So saying Oliver turned on his heel, and followed closely by Neville, Milton, Bigbone, and a few others, and at a greater distance by the rest of his party, left the market-place. While they were walking off, the proctor made an immense bustle about procuring their names and colleges, in the university phrases.

"Gentlemen, bachelors, my young masters, you must give me

your names and colleges, particularly you who appear to be the ringleaders in this atrocious rebellion, or the discipline of the university will be ruined for ever. Ha! I know some of your leaders. Mark down Neville and Bigbone of Trinity, and Milton of Christ's. So we shall have up those at least before the Vice-Chancellor to-morrow; now see what damage is done. There are some wounded, if not a few slain. If we find that to be the case, these rioters must be taken into custody immediately."

DAY-DREAMS.

Give me, oh ! give me youth's passions unconfined,
The rush of joy that felt almost like pain,
Its hate, its love, its once tumultuous mind,—
Give me my youth again.

GOETHE.

YOUTH's gay dreams are vanish'd now,
Yet am I still the same,
Who wore of yore so smooth a brow,
And sought the path to fame.
Hope's early buds are dark and stain'd,
Joy's perfumed blossoms wither'd,
And every flower my fancy train'd
Care's blighting hand has gather'd.

I seek not now the people's cheers,
Step proud the Woolsack's lord,
With pitying hand dry suppliant tears,
Blunt Judgment's sharpen'd sword.
I do not feel myself quite free
To rage in Freedom's cause,—
Would sooner much my commons see
Than die for common laws.

To be a patriot's very fine,—
A placeless member better,
On popular applause to dine,
Or, *pardie*—frank a letter.
Or dinnerless, "a ladye's man,"
Gain tea and toast for praises,
Alas ! my face is far too wan
To minister to graces.

Love has closed his weary wing,
To list to Wisdom's speaking;
Hope harps upon a single string,
And that, alas ! is breaking.
For weary thoughts are often mine—
Thought wakes the night from sleep,
And Memory but lights a shrine
Where I can only weep.

Ay—life's light dreams are vanish'd now !
I am not, but in name,
As he who wore youth's brighter brow,
And bore its heart of flame.
Yet laugh ye on, each merry one ;—
I would not cloud *your* *morrow*,
Nor bid you hurry Time along,
And plume his wings with sorrow.

THE ABBOT AND THE BLACK PENITENT.

ON the Auray road, a few miles from Vannes, the poorest and most miserable prefecture in France, the traveller may observe a chapel built, no one can exactly say when, upon the site and from the fragments of the ruins of an ancient church, which was no doubt destroyed during some of the civil wars to which Brittany has been so frequently the prey. This chapel is dedicated to the Magdalen, and served for a long time as the hermitage of a converted Jew, who here closed his life in the odour of sanctity. Its last tenant was an aged hermit, who held before the Great Revolution a high rank in the French army, and who here sought an asylum from the cares and annoyances of the busy world, and here hoped to find consolation for the treachery of an early loved one on whom he had doted; and here in silence and prayer he passed the few remaining days still left him.

These, however, are only the more recent associations connected with the place: those of a remoter period are much more romantic and poetical. On this spot was accomplished the unhappy fate of Trifine, the only daughter of Count Guerech of Vannes, about the commencement of the sixth century. Her father, in spite of the advice of Saint Gildas, gave her in marriage to Comorra, a sort of Breton Blue-Beard, who killed his wives the instant they showed signs of probable maternity, prompted by his superstitious dread of the accomplishment of a prophecy, for a witch had once foretold, that one of his children would be the cause of his death.

Trifine, aware of this prediction, and of the dangers it would entail on her, concealed her pregnancy from the eye of her suspicious husband until the time of her delivery, when she instantly fled with her new-born infant to the castle of her father, whose protection she claimed against her tyrant husband. But Comorra, speedily apprized of his intended victim's flight, pursued her *à pointe d'étrier*, (in the words of one of the chroniclers,) and overtook her in the suburbs of Vannes in a thicket by the road side, where she had vainly endeavoured to find shelter until his first rage had expended itself. The fierce husband struck off her head with his sword, and turned his steed towards his castle. Scarcely had he advanced a step when the animal suddenly reined himself up, and obstinately refused to advance a step homewards. Comorra endeavoured to dismount, but an invisible grasp retained him in his saddle. It was in fact Saint Gildas, who, passing at the moment, performed the miracle.

At sight of the bleeding corpse, and the assassin detained by some mysterious power prisoner near his victim, Saint Gildas, full of admiration at the decrees of Providence, knelt, and, after a long and fervent prayer to God and the Virgin, rose and made the sign of the cross over the murdered body. Trifine instantly rose up full of life and health; while Comorra was struck with leprosy, and afflicted with the most insupportable torments. He bowed in humility to the hand which had thus punished him, confessed his sinfulness, and made a vow that he would build a church and convent for lepers on the site of these miraculous occurrences. Saint Gildas, touched with

compassion at these proofs of repentance, again prayed to Heaven, and the penitent was restored to health. After he had been thus made whole again, he did not, as many perhaps would have done, forget the vow he had made in his affliction: on the contrary, he bestowed all his wealth upon the Church, and retired to a neighbouring monastery, where he spent the remainder of his days in fasting and prayer. A Latin ballad is still sung at Auray, which preserves this tradition: it begins with an invocation to Saint Gildas, as follows:

“ Sancte Gildas, te
Qui Trifinam suscitasti,
Quam tyrannus occiderat
Inter sylvarum pascua,” &c.

Although the Devil had thus lost one whom he considered a safe customer, still in no way did it discourage him; but, on the contrary, it rendered him only the more determined to seek his revenge for his loss of his prey of which Saint Gildas had, in his opinion, unwarrantably defrauded him. One of his attempts in that way is recorded in the following story, which the writer himself heard told one evening last year within the ruins of the Magdalen. Unluckily for the reader, he cannot bestow upon the narration all the accompanying charms which hearing it upon the spot conferred—the time, the place, the poetical language of the narrator, (a young girl of Brittany,) and the deep conviction she seemed to have of the truth of the story which she told, picturesquely supporting her hand on the fragments of a broken cross, her voice full of deep emotion, increased by a feeling of superstitious terror, in which many of the hearers could not avoid participating,—all contributed to render the story one of those which, once heard, are never forgotten.

The wind (thus ran her story) was howling in awful concert with the roarings of the thunder, and the rain dashed in torrents against the ancient windows of the church of the blessed Magdalen; but so wholly engrossed was an aged priest, who walked slowly through the nave and aisles, that it seemed as if he heard not the storm outside. This was Father Kernoëck, the rector, who, as soon as night was fallen, had quitted the monastery, and was silently perambulating his new church, then just finished, and awaiting consecration on the morrow at the hands of the Bishop of Vaunnes, the sainted Gildas. He frequently stopped to admire each part of the edifice. “Here,” thought he, “will the mysteries of the holy mass be celebrated;—here from the pulpit will my voice be heard by delighted congregations, preaching the sacred word for the salvation of sinners;—in this stall, seated upon a throne ornamented with the most costly embroidery, shall I be seated on high during the holy office;—I, I alone am the possessor, the king of this rich and splendid building! Mine are the spandrils, the arches, the windows, the altar,—the chiselled columns supporting the massive roof are mine, and mine only! To me belong the thousand fantastic figures which grin from the corbels and festoon the drapery of the high altar; which show their grotesque features in every nook, and appear to start out from the pedestal of each pillar,—the gilded statues of the saints,—the banners which are agitated by

the violence of the tempest,—the silver candlesticks, the tapestry, the pictures,—all, all are mine !”

Such were the thoughts that held possession of his mind as he flung the light of the horn-lantern which he bore in his hand, upon each object which for the time engrossed his whole attention. He approached each, drew back, and returned for a more minute examination, until the least details were deeply impressed on his memory. Nor did he feel during all this time the slightest symptoms of fatigue, although the perspiration stood upon his forehead, and his breath nearly failed him as he stood in front of a splendid confessional,—a *chef-d'œuvre* of sculpture, over the portal of which he read in letters of gold, “THIS IS THE CONFESSIONAL OF THE RECTOR.”

The artist had carved in the dark wall which composed the confessional the woman's triumph over the serpent ; at the upper part he had depicted the Madonna, full of that serenity which painters so love to give her, her eyes raised to heaven, her hands joined in the attitude of prayer, and her foot firmly fixed upon the forehead of a gigantic devil, already prostrate, and whose limbs trembled with terror. The priest gazed for some time in complacency on his confessional, and then felt a natural desire to ascertain if its interior corresponded in beauty and taste with the outside. Impatient to prove the elasticity of the cushions of that seat which he was in future to occupy, he placed the lantern amidst one of the groups of sculpture which ornamented the pilasters, and flung himself on the sacerdotal seat, into the soft cushion of which he sunk not without voluptuousness. He rested his head carelessly on the rich velvet hangings, stretched out his feet upon the stool studded with golden nails, and found himself altogether so comfortable, that he speedily forgot his fatigue, and surrendered himself to “thick-coming fancies.” His first thought of the crowds who were sure to come to each side of the confessional to humble themselves before him ; the priests of the church, the wealthy citizens, the haughtiest seigneurs even,—all with humble voice and repentant lips supplicating his advice, and regulating their conduct by his directions.

While thus indulging his imagination, he suddenly heard a voice on one side, which announced that the speaker sought his ghostly assistance. He mechanically withdrew the bolt which fastened the side-window ; at the same instant a most violent clap of thunder was heard ; the lightning illumined the whole church, while a strong smell of sulphur nearly took away his breath. When he re-opened his eyes, which terror had closed for a moment, he beheld a stranger kneeling beside him in the confessional.

The priest hesitated for a moment to hear the confession of one thus mysteriously presented to him, particularly in a church hitherto unconsecrated. But the half-formed word of dismissal died away upon his lips ; an uncontrollable panic retained him in his seat, and he made the customary sign of the cross preparatory to hearing the confession. At this preliminary the penitent uttered a deep groan, while his whole body trembled : he speedily, however, recovered from this unusual emotion, and began to repeat the prayers, but in a mysterious accent, and, stranger still, backwards, commencing with “Amen,” and concluding with “Confiteor.”

The priest then questioned him upon the Seven Capital Sins.

"Have you been guilty of pride, covetousness, envy, anger, gluttony, lust, or sloth?"

"Whence should I feel the prompting of any of these vices? I, who am so powerful that possess the power of gratifying my every wish and fancy?"

"You!" responded the priest, in utter astonishment.

"Yes, I! Behold the immortal crown which irradiates my forehead! My youth shall endure for ever and ever. At my finger-touch, the stone becometh gold, and the dust is changed into diamonds."

He extended his hand, and the column which supported the lamp was instantly converted into the purest gold, and the flags of the tower were sprinkled with diamonds.

"Thou seemest astonished!" said the stranger. "What wilt thou say when thou hearest that upwards of twenty centuries have elapsed since the day on which I was born? And, behold, has time in any way diminished my youth, or the beauty of this brow?"

While he spoke a vaporous light, like the softened effulgence of the full moon, played over the brow of the unknown. The aged priest, spell-bound, and full of alarm, gazed with surprise on the noble and commanding features they indicated. The priest raised his hands in amazement, and in doing so the blessed cross, which he was holding, fell to the ground, and rolled along the nave. Wherever it touched as it rolled along, the diamonds created by the magic power of the stranger disappeared, and resumed their first and true appearance of dust.

"Wilt thou," said the penitent, "become young again, and continue so for ever? Wistest thou for boundless wealth? Desirest thou to share my power—my glory—my happiness?"

There was something in the tone with which the last word was uttered so full of bitter irony that the good priest muttered,

"Begone! leave me, deceiver!"

"Deceiver! I deceive thee! Listen: for the present let things remain as they are between us. I give thee an hour to make trial of my promises,—*one hour*; not a second more, not a second less." While he spoke he stretched forth his hand towards the priest, who at the moment felt an inexplicable change take place within him. He rushed forth from his confessional. Wonder of wonders! the figure which cast its shadow on the stalls was no longer that of an aged man, but of an elegant and youthful cavalier! He felt the warmth and strength of youth flowing through his veins; the few scattered locks which had whitened his brow were changed into black and perfumed curls; his small white hand showed a delicate formation, such as a young maiden would be but too proud to possess. He walked a few steps, and at each movement, at his least wish, the most extravagant desires of his imagination were instantly realized. He wished for power, riches, pleasure; pages, valets, and knights knelt at his feet to receive his commands! Beautiful virgins, in luxurious attire, smiled upon him in languishing beauty; palaces sprung up in the midst of extensive gardens; and he wandered amidst these glorious objects, young, smiling, and eager, his heart beating with new emotions and desires. Suddenly the unknown of the confessional appeared.

"Well!" said he; "dost thou wish to enjoy all these pleasures?"

Hasten, then ; for a few moments more and they will vanish from thee ! Thou hast but a few minutes left for their enjoyment !”

“ A few minutes ! A quarter of an hour has not elapsed since I beheld thee last !”

“ In thy sluggish life, priest, time walked thus languidly ; but in our life of happiness it flies like an arrow — ay, swift as thought ! But, what matters, since it revives unceasingly, and its duration is without end ? But, hasten ; for when the sand shall have ceased to run in this hour-glass it will be no longer time.”

“ What must I do ?”

“ Curse this church, which you were to have blessed to-morrow, and do me homage as thy sole master and only God !”

The priest shudderingly turned away his head.

“ Go, then, weak and cowardly mortal ; become again what thou wast ; poor, old, and in the jaws of death !” cried the tempter.

The priest now felt the blood which ran a moment before impetuously in his veins curdle, and slowly circulate ; he beheld his hands grow stiff, and all the brilliant objects which surrounded him become more and more distant—fast disappearing.

The priest made a movement towards the demon ; but his foot struck against the cross which had fallen from his hands : he raised and kissed it. Instantly all around him disappeared, with a hideous and almost insupportable noise ; and he heard the heavenly voice of a woman, which thus addressed him :—

“ Frail creature ! Behold to what dangers thine imprudence and pride have exposed thee ! But for my intercession and watchfulness over thee thou wouldest have become for ever a prey to the devil. Imprudent priest ! who gavest thyself up to the sinful delight of admiring thy fine church, and splendid confessional, instead of passing the night in prayer and peaceful slumber ! Farewell ! watch and pray until the morning. I am Magdalen, the patron of this church.”

You may imagine the terror and joy of the old priest at his escape, as well as his gratitude to the divine protection to which he owed his salvation. He prostrated himself in the confessional, and did not cease pouring forth *orémuses* until day broke in upon it, and shewed him on the spot where the demon had knelt, two marks burnt into the stone by the knees of the evil one.

Tradition adds, that the rector had the soft and voluptuous cushions, on which he had reposed the night of his temptation, replaced by a plain seat, studded with sharp-pointed nails, on which he sat to hear the confession of his penitents ; and that he died, in the fulness of grace, three years after the consecration of his church. Towards the close of the fifteenth century there was still exhibited in this chapel the penitential seat used by St. Kernoëck ; but the precious relic unluckily disappeared amidst the civil wars which about that time raged in Brittany. It is not supposed that the sacrilegious thief who stole it, whoever he was, ever sat upon it himself.

CUPID AND JUPITER.

A FABLE.

WHEN Jove had seized his father's throne,
 And the whole world became his own ;
 Though for his ease he chose to share
 Such an extensive empire's care,
 Conferring on one young brother
 The charge of hell ; and to another
 Giving the regions of the deep,
 In watchful governance to keep :
 Those brothers were his vassals still,
 And of their kingdoms held at will
 Were forced to give a due account
 To him, their great " Lord Paramount."

On earth the name of Jove was feared
 By all, but most by priests revered ;
 Who, at the splendid shrines of Ammon,
 Could serve at once both " God and Mammon !"

In heaven no less his power was felt,
 For there the gods in homage knelt,
 And Juno's self, his sister—bride,—
 That great epitome of pride,—
 With tongue alone could keep the field :
 In actions ever forced to yield.

But whilst all else below, above,
 Thus bowed to Jove's imperial sway,
 The Fates, and Cupid, god of love,
 Alike compell'd him to obey ;
 Although they differ'd in the mode
 By which that wondrous power they show'd.

The Fates (those hags so full of spite)
 In contradiction took delight,—
 As all old ugly women do,—
 (Alas ! some pretty young ones too,)
 And oft, when Jove had form'd a plan
 To help or hurt the race of man,
 Fast as his puppets came in play
 (Those human puppets of a day,)
 Old Atropos would cut the thread,
 And, lo ! his actors all were dead !

'Twas by the hated Fates compell'd,
 That in his dread embrace he held
 The hapless victim of his vow,
 Slain by the lightnings of his brow !

And, when upon the plains of Troy,
 In death-pangs writhed his fav'rite boy,
 The Fates their stern " Vetomus " gave,
 And check'd a father's wish to save !
 In fact, they never sought to please
 Great Jupiter by their decrees ;
 Hence " the inexorable three "

Were objects of his enmity,
 Whilst Cupid, who had scarce less power,—

But wisely kept that power conceal'd,—
 Rose in his favour ev'ry hour,
 And, by conceding, made him yield.

'T will not, I hope, seem labour vain
To tell how Love contrived to gain
That influence with the god of thunder,
Which may to some appear a wonder.

Know, then, that in th' Olympian Court,
In earliest youth a petted child,

Our little hero used to sport ;
And many was the frolic wild
He play'd unpunished still ; for none
Amongst the gods would harm the son
Of her whose beauty all admired,
And to whose favours most aspired ;
And, as to goddesses, the boy

Had with him such a winning way,
That 't was to them the greatest joy
With the spoil'd pet to romp and play.
And you may guess what deeds were done
By Cytheræa's amorous son,
Since when he chose to do amiss,
His pleasing penance was a kiss !

In heaven, of course, time swiftly flies,
(Though none there mark with anxious eyes
The dread revolvings of his glass
As signs for youth and bloom to pass,)
And little Cupid, whilst, with pace
Unnoticed by a deathless race,
The years in quick succession flew,
In wit, but not in stature, grew.

Still did his golden ringlets grace
A snowy brow, when not a trace
Of age, or even care was seen ;
Still childish was his outward mien ;
But one, who watched him narrowly,
(Minerva,) thought she could descry
A certain archness in his eyes,
Which early made her deem it wise,
When he approached her with his dart,
To raise her Ægis o'er her heart.
And well she judged, for Cupid's arm—
Though rounded still—was nerved for harm ;
And those, who on the seeming child,
Unconscious of their danger, smiled,
By sudden wounds were taught to know
His fatal prowess with the bow.

Complaints, at length, were brought to Jove
Of the provoking tricks of Love ;
And he was order'd into court
To answer for his cruel sport.

In chains, and with submissive air,
He came on the appointed day,

Though little did he really care
What his accusers there might say ;
For (whilst no other god he spared)
The urchin never yet had dared
On Jove himself to play his tricks,
Or openly his breast transfix ;
And—since 't is usual for the great
In trifles, or affairs of weight,
Their own experience to prefer
To all that others may aver,—

He knew that in his judge's breast
 A sure defender he possess'd.
 But 'twas not by the judge alone
 That godlike mercy then was shown.
 Stung by some feelings of remorse,
 The goddesses had changed their mind.
 (Their sex is prone to such a course,
 And never long remains unkind !)
 It now appear'd ingratitude
 The little pris'ner to have sued ;
 For each to him had owed a lover ;
 And, having thought the matter over,
 With " pros " and " cons " considered duly,
 They found that Love, howe'er unruly,
 With all the pains that it might bring,
 Was still a very pleasant thing ;
 And, though so loud in their complaint
 Of Cupid, whilst he yet was free,
 When they beheld him in constraint,
 And saw his mock humility,
 Their tender hearts at once relented ;
 They swore by Styx that they repented
 Of having hastily preferr'd
 Against him one accusing word,
 And, named as plaintiffs, one and all
 Refused to answer to the call.
 From this most singular denial
 Of half th' accusing side to plead,
 'Twas thought at first that Cupid's trial
 Would not be suffer'd to proceed.
 But Jove declared that " he was bound,
 If any person could be found
 Who of the pris'ner stood in fear,
 That person's evidence to hear."
 Ne'er in a crowded county court
 Did " C. C." case afford such sport
 As did the evidence then given
 Before the justice-court of Heaven ;
 And Jove, who in the great conclave
 Was forced to wear an aspect grave,
 Himself could scarce his mirth command,
 When Vulcan raised his iron hand,
 And, pointing to his smoke-stain'd breast,
 Endeavour'd vainly there to show
 Some wound destructive of his rest,
 Made, as he swore, by Cupid's bow.
 Meantime, as well as " learn'd brother,"
 (Paid by his impudence to bother
 The minds at once of judge and jury,
 Or put a witness in a fury,)
 Did Love (though never sent to learn
 In Inns of Court the tricks of laws)
 Perceive the favourable turn
 That ridicule would give his cause ;
 And when, at length, desired to speak
 In his defence, he did not seek
 By any formal refutation
 To answer to each accusation ;
 But, singling Vulcan from the rest,
 As a fit subject for a jest,

"Tis strange enough," the rogue began,
 "That any god so gravely can
 Assert he fears hostility
 From such a little child as I.
 But, stranger still, that one, whose calling,
 Since the first moment of his falling
 On Lemnos' heights, has been to frame
 More deadly arms for deeds of fame,—
 Should know so little of his trade,
 As not to see this bow was made
 Of a weak myrtle branch that grew
 In my dear mother's fav'rite isle,—
 And that these darts "*which pierced him through*
 Are simple rushes all the while.
 As well might a Numidian bear
 (Gifted with sudden speech) declare,
 Before his mighty lion-king,
 That a slight feather from the wing
 Of some poor dove, with purple tide
 Had tinged his rough and tawny hide,
 As Vulcan venture to complain
 To thee, oh! Jupiter, of pain
 Inflicted by a harmless toy,
 The mimic arrow of a boy!
 To thy great wisdom I appeal;
 Behold my weapons, void of steel,
 And say if such their way could win
 Through yonder hardy blacksmith's skin!"
 The gods around in chorus laugh'd,
 Whilst Vulcan, feeling now the shaft
 Of ridicule, (which harm'd him more
 Than any Love had launch'd before,)
 Wish'd, as he clench'd his hammer fast
 Within his fist, and downward cast
 His looks confused upon the cloud,
 (Such was the pavement of the hall,)
 That he could vanish through the crowd
 To Lemnos with a second fall.
 And Cupid—who contrived to hide
 His exultation and his pride—
 To Jove proceeded to deliver,
 With bended knee, his bow and quiver;
 Which latter (thanks to timely warning),
 Had been prepared for his defence,
 And filled with blunted reeds that morning,
 As the best proofs of innocence.
 The judge assumed a serious air,
 Examined ev'ry dart with care,
 And then, with most contemptuous look,
 The bow at the accusers shook.
 "Are these the mighty arms," he cried,
 "Of whose effects the gods complain?
 Seek you my judgment to deride
 By cause so frivolous and vain?
 Quick, Hermes! hasten to remove
 The chains that bind poor injured Love.
 And ye, who thus have shown your spite
 By such false-swearing, leave my sight;
 Lest I, to punish your offence,
 Should chance to prove the difference

Betwixt the arrows from this bow
 And bolts that laid the Titans low.
 Cupid, henceforth on me attend ;
 'T will be my duty to defend
 A slander'd innocent from woes
 Plann'd by the rancour of his foes."
 "The cause " was o'er, and from that hour
 Began the date of Cupid's power.
 He slyly with his patron took
 His hints for conduct from a look.
 Whene'er he saw his humour gay
 Before heaven's king " the child " would play ;
 But, when more serious seem'd his mood,
 With look subdued " the courtier " stood.
 And, having gain'd the ear of Jove,
 By turning all his thoughts to love,
 And merely seeming to suggest
 Where he might sate his passion best,
 He caused him o'er the world to range
 For pleasure, with Protean change.

Love does but whisper, and, behold !
 The Thund'rer is a shower of gold !
 Assuming now Diana's face,
 He clasps her, nymph, in his embrace !
 To Læda's arms, with fearful cries,
 On downy pinions now he flies
 From his own fav'rite bird ! And now
 The head, to which all others bow,
 (Where horns have ta'en the place of crown,)
 Is to the earth bent meekly down,
 That the Phœnician maid may deck
 With garlands his immortal neck !

When Jove himself thus gave the rein,
 Shall we, pretending to restrain
 An ardent courser such as Love,
 The victims to his mettle prove ?
 No. As the wild, untutor'd steed,
 Whose course 't were vain attempt to stay,
 Is used by dauntless man to speed
 His progress o'er the pathless way ;
 So, through the wilderness of life,
 Through storms of sorrow and of strife,
 Let Love, e'en though he scorn control,
 Convey us gaily to the goal.

NOTE.—Some critics of the day, who, doubtless, consider themselves acute phrenologists, deny that the artists of antiquity possessed any great "ideality," and ascribe the chief merit of their sculpture and painting to a superior development of the organs of "imitation," and of "form." One would think that the professors of such an opinion were passing judgment on a Chinese tea-chest instead of those inimitable productions on which modern sculptors gaze with feelings of mingled admiration and despair, and of one of which it has been said, in language worthy of the subject, that

"Animate with deity alone,
 In deathless glory breathes the living stone !"

If, as it is generally allowed, there be indeed a something more than earthly in the expression of the "Apollo Belvidere," no slight exertion of imagination must have been acquired for its conception. "Imitation" could have had little to do with

the excellence of the performance, and "form" (as necessary to a sculptor as his chisel) must have been employed (like that instrument) in due subservience to "ideality." On the degree of perfection to which the "sister art" was carried by the Greeks and Romans it is unfair to come to any conclusion; since the specimens of ancient painting which remain to us have been chiefly obtained from the ruined walls of two provincial towns. But, an hour spent in the Gallery of Frescos belonging to the "Museo Borbonico," in Naples, would, I think, go far towards removing the mistake of those who contend that "the ancients had no idea of treating a subject in their pictures." In the above-mentioned collection there are numerous paintings, in which, although their execution is not elaborate, their story is as well told as in the works of any modern artist. And, for my own part, I should be perfectly satisfied could I seize on a portion of that true spirit of poetry embodied in the beautiful fresco on which the foregoing dull fable was founded.

Jupiter is there represented reclining on a cloud, in the attitude used by the ancients at the Triclinium. Cupid, leaning over his shoulder, points downward to the earth, and with his head slightly advanced, and his eyes directed towards those of "the Thunderer," is watching the effect of the advice or remonstrance on which he has just ventured. That effect is made evident by the softened expression of Jupiter's countenance, and by the position of his right arm and hand, the former of which has fallen, as though nerveless, on his lap, whilst the latter is in the very act of relaxing its grasp of a thunderbolt. A rainbow—the emblem of hope—announces to the world below that the storm of his anger is at an end; and an eagle in the back ground casts a look of astonishment and jealousy at the new favourite, whose counsels have diverted the thoughts of his imperial master from the farther prosecution of vengeance to the more pleasing pursuits of love.

GROUSE SHOOTING.

THE MOORS—CHATSWORTH—GROUSE SHOOTING.

"The heather was blooming, the meadows were mawn,
Our lads gaed a-hunting, ae day at the dawn,
O'er moors, and o'er mosses, and mony a glen,
At length they discovered a bonnie moor-hen."—*Burns*.

THE moors of Derbyshire extend over a wide tract of country, and are divided into various preserves: some under the Duke of Norfolk, others under the Duke of Rutland, and some are owned by subscription companies.

They are thickly covered with ling, a blue heath growing about half-thigh deep, which affords an excellent covert for grouse; and present the wildest waste-views my eye has rested on. They have the solitude of ocean—the monotony relieved by towering summits of rock, terminating swells of ground in various parts of the horizon, and deep, dark chasms, rendered vocal by bubbling rivulets.

Grouse-shooting opens on the 12th of August, when the moors attract sportsmen from remote parts of England. The turnpike-roads present a lively scene, with sporting carriages dashing over their smooth surface, filled with gentlemen in shooting dress, servants, tent-equipment, and coupled dogs; and now and then some sturdy gamekeeper on a sagacious pony, conducting at his heels a group of setters and pointers.

The inns of Nottingham, Sheffield, and Derby are all bustle on the 11th with arrivals and departures for the moors. It is a busy day with hostlers and postboys, who are called on for constant and quick supplies of fresh steeds. The inn-yards echo with the rumbling of wheels, clatter of horses, and greeting of sportsmen from carriage to carriage.

Paterson and I bowled from the door of Cummins's hotel at noon, and, rounding the base of old Tor, emerged from the gorge into a more open, but still undulating country, with now and then some green hill forming a lofty background; an intervening scene of rich meadows, coursed by the winding Derwent, sprinkled with sleek cattle, and enlivened here and there with pheasants and hares.

We passed Rosely Bridge, well known to the angler, and entered the stately park of the Duke of Devonshire, where dappled deer, in numerous herds, ornamented the surface of green.

Chatsworth, which on another occasion I visited at leisure, is one of the most distinguished palaces in England. The grounds immediately surrounding the mansion are laid out in old-fashioned taste, with terraces, and balustrades, and huge vases; and in one spot a surprise is contrived in an elegant temple, in which the unwary intruder, on touching a spring, is sprinkled with an artificial shower of rain.

It furnishes a noble specimen of that obsolete architectural style which has given place to the more natural landscape arrangement of grounds, in which groups of trees rise gracefully with the richest foliage from a carpet of verdure, exhibiting the perfection of art in representing the careless, but most beautiful arrangement of nature. No nobleman would lay out his grounds at present in that formal style; but, every one would prize and venerate so noble and magnificent a relic of antiquated taste.

The interior of the palace delights visitors by the distribution of the apartments, the splendid furniture, and display of paintings, by the first masters, including a rare and ample collection of original sketches by Rubens.

A melancholy interest haunts these apartments, the prison of Mary Queen of Scots during seventeen years — the moiety of her life. I felt sympathy and indignation as I gazed forth upon the noble park, once overlooked with care and anguish by the captive queen; while the noblest spirits and highest chivalry of the two kingdoms, were engaged in secret but fruitless conspiracy to effect her rescue. A statue in delicate marble, within one of the apartments, commemorates her beauty, and revives touching associations connected with her fate.

One of the existing curiosities of the place was the lady-like housekeeper, as stately as if one of the figures had stepped forth from the old tapestry; and so full of *minanderie*, and bedizened with flounces, and laces, and fluttering ribands, that she seemed a personification of the Flibbertigibbet of Shakspeare. She showed me through the rooms with gracious politeness, and received the crown-piece that I dropped into her palm with an air of condescending dignity, as if she had been accustomed all her life to wear a crown.

Fastidious travellers complain of this usage of receiving money for the exhibition of such palaces as in England are familiarly termed *show-houses*. But I differ from them. It puts me at my ease while I am feasting my eyes with the splendour of these noble mansions, to know that I can acquit myself with a piece of money to the person who has the trouble of attending me, and explaining the peculiarities.

Traversing Chatsworth park, we penetrated the wild region of the moors when it was yet daylight; but, as the hills closed behind

our course, the blue complexion of the heath, and bold swells of their dark surface obscuring the sun, shed over every object the hues of evening.

We had now struck upon a by-road, whose rocky and irregular surface greatly impeded our progress. But a few miles of steady toil, up and down steep ascents and declivities, brought us at length on the confines of our shooting-ground, to an old-fashioned, grey-stone inn, a building of great antiquity. From some architectural features, as well as from the massive and highly-wrought entrance-gates, now overthrown and lying in ruins, I judged it to have been in its better days a priory, and at no very recent date converted into an inn, as evinced by the sign over the door: an old English sportsman, carved in stone, in a formal shooting-jacket and leggins, having within his extended grasp the representation of a bird; and carved beneath the figure the following significant address to the weary *viator*:—

“Trust in trade is not worth a rush:

A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.”

Many sportsmen had arrived before us, and it was with difficulty that we obtained a stall for our horses, while we ourselves put up with such accommodations—rude at the best, but now taxed beyond their limit,—as the house afforded.

A rude stone hall was the general sitting-room, and we found it well filled with gentlemen in shooting costume: some in shooting-jackets of dark velveteen with numerous pockets; white cord small-clothes, leggins, and heavy shoes; others in suits of dark plaids, consisting of shooting-coat, waistcoat, and trousers, the latter generally preferred in this part of the country to small-clothes, as affording more freedom to the knee in stepping over the entangling ling.

All were up the next morning before the dawn of day, and with our dogs at our heels we struck off in different directions for our various beats. A servant attended me who was familiar with the moors, and I was accompanied by three friends I had met at the inn.

We spread ourselves in a line, each about thirty yards from the other, retaining our relative positions as well as the nature of the ground would permit, and our well-trained setters beat the heather closely before us, ranging always within thirty yards of our line. The grouse are so wild that they seldom lie to the dog after the first few shots; and, unless your dogs are steady and obedient, it were better to have none.

As the day dawned, a constant report of guns proclaimed on all sides the opening of the sport. Here and there, at wide distances, parties had canvass tents, spread over the heath in commanding situations, where they would rendezvous from time to time, while elderly and less active sportsmen could linger near them the day long, taking the chance of scattered birds that might wing within their reach. We had determined on a wide circuit, and were conducted by our guide beyond the more customary beat.

On a lofty elevation we fell in with a solitary sportsman, whose silvery locks and venerable countenance bespoke him in the decline of life, though his sturdy limbs bore him vigorously through the tangled heather. As we approached, my youth did not cause him

to neglect a courteous salutation, and we paused near the edge of one of the deep chasms to make inquiry after each other's sport; when, starting suddenly, he pointed toward the precipice to the tail of his pointer, as stiff as a poker,—all that could be seen of him.

"To ho! Bruce!" he exclaimed to the dog; and to me, "Go up to him, sir, for my head will not allow me to approach the precipice." I was upon him at a bound; out whizzed a cock-grouse—I fired, and cut him down. He fell headlong in the ling within ten yards of me, just where, after a steep descent, the fall became a precipice, so that in another second he would have been lost.

The old gentleman appeared pleased and amused at my excitement, and courteously begged me to keep the bird, which, being killed over his dog, I had hastened to present to him.

The sultriness of the day became intense, the surrounding hills admitting of no breeze to relieve the heat of the sun, and refresh our throbbing temples. At every step we had to throw our feet above the roots of the ling, treading it beneath us, and with the eye ever ranging in front over our beat, stepping into holes and inequalities, which added doubly to the fatigue.

We reached at length the shelter of a solitary yew-tree, on the banks of a clear rivulet which coursed freshly through the heather. By this stream our servant had a fortnight previously buried a gallon of draught porter in a stone jar, which he now brought from under the sod, and, taking from his basket a pigeon-pie and other eatables, we cast ourselves down beneath the grateful shadow, and enjoyed a cool repast, with the most refreshing libations—while our panting dogs laved themselves in the murmuring current.

After a short indulgence we again resumed our work, and had excellent sport. We made so wide a range that we were threatened with the dusk of evening ere we had made much progress on our return, and our guide conducted us in a direct line for our starting point, toiling up such steep ascents that it required both hands and feet, and descending again declivities equally trying.

Three days of such toil beneath an ardent sun proved quite sufficient for us. A tall gentleman, one of my companions, was utterly exhausted by noon of the third day; and, making a short circuit, we began to return upon our beat. A second of our party now broke down, looking so pale and weary that I felt very uneasy for him; and, not being sensible of so great fatigue myself, I repeatedly offered to relieve him of his game, or to carry his gun; but the offer appeared rather to annoy him, for he chose not to be thought my inferior in endurance. I was gratified by the proof of my own power, and brushed on through the heather rejoicing in my strength. But the hills seemed to grow longer—the game in my pockets hung a dead weight, and I could not disguise that my gun became heavier every step. We all grew silent, addressing ourselves to our laborious progress, and at length reached the inn.

Patterson, who had not accompanied us far on the moors, was at the porch to receive us, and advanced to relieve me of my gun. I passed on to the kitchen, and sat down to be released, by a strapping serving-girl, from my shoes and high leather gaiters. I felt a sickening sensation at the heart as she regarded me, and walked out to join my companions, when Paterson met me at the doorway. "Bless me, sir, what is the matter with you?" he exclaimed, looking

in my countenance. My head swam; and, clutching at the wall, I reeled, and fell before he could reach me. The buoyancy and ardour of a juvenile sportsman had sustained me during the sport, and led me to suppose myself superior to my companions. A glass of soda-water, qualified with lemon-juice, dispelled my faintness, and my pride would not permit me to retire.

Two sportsmen were now added to our party. One, called Colonel Camden by our host, had a military air and affable manners, with the conversation of a man who had both read and travelled. He was about fifty; and, I afterwards understood, had served in Egypt under Abercrombie, on the Peninsula under Wellington, and had made some campaigns in India.

The other, Squire Rugby, the person I had joined on the heath, was courteous and polite, but with an habitual bluntness. His keen eyes were placed high in his face, beneath a low and beetling forehead; and the expression of his countenance was more positive than intellectual. He showed great practical experience in field-sports and rural occupations; but his discourse and his intelligence seemed chiefly limited to these topics.

"Hunting and shooting," said he, "are the pride of old England, and the natural sports of the country."

"We excel in both, as far as we pursue them," said Colonel Camden; "though we have not the wolf and boar hunt of the Continent, nor the chase of the more ferocious animals, as the tiger hunt of the East. But the sport extends to remote antiquity; for we read in the Old Testament that Nimrod was a mighty hunter before the Lord."

"The Bible is a sacred authority," said Squire Rugby, reverentially raising his hat. "But Nimrod must have been a Jew, and lived before ramrods, and shot, and gunpowder were invented. The Jews make good boxers; witness Mendoza and Dutch Sam, and other famous pugilists. But they are a circumscribed race, and their skill is limited to fisticuffs."

"*Circumscribed* indeed! according to your statement," replied the colonel, with a smile at the confusion of terms.

"They are, sir, I assure you," cried the squire. "I give you my honour and word that I never saw one of them ride over a five-barred gate, or shoot a partridge on the wing. What did Nimrod know of British fox-hounds, harriers, or pointers?"

"Not much, I think," said Colonel Camden. "But our stanchest hounds are supposed to be of an old Spartan breed, cherished among the ancient Greeks, and carefully preserved from mixture."

"The Greeks and Trojans, sir," exclaimed Rugby, "for they are generally coupled together, knew no more of British hunting with horn and hound, than they did of the English language."

"Perhaps not. We have assuredly naturalized and improved the chase, and have the best-bred hunters and the best-trained dogs in the world. But we derive the sport from Normandy, whence William the Conqueror introduced it into England."

"William the Conqueror," said the squire, "was the first in our regular line of kings. I have the whole list in a pocket abridgment of the history of England. He was, no doubt, a great hunter; and so was his son William the Second, nicknamed Rufus, or Red-head, on account of his carrotty pole. The abridgment tells how he was

shot by a sportsman instead of a buck, while he was hunting in Windsor Forest."

"I have read the anecdote," said the colonel.

"It all came from the want of fowling-pieces, sir," rejoined the squire. "An arrow glanced against a tree, missed the stag, and killed the king. I have it all in my abridgment. So you see hunting and shooting are royal sports natural to old England."

The colonel smiled, and said, "Your abridgment is, no doubt, a compendious register of facts; though I doubt whether it will clearly decide the present question."

"Gentlemen," said Paterson, "I know nothing of the antiquity or origin of hounds or hunting, but have some practical experience in regard to both. If you want a good pack of hounds, you must look well to their breeding and lodging. The kennel should be spacious, and situated on a slight elevation facing the morning sun, with a free admission of air and light. It should be kept carefully clean, and free from scraps of meat or half-picked bones, and from offensive smells, that the dogs may have a quick and sure scent. It should also communicate with a meadow containing a run of water, that the hounds may have wholesome exercise, and may drink and lave themselves in hot weather. In the coupling season you should select mates of good lineage and good qualities, preferring those of middle size, active and vigorous. Confine the pairs together in distinct cells for a time, to prevent mongrels; and preserve such pups only of the progeny as have marks of the true breed. Then you may feel assured of a trusty pack."

"You are right," exclaimed the squire, giving Paterson a slap on the shoulder.

"Perfectly right," added the colonel; "and, to put an end to the debate, here comes a savoury dish of grouse, which we can discuss without any risk of disagreement."

At the sight and smell of the grouse my faintness returned; and I was greatly mortified at being obliged to go to bed, and leave the party to recruit their strength, and talk over the exploits of the day, with the aid of a jovial supper.

Next morning, however, found me again in full vigour, as were also the veteran colonel and squire, while my three friends were prolonged sufferers, and the tall gentleman had his health impaired, by his over exercise on the moors, for several months.

The truth is, that we were not familiar with grouse-shooting, in which experienced sportsmen take less-extended circuits, or pursue their beats with more deliberate steps. Paterson consoled us with the suggestion that we had reaped a practical lesson, which would admonish us in future sporting excursions.

ON SEEING THE TIMBER REPRESENTATION OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON ON THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH AT HYDE-PARK CORNER.

OUR British Cæsar, on yon marble arch,
With head all bare, and limbs as stiff as starch,
Well to the *Brute* who *stuck* him there may call,
"This *Wood Cut's* the unkindest *cut* of all."

J. S.

WALTER CHILDE.

BY MR. BULLER OF BRAZEN NOSE.

CANTO IV.

ELIAZBETH was now quite self-possess'd ;
 Her manner even kinder than before,
 Hid the slight disappointment in her breast :
 If she felt hurt one moment, it was o'er.
 She spoke : the full, clear tones which now express'd
 Her thoughts, were not the unform'd girl's of yore,
 And yet they seem'd familiar to his heart ;
 Their charm unique—it caused a second start.

“ No, Walter, I have nothing to forgive,
 And claim no merit ; I can well allow
 For those in town's exciting scenes who live,
 And form impressions they reflect not how.
 Think not I mean to play th' inquisitive ;
 You loved me—as I see you love me now—
 When hardly worth your love, and I rejoice
 I now may better justify your choice.

“ For me, 'tis needless to express a feeling
 Long, as you know, identified with life.
 You treasured my last words ; what boots concealing
 That I have ever held me—yes—your wife,
 A truth which I had shrunk not from revealing
 To the whole world, if—” “ 'T would have saved much strife,
 Quoth her fair friend, “ which might have led to death.”—
 “ Dear girl, be serious !” said Elizabeth.

“ Through the same means by which I knew you near,
 I knew your purpose, knew you destitute.
 Was that a time for scruples—maiden fear ?
 O Walter ! I had been a wretch, a brute,
 Had I deferr'd, ev'n if no longer dear,
 To seek you,—nay, prefer my earnest suit
 To share as brother, if as husband loth,
 A quiet competence, enough for both.

“ But mark me ; had I not at once descried,
 In that short killing moment of suspense,
 Your eager burst of joy, I would have died
 Ere hint my secret : friendship's sole preference—
 No ! it's reality—had justified
 All I could proffer, all that my plain sense
 Could urge to change your purpose ; my right hand
 I then had giv'n, not that which you have scann'd.

“ They call me proudest of the proud ; 'tis true
 I have my pride, but it has now full scope.
 I feel that I am all the world to you,
 And feel thus realized my fondest hope
 Of heart for heart, as is perhaps my due.”
 “ My very thought ! beneath the shady cope
 Of yon broad oak,” he cried, “ I mused on't here.
 'T was like an augury that you were near.”

“ 'Tis well ; that word alone convinces me
 I have no rival. Now for my amende.
 Shall I unmask ? and do you choose to see
 And claim your own ? My dear and cautious friend

Enjoin'd me thus to play propriety,
 And hide my tell-tale face until the end."
 "Hold, angel!" said the conscience-stricken youth,
 "Tempt me not ere you hear th' unvarnish'd truth."

He made a calm, full front, as if his lot
 (It scarce had tried his noted coolness more)
 Had doom'd him for high-treason to be shot
 By Cromwell's Ironsides; a little sore
 That some wrong version in their heads had got
 Of matters venial, and now past and o'er;
 But strong in native truth, and free from doubt
 That a plain honest tale would bear him out.

"Elizabeth, if I had loved you less,
 My o'er-nice scruples would not weigh a straw,
 For I have really nothing to confess
 Of which my conscience stands in heinous awe,
 And might have answer'd this fair querist 'yes.'
 But quips in love are worse than quirks in law,
 And less familiar to me; and I ought
 To own to hearts like yours each secret thought.

"In war, still more in study, which afforded
 Few solaces to cheer a hermit-life,
 My memory long dwelt, doted on you, hoarded
 One soothing thought 'mid the world's dreary strife;
 My heart, while hope sustain'd it, still recorded
 The vow to trace and claim you as my wife:
 No image, until yesternight, replaced
 Your own, by time and care all but effaced.

"Turn not away; reject me if you will;
 I change my nature not for friend or foe;
 And if, as yesterday, the worst-fear'd ill
 Should come of honest dealing, be it so.
 Though you read truly my first greeting, still
 (Now hear me calmly till the whole you know)
 I fell in love last night—and not with you;
 That I got b'er it since, is just as true.

"I struggled and prevail'd; the effort brought
 Its full reward; I mused on you anew,
 As love's sweet fancies, once awaken'd, wrought:
 So young, yet womanly in heart,—so true,
 As I half-hoped to find you,—every thought,
 Save old fond recollections fix'd on you,
 Fled like a cloud, and left your image clear.
 But now for last night's folly—you shall hear.

"I went to that curst ball, in no way sour'd
 Against mankind, but steel'd to face the crowd
 With dogged pride; scorning to play the coward
 To those more fortunate, perhaps as proud.
 Then, as if Fate were specially empower'd
 To fool me, (would I never had allow'd
 My ears to listen,) a young lady there
 Spoke of my day's mishap with earnest air.

"A sisterly, warm interest in my fate
 She show'd, for which no cause could well account;
 And then she was so lovely! Nay, abate
 Your pique, and hear me. Well, the full amount

Of madness which bewilder'd my crazed pate
 I need not, and I shall not, now recount.
 But then her voice—so strangely like thine own !
 Till now I thought earth could not match the tone.

“ It seem'd as if the sound of happier days
 Came, in an angel's accents from above
 Embodied, to console, to cheer, and praise
 The friendless. Nay, I'm thine, heart, hand, and glove,
 My own true-hearted one ; it need not raise
 One doubt, believe me ; thou thyself wouldst love
 The noble Isolde. —Ha !—it cannot be—
 She trembles—smiles—unmasks ! Great heaven ! 'tis she !

“ Isolde ! Elizabeth ! my life, my soul !
 Which dear one art thou ? but it matters nought
 What dreams in my distemper'd fancy roll.
 Thou art the same, first, latest, loved, and sought ;
 I hold thee to my heart, and wait the whole
 From thine own lips ; for years I never thought
 That happiness could dwell on earth's cold sphere ;
 'Tis mine ! 'tis palpable ! I clasp it here !”

“ Isolde Elizabeth—exactly so ;
 Why, thou incredulous ! thou puzzle-pate !”
 Said the blonde damsel, and with that did show
 A face that might with Isolde's almost mate ;
 “ Such things occur in baptism, deign to know ;
 Do you expect her formally to state
 She bears two names ? Some girls have six or seven,*
 Though simple Catherine does for me, thank Heaven !

“ Do leave off fondling her, and notice me
 In my poor turn. The parties are the same.
 Our good Whig aunt defunct would ne'er agree
 To give dear Isolde the Round Table name
 Of her sire's Cambro-British ancestry ;
 She thought it profanation, and a shame,
 While one remain'd, unsoil'd in Pagan ditty,
 More scriptural, and, I think, just as pretty.

“ Now, since you play'd the listener, sir, I find,
 And Isolde Kenrick's a familiar sound,
 Know you her whereabouts ? we're both inclined,
 I guess, to think her peer can scarce be found.
 I mean, perceive you cause to change your mind
 From county hearsay ? or must she expound
 Why you should rest content with earthly goods,
 And not go panther-hunting to the woods ?”

“ Dear Catherine—may I dare to call you so ?”—
 “ Why, yes, upon the whole I think you may,
 And in due time, perhaps, I do not know
 But I may love you, sir, in my plain way.
 Isolde, you've lost your tongue with joy or woe ;
 So to the question, Walter.”—“ Need I say,
 Dear Catherine—”—“ Catherine Seymour ; I forgot
 To name my sweet self ; but it matters not.”

* A Jacobite Shropshire gentleman, well known to the writer's family, baptized a daughter by the names of “ Maria Louisa Sobieska Victoria Foxhunter Moll :” the four first names in compliment to the Stuart line, the two last in order to commemorate favourite hunters. Probably the name was not recorded at full length in the dowager part of the peerage, as by marriage duly entitled to be.

"Need I, then, Catherine, echo thine own phrase,
That Isolde is my all of earthly good?
That I've no wish but hers? that I would raise
This dear one to a palace, if I could
By honorable toil? It doth amaze
And vex me that thou hast not understood
My feelings. Doom her to an Indian brake!
I'm wedded to Old England for her sake.

"But, Isolde, thy kind cousin doth forget
Thou told'st me (and 'tis cause for thankfulness)
That thou hadst wherewithal to ward off debt,
And live in modest comfort; 't would distress
My soul to see those taper fingers set
To household thrift: for me, I thrive on less
Than most well-born; and now, thou 'lt well believe
I'm hearten'd to hope all things, and achieve.

"So, dear Elizabeth—I do protest
I love thy old name better—no—as well."—
"Call me the one by which you love me best;
'T will glad my heart. Walter, I've that to tell
Which is important, when my mind's at rest
From joy and flutter; for this week we dwell
With your friend Poyntz's mother, where to-day
He bid you, as I know, and prest your stay."—

"Fool that I was! he did, but I declined;
Now 't is too late. They must have thought me rude."—
"Not they; and, now that you have changed your mind,
Consider their warm welcome as renew'd.
I long'd so to have met you! hoped to find
Some means to save the step which has ensued.
O, Walter, was it wrong?—but 't was my fate.—
Now you *are* rude, sir—let her go,"—said Kate.

"All's well that ends well. Now, attend to me.
Isolde, who saw and heard you yester morn,
More than surmised your real identity,
Which dear good Forde confirm'd, when, as in scorn,
You vanish'd from the ball. Your rash decree
Of self-destruction drove her, quite forlorn,
To tell me her past secrets on our pillow,
And I resolved she should not wear the willow.

"Blame me, the master-fiend who hatch'd the plot,
But as for her, 't is your rare lot to wive
(I can be sometimes serious, good friend Wat!)
With the best, truest, dearest girl alive.
And verily I think, who flatter not,
Her happiness has some small chance to thrive,
And that her heart by slight will ne'er be broken.
Now talk yourselves—the oracle hath spoken.

"But Isolde, look, look yonder! On the hill
Poyntz with his servant, spurring both this way!
How is 't he's not on the Grand Jury still?
Would we had told him! What to do or say,
I know not. Oh, good Heaven! if he think ill—
And that's young Shirley, too, upon the grey."—
"Quick, ladies, then," quoth Walter, "let us dodge;
They see us not, and here's the keeper's lodge.

"Now push for the thick shrubbery; here we're safe.
 How now, dear Catherine?—faint and deadly pale?"—
 "Give her your arm," said Isolde, "and vouchsafe
 To ask no questions; thereby hangs a tale.
 There, now she's better. I'm a sort of waif
 And stray at houses in this friendly vale,
 And privileged to stroll in most, or all.
 Now for a turn; our horses are in call."

"The note! the note!" quoth Walter; "now I guess
 Why Poyntz set off. I follow'd not my wont,
 Left it unburnt; and my good dame's excess
 Of zeal, alarm, and folly—plague upon't!
 Quick now! The path in this thick wilderness
 Leads, as I deem, to yon grey mansion's front."—
 "What have you done?" said Catherine in a pet;
 "But no; my hand was feign'd; there's comfort yet."

"But then his eye's so quick."—"I charge you both,
 As you both love me, (and I think you do),
 If needful, let no scruples make you loth
 To clear me from all blame, as is my due.
 Isolde, that smile is barbarous."—"In good troth,"
 Quoth Isolde, and her arms around her threw,
 "We have the laugh against you, coz, this time;
 But lay it all on me, if 't is a crime."

"Now, Walter, here's the track. I, my kind Kate,
 Betray or wound you? I would sooner die,
 Though I love life far better than of late."—
 "Oh, Isolde," said the Childe, "then what must I?
 Catherine, you thought me once a scatter-pate;
 Laugh now, and welcome. I could almost fly;
 I'm mad again with every boyish antic;
 But as to flying—no, no; 'ware th' Atlantic."—

"Walter, be rational, as you're sincere;
 I can't laugh now, am sober'd down with fright.
 Now tell me truly, how much did you hear
 While listening to our converse of last night?
 Isolde, you smile again: nay, then, my dear,
 I beg his pardon for that touch of spite;
 And, if he's not already reconciled,
 Tell him to find excuse for a spoilt child."

"But as to Poyntz—well, then, the whole shall out.
 He—I accepted him three days ago;
 And now you have my secret past all doubt;
 I may depend upon you both, I know,
 And have disarm'd your laughter. Now, about
 Your visit—come to-day, it best were so,
 And meet her as betroth'd in early youth;
 'Twill best account for—nay, it is the truth."

"True, nothing better, more delightful! Come,
 Trust me for that. What else now shall I say?
 A false alarm? in vulgar words, a hum?
 And that I met and captured on my way
 Two wandering damsels, to avoid a dumb
 And sleeveless errand?"—"Do be serious, pray:
 That note!—I'll tell him, then, to-night the whole."—
 "Said like yourself, dear Catherine, on my soul!"

"But come, now, let me act as your vidette ;
 This laurel-bush will screen me. There they go
 To the same hostelry I pass'd, to get
 Intelligence, and watch for friend or foe
 From the road-side. The best expedient yet
 Were to despatch a note. I'll word it so :
 'Thanks. I have met with friends, am safe from harm,
 And dine with you. 'Twas all a false alarm.'"

"Come, then," said Isolde, "you've no time to spare ;
 There's the old house to rest our wandering feet :
 Pen, paper, ink, and all we lack is there,
 And eke a trusty Pacolet discreet,
 Who shall have charge to say not where you are.
 Dear Kate, will this content you ?"—"Quite complete ;
 'Twill ease my mind, and send him back to court :
 Business, like everything, is so his forte."

"Catherine, with my whole heart I wish you joy ;
 He's worthy of you. I had done't ere now,
 But happiness like mine, without alloy,
 Has made me selfish."—"That I'll ne'er allow
 As possible, though happiness may cloy.
 What man that ever dealt for wife or cow
 Would jump at a blind bargain but yourself ?
 But you're repaid by beauty and some pelf.

"Come, lose no time !" The trio arm-in-arm
 Soon clear'd the maze, and issued on the park.
 Walter, who loved God's creatures, found a charm
 In all he saw ; he fail'd not to remark
 The deer, the hares, who, free from all alarm,
 As in the social days of Noah's ark,
 Scarce shunn'd them : all things gazed on Isolde's face,
 Like the good genius of this noble place.

Shakspeare, grown kinder than last night, did suit
 His reverie with some such scraps as this :
 "My soul hath its content most absolute,
 A sober certainty of waking bliss."
 Kate on his better arm tript, light of foot,
 Quite rallied, and again the saucy miss ;
 While Isolde seem'd to like the worst arm best,
 For thereby to his heart her hand was prest.

How changed ! A gentle playfulness and ease,
 Like the bright sunshine on a summer sea,
 Smiling and rippling in the jocund breeze,
 Replaced the air of touchy dignity ;
 It seem'd her nature to be pleased and please.
 "Elizabeth !—I'll buy your thoughts," said she,
 Pointing where from the rising ground anew
 The distant Hampshire border caught their view.

"'Twas there you found she could be gay—is't so ?
 When her poor aunt's recovery gave her leisure
 To fool with you."—"How well my thoughts you know !
 I cannot say I took a mighty pleasure
 In that good spinster's company—but no ;
 Heaven rest her soul ! she had abundant measure
 Of all the cardinal virtues, without doubt,
 Though I had scarcely time to find them out.

"Heard I not Kate allude to her decease?"—

"She died about ten months ago, in May;
Her temper—tempers ten times worse one sees—
She had not my good luck in courtship's day,
Poor aunt! and therefore cared not how to please;
But was a mother to me in her way,
Kind to her servants, generous to the poor—
You would have liked her in the end, I'm sure."—

"Well, Isolde, I shall hold my tongue," said Kate;

"The dead are sacred: would they all could find
Such chroniclers! Now, Walter, do not wait

To gaze; I see the mansion's to your mind.
Come in; you'll find some elegance and state,
And much true comfort; only be so kind
As write your note." Without a knock or ring
The ladies enter'd, as an usual thing.

They enter'd a saloon on the ground-floor,

In snug but yet baronial style complete.

Isolde smiled, motion'd to the escritoire,

Then view'd the prospect from a window-seat,

Serene in youthful gladness, humming o'er

Snatches of favourite tunes in voice so sweet.

He blotted, blunder'd, found no words would come,

While Kate stood by in perfect martyrdom.

He wrote his note at length, and broke the spell;

A grave respectful butler enter'd straight,

As Isolde tingled the small silver bell;

"Refreshments, Jones! You ate no breakfast, Kate,

Nor I indeed. Your wife, I hope, is well.—

This to Sir Henry Poyntz; Charles need not wait.

The falconer may put in our horses, too;

We took him in a hurry from his mew."—

"Stay, my good sir," said Walter; "can I hire

A boy for Theale? my posters are gone there."—

"Leave that," said she, "to me. Tell William Dyer

To get him ready with the hackney mare.

Now write; I'll light your taper at the fire,

And sing not till you're done. Let them prepare

Black Rupert—You must ride him in our train;

I do so long to see you ride again."

Anon came luncheon, critically drest,

And served on plate. They prest him to partake;

He preferr'd carving; but when farther prest,

For friendship, courtesy, for love's sweet sake,

He told them—she could now enjoy the jest—

How, at the time of his heart's sorest ache,

A towering passion brought well-timed relief,

And wreak'd such wolfish vengeance on the beef.

He watch'd them eat—not more than damsels do

In the full bloom of healthful hardihood

After long fast; both early risers too:

'Twas joy to look on her, do what she would.

So he said grace,—not for the fowl the two

Were sharing, but his own unlook'd for good.

Confess it honestly—an inward prayer

Relieved him as he mused in the arm-chair.

And then he sat and puzzled—what about ?

The very thing that you and I suspect.
It was of minor consequence, no doubt,

To ask, seem'd mercenary, scarce correct ;
Well off already—just as well without ;

But why not tell him what he might expect ?
He stumbled through a maze of puzzlement,
She seem'd so perfectly at ease—at home.

“ Your face, my Thane, is as a book,” said she,
“ Wherein I read your thoughts, and I alone.

You thought us free and easy, own to me,

And now you think this mansion is my own ;
That this has been a second mystery,

Following the first ?” Her unembarrass'd tone
Put him at once upon a different scent.

“ Catherine, 'tis yours ; I see your kind intent.

“ All things in common ? giving her her way
In everything she has a mind to do ?

I take the hint ;—too often I said nay

To Poyntz's pressing ; meetings have been few.
Come, your abode is perfect, I must say ;

I'm glad on 't for your sake, and his sake too,
Though he is rich enough. Well, never fear
But I will bring her to you once a-year.

“ She does your mansion's honours with such grace,
I scarce can wonder that you plann'd it so.”

“ We hold you to your word in any case

Where'er we live ; but, on my honour, no !
I really own not, covet not the place.

Five thousand at the least, they say, let low,
The rental clears ; 'twould turn my giddy pate ;
And what I have exceeds my wants,” said Kate.

“ What then ?—is there another mystery still ?”—

“ Attend, rash mortal, since you will know all.
She's the weird-woman of this haunted hill,

Who tames its living creatures at her call,
And witches all things to perform her will.

Saw you from her dark eyes at last night's ball
A flash of something quite unearthly shoot
When I impugn'd your wisdom absolute ?”

Isolde, absorb'd in an arch reverie,

Broke it at length. “ Come, Walter, it is meet
To end your doubts at once. The law's decree,

Soon as some small arrangements are complete,
Sends the real owner, known and prized by me,

To take possession of his rightful seat.

The place was my poor aunt's, and I can make
Some interest with the dwellers for her sake.”—

“ What, have you then a brother ?”—“ Never had ;
But this young man—you'll meet him by the way

To-night with Lady Poyntz—I knew a lad,

A near and dear connexion, I may say ;

He will trust every question good and bad

In his affairs to your experienced sway.”—

“ What ! no opinion of his own ?” quoth he.

“ A firmer, nobler creature cannot be.

"In fact, the agency's reserved for you,
 If you say yes."—"St. George!—the very thing!
 How kind of him! Sure, then, my thanks are due
 To you, dear girl. I'm happy as a king.
 How oft I've thought what good a man might do,
 Creating round him a perpetual spring,
 With country knowledge, firmness, good intention?
 I'm glad my principal is all you mention.

"Has he a wife?"—"Not now; he will have soon."
 "What sort of person? much depends on that."—
 "She's like," said Kate, "the freshest rose in June,
 And all things love her, down to dog and cat;
 The robins perch upon her hand;* each loon
 Of a rough ploughman doffs his ragged hat
 With grateful, grinning confidence, who sees her."—
 "Dear, glorious creature! would that I may please her!"

He drew a deep long breath to ease his chest,
 And strode about triumphant in the flush
 Of honest feeling. "Catherine, what's the jest
 That moves your muscles so? Isolde, you blush,
 And look half foolish. How I do detest
 These mysteries, contrived as if to crush
 The full, free intercourse of heart with heart;
 And you, both of you so unused to art?"—

Heavens! Walter, you quite put me in a fright,
 You look so awful! Now I can believe
 Why Holdfast Barebone trembled at your sight.
 But, seriously, we mean not to deceive.
 You'll see the parties, know the whole to-night:
 I'd tell it now, if I had Isolde's leave.
 Well, 't were a pity you should ever alter;
 Your Dagon is not self as yet, good Walter.

"You know you thought, when Jones came in so pat,
 That you were here install'd lord paramount."—
 "I did for some ten minutes."—"And is that
 A thought indifferent, of no account?
 Isolde, you ought no more to play the cat
 With this magnanimous mouse. Well, when we mount,
 The grand, the crowning secret he shall know.
 But, come, I see the horses; let us go."

* This the writer has witnessed at the house of an elderly lady, a great patroness of wild animals. What is more singular, he succeeded at the first trial in drawing her pet robin to perch on his own hand, by imitating her whistle, and showing her small tin feeding-box. A minute or two after the lady's death, this bird flew in at the open window, perched upon the head of the corpse, and sung a few notes, as if in leave-taking.

PASQUALE; A TALE OF ITALY.

I PASSED the winter of the year 18— at Rome. Those who, like myself, had been living in the Low Countries, with their eight months of Invierno and four of Inferno, can alone estimate the delights of a residence in a climate, where there is rarely either frost or snow, where the air is constantly refreshed by genial showers, and the sky, instead of being *à la* Ruysdael and Van Goen, is of that deep blue, that pure aqua-marine, which we observe in the landscapes of Titian and Sempesta, and which appears to those who have never been in Italy, to exceed nature. An artist and at Rome, I may be excused for speaking of painting.

I lodged in a house hanging on the side of the Pincian, and overlooking the Piazza de Spagna, a quarter of the city principally inhabited by foreigners, especially by our own countrymen; who, wherever they are, almost form a *société* apart. Among those with whom I became intimate was a general officer, who had served with distinguished reputation in the campaigns of the Peninsular War, and suffering from his wounds, had come with his daughter, rather to enjoy the benefit of the warm South, than to mix much in the gaieties of the place.

Being an invalid like himself, and unable to take much exercise, I had selected, and fortunately found a spot, where I could see, as in a map stretched before me, the seven hills; trace those ruins that still attest the grandeur of the Mistress of the World, feed my imagination with her former glories; and enjoy the magnificent spectacle of nearly the whole city, its palaces, and spires, and domes of innumerable temples, with the greatest of them separated, as it were, from the rest, by the yellow Tiber, whose course, though hidden from the eye, was ever present to the mind. I have seen many enchanting points of view, but perhaps that from my windows might, to the painter, the scholar, the antiquary, the *devoté*, leave nothing to desire. After I had gazed on it for four months, it was still new to me.

General — was, during three of these, my constant guest; and his amiable and unaffected manners, and almost paternal kindness (for I was then beginning life) endeared him to me like a father. He was a man of seventy-six years of age, short in his person, and with little of military air in his appearance; but it was in the *morale*, rather than the *physique*, that we might recognise the soldier. His countenance was ordinarily composed and placid, notwithstanding the pain to which an unextracted ball subjected him at every variation of temperature. He spoke of the exploits of the army in which he had had a command with that modest diffidence which sits so well on bravery — of himself, never. I have ever thought and spoken of him as completely coming up to my *beau-idéal* of a British officer.

His daughter, for I must now speak of her, was an old maid of forty, and in person, manners, and acquirements, altogether unworthy of her father. She was short, and much freckled with the small-pox; her lips were pinched, and her features contracted, by habitual discontent and acidity of temper, giving her an expression almost of malignity.

No character in the School for Scandal had a tongue more ve-

nomous. Her remarks on her own sex were cutting and caustic, and she looked with an evil and jealous eye on those attentions which the young and the lovely (for Rome was never so full of *belle Inglese* as that year,) received. But if they were not spared, she made still more the theme of her invective the manners of the Roman dames, among whom she did not forget the names of Madame M. M. W. and the still beautiful Pauline Borghese, a living model, that revealed the finest forms in the galleries of the Vatican and the Capitol. The cracked voice issuing from her thin and pale lips still rings in my ears.

But the general, though not altogether blind to her defects, which long habit had taught him to palliate or overlook, was the kindest and most indulgent of parents. She was his only child, to whom his wife had died in giving birth, and this circumstance, perhaps, contributed to endear her the more, and form, as it were, a double link to his affections.

Having now introduced you to these two characters, I must draw a third, and the most important one in the piece.

Shortly after the general's arrival at Geneva the preceding summer, he had taken into his service a courier, of the name of Pasquale. What his previous history may be, or from what part of Italy he came, I know not; but his person was well known to me, from his having been frequently the bearer of notes or messages. He was a dark handsome man, with enormous whiskers and moustachios. Shakspeare says, that black men are pearls in ladies eyes. Geneva being the key, as it were, to Italy, is the great resort of servants out of place; and Pasquale had produced the certificate of an English gentleman—probably forged, or obtained from one of his compatriots, who are always ready to accommodate each other in that way. His office was not a menial one. His employment consisted in keeping the accounts, and in ordering post-horses when his master travelled. But Pasquale had chosen the appointment after shrewd observation, and with the tact and knowledge which his worldly experience had given him. He had judged that the general with his wounds, and seventy years, had not long to live. He supposed him to be rich, and saw that he had an only daughter. True, she was neither young, nor gifted with any of the qualities to inspire or consolidate affection:—to make it crystallize, to use the expression of a witty French writer. But was he young himself? Yes! but many years of wretchedness and destitution, perhaps of remorse, had left the traces behind, and added at least ten years to his appearance, if not to his age. Besides, he was a courier—a servant; and yet he thought of Rousseau and Madame de Warrens—of Bergami—. In short, the attempt was worth making. She was as good a *partie* as he could expect, and once obtained,

“ He had

Within the secrets of his power a philtre,
Surer than any instrument of death
In giving death.”

It is supposed that it was during a Swiss tour that Pasquale first made an attack on this redoubtable fortress. The infirmities of the general confining him to the main roads, his daughter with her forty years and unpersonable person, might, without scandal, dispense with a chaperon. In the course of the summer she crossed, à mulet, the

Tete Noir, and several other Alpine passes; when, by his attentions and kind solicitude for the preservation of her valuable life, he contrived to insinuate himself into the good graces of this antiquated Amazon. His knowledge of several languages, his talent for music, and his other attainments, did not escape observation and admiration; and before they had reached the Simplon, an intimacy was established between them, which left the lady nothing to desire, and the courier nothing to wish, but the death of the father, which, however, in a natural way seemed yet distant. It may be supposed that the person of Miss — was the least of her attractions in the eyes of Pasquale. He was aware that the general, a man of high family and connexions, would spurn the idea of a courier's marrying his daughter; indeed, he knew the world too well to risk the step of eloping, as he might have done, with Miss —, the inevitable consequence of which would have been, her being disinherited, and cast off for ever: but the general once removed, he had the lady's solemn engagement, which no doubt would have been kept, to share with him her hand and fortune.

The general, however, still lingered on: indeed his health, so far from deteriorating, improved under the influence of a milder climate; and Pasquale, impatient at delay, resolved to despatch the ill-fated officer. To have poured into his cup a philtre at once to extinguish life, would have proved too dangerous an experiment; would have excited suspicions, and suspicions which might have been fatal to his hopes; he therefore resorted to a mode of treatment equally certain, but more slow in its effects.

There is a poison, the art of composing which was once supposed to have been lost with the celebrated and infamous Madame de Brinvilliers, but unhappily without good reason. It is called the Aqua Tofana. It is perfectly limpid, and of the colour of water, and, strange to say, almost tasteless. On the Continent, it is the custom to place before each person at dinner a caraffe of the wine of the country, which is drunk in tumblers, as you drink malt liquor at home. The general daily finished one of these, which it was the province of Pasquale (though he did not serve at table) daily to supply, and into this caraffe he daily infused a certain number of drops of this Aqua Tofana—a sufficient quantity, in short, to effect his diabolical purpose. The daughter drank no wine, and had she even taken a single glass, it would have been attended with little or no danger.

Does not the soul shrink back within itself, and shudder at the deliberate, the cold-blooded, the homœopathic villany of so horrible an act—so savage an atrocity? The human mind may in its casuistry seek to find some justification for Zanga the Moor, for murders committed in the madness, the frenzy, the delirium of passion, or where unutterable wrongs, like those of Beatrice Cenci, drove the sufferer to unutterable deeds, to anticipate the wrath of Heaven long delayed; but this—it is like dissecting the living body, destroying life inch by inch in the torture.

It was not long before the general's appearance indicated a change. I was shocked to observe by his hollow eye, and the black circles round them, by his flushed cheek, his burning hand, and quickened pulse, by a nervous irritability unusual to him, and by a short dry cough, that some new and secret disease was seriously undermining his constitution. He complained of thirst, which nothing could as-

suage, insomnolency, restlessness, as if by the exhaustion of outworn nature ; if he fell into a heavy slumber, it was troubled by horrid dreams and visions, from which he would start in agony, and though naturally free from superstitious terrors, his heated imagination peopled the air with phantoms, which, in his lucid intervals, (for he often wandered,) he described with such circumstantial minuteness, that the pictures he drew seemed to have a dread reality in them, beyond that of this world. No wonder, then, that he could not endure solitude. With the affectionate kindness of his nature to all about him, the old man would call for Pasquale, would thank him for his attentions—praise him for his faithful services—commend the sherbet that he made, and receive it from no other hand but his.

And yet, during the day, the poor general took his walk on the Pincian, ate with his usual appetite, and, alas ! drank his accustomed flask of Orvieto. But at night the demons returned to haunt his couch. His physician was a young Englishman, who had just finished his studies, and taken out his diploma at one of the Scotch Universities. But though not deficient in talent, he was unacquainted with the treatment of the disorders peculiar to the climate, or the remedies to be adopted. This case, however, of the general's might well baffle his skill, and set at nought all theories.

My poor friend at length consented, though too late, to send for the most eminent of the Roman practitioners, and scarcely had the patient finished giving him an account of his symptoms, when, without hesitation, he said, "*Signore, siete invenuto !*" I was present, and the general might well be thunderstruck at this hasty and indiscreet announcement. The doctor not only asserted that the malady was occasioned by poison, but even stated the peculiar poison administered to him ; and added, that there was no antidote which could counteract its deadly and mortal effects.

The first step was to send for the police, and Pasquale and his *laquais* were examined, but nothing was elicited by the *procès verbal*. The suspicion was, however, so strong against them, that they were thrown into prison to await their trial.

In the mean time the general's health suffered an hourly yet gradual deterioration ; and life flickered in his wasting frame, like a lamp that is losing its vivifying oil. It was a melancholy sight, heart-rending to those who knew and loved him as I did, to perceive my poor dear friend day by day hanging suspended over the brink of the grave. The consciousness of his approaching end was of itself sufficiently agonising, but it was rendered doubly so by the tortures that accompanied it, the fire within that could not be extinguished—a vitality of death.

Thus perished General —. He who had escaped the shock of many a battle-field, who had passed unharmed through showers of balls, was doomed to fall ingloriously and miserably by the hand of an assassin.

It was the Settimana Santa, and his funeral was attended not only by all the English, but most of the foreigners of distinction then assembled to witness its imposing ceremonies. The melancholy *cortège* took up its long line in the Piazzia de Spagna, preceded by the catafalque, at nine o'clock in the evening, to convey those remains which should have found a distinguished place among the heroes of his country, to the new burial-ground, which had been unwillingly accorded, through the inter-mediation of Cardinal Gonsalis, by the Pope Pius to us heretics. That

cemetery being at the farther extremity of the city, the procession would have to traverse its whole length.

You may form some notion of what a funeral by torch-light must be in Rome. And such a funeral ! I was never sensible of the marvellous beauty of the ancient statues till I saw them in the halls of the Vatican thus illuminated ; but still more sublime was the Eternal City thus seen, and on such an occasion.

We viewed on all sides the tottering porticos, the isolated columns, which told of the ravages of the Goths and Vandals,—those hordes who, after gorging themselves with the blood of the vanquished ; those barbarians who, insatiate of slaughter, when they had nothing living left to destroy, vented their jealous rage on those creations of genius, which, like the spectres of their victims, seemed to stand in mockery and defiance. Every gorgeous fane, every triumphal arch, every colossal peristyle seemed an insult to those savages, a reproach to their ignorance, a record of their shame. They could shatter the mighty giantess,—tear her limb from limb : but the Torso, like that of the Vatican, the admiration of Michael Angelo in his blindness, yet remained to suggest what he had been. They could melt the Roman cement, enwrap her domes in flames, throw down her statues from their heights that frowned on them, and, when tired of their labour of destruction, cumber the bed of the Tiber with her mutilated fragments ; but happily the Iconoclasts had other employment in their sacrilegious hands,—other neighbouring cities to ravage,—the abodes of other gods to deface.

It was impossible for the coldest, the most insensible and ignorant of our train, to pass without emotion these monuments of Roman greatness, seen as they were by the broad effulgence of the torches, that, flashing against them, reflected their vast outline or individual features, made more distinct by the deep shade, the solid pitchy darkness, in which the background was steeped.

Neither my companion nor myself spoke, or expressed our admiration ; it was too profound for words. Self-absorbed, we allowed our ideas to wander, lost in the past. We neither gave the buildings names, nor suggested doubts as to the period of their construction,—whether they were of the time of Julius Cæsar or of the Antonines.

Nothing to me is so delightful as the mystery, the vagueness that hangs over most of what remains of Rome ; for it is this very scepticism and uncertainty that allows the imagination to revel in a world of dreams, fantasies, and visions, each more enchanting than the last. What is so sublime in poetry as some passage which is made intelligible to us by a sort of divination, not from the construction of the words themselves, but from some profound and metaphysical idea that defied them in the author ? But is all poetry to be compared with a nameless ruin ? We fill up the breaches that barbarism and time have made,—we people the steps of the portico with crowds rushing up them to the festival or the sacrifice,—we clothe in their classical costumes their priests, their senators, their patricians, their half-naked citizens,—we hear their shouts before the doors,—we listen to the brazen chariots ringing on the pavement, the clang of trumpets that announce their consuls, surrounded by the lictors or tribunes :—we overleap the view of ages, and, almost forgetting what we are, identify ourselves with the throng.

Awaking from this reverie, I could scarce recall my scattered

senses, or return to the realities of life. I contemplated with a mixture of sorrow and regret the mouldering mass of ruins,—pillars, cornices, and columns, broken and in fragments, around,—those ashes of centuries, that dusty nothing, so well harmonizing with our own feelings, with the solemn scene, with that remnant of mortality,—the ruins of him whom we were about to consign to kindred ruins,—ashes to ashes, dust to dust.

All the magnificence of the past had faded away. The calm of desolation, the solitude of the tomb had succeeded to the festive shouts which had rung in my ears: Life had resigned the victory to Death.

The Protestant burial-ground stood apart from the city, and was at that time only hedged in by a slight fence of stakes, some of which were removed to give us entrance. The graves were yet young, their tenants few in number. Most of the mounds had not even a head-stone; whilst here and there a monument, surmounted by an urn of classical form and elegant design, showed by the glittering whiteness of the marble that it was fresh from the hand of the sculptor. They showed themselves in strong relief from the ancient wall of the city, which bounded the cemetery on the side of the Campagna,—that wall was partly hidden by a dark mass, whose point lifted itself above the horizon. It was the pyramid of Caius Cestius, and seemed to frown in proud defiance, a giant among the pigmies, on the intruders on its solitary greatness. They too seemed to have chosen the verge of the enclosure, as unwilling to mingle their clay with that of an idolatrous race and an outworn creed.

And who was Caius Cestius? The annals of his country contain no records of his deeds—his name is not even chronicled in story—who was he, that he should have thus pavilioned his ashes, whilst those of so many heroes and patriots lie undistinguishably mingled in the dust of her ruins? What a lesson to mortality is here! What a homily to tell of the more than empty honours of the tomb.*

A great poet has said that it would make one in love with death, to sleep beneath the green leaf and blue sky of Rome. I reflected then, and have often since thought of his words; but they have not lessened the regret that I should myself feel at lying far from my own race,—regret that one who had merited so well of his country should have an undistinguished grave among strangers in a foreign land.

I now return to the daughter. The day after his memorable burial, through the interest of the pope's prime minister, she was sent out of Rome, and has hid herself in some retirement, where it is to be hoped that her story is unknown. May a life of contrition and penitence have reconciled her to her God!

Pasquale (the other servant having succeeded in entirely clearing himself from any participation in the murder) remained a long time in prison; with the usual dilatoriness of the Roman tribunals, his trial being deferred from month to month. At length he was brought to the bar; but no English were at that time in Rome to conduct the prosecution. Though the circumstantial evidence was strong, no positive proofs of his guilt appeared. He had the hardihood in his defence to charge the daughter with being his paramour, produced letters of hers to confirm it, and moreover to insinuate that she had been guilty of the parricide; an accusation that, however false, being coupled with her sudden departure from Rome, and neglect to appear against the

* *Sepulchri supervacuos honores.*

murderer, carried weight with it in the minds of the judges. In short, Pasquale was acquitted, and suffered to go at large, and add to the catalogue of his crimes,—a tiger let loose among mankind.

After his release from St. Angelo, Pasquale, being too well known in the Roman states, and unwilling to pass through Florence, where he had been strongly suspected some years before of being concerned in the robbery of an English lady's jewels at Schneider's, obtained a passage from Civita Vecchia, on board of a felucca for Genoa. It was not long, however, before he associated himself with a Frenchman of the name of Duberg, who followed the trade, not uncommon at that place, and in most parts of Italy, of *mezzano*. Their business, among other branches of it, is to be intermediaries, as indeed the word implies, between the robbers and others, who have objects of art to sell to foreigners, and who, like the Povere Vergognose, have too much shame, or apprehension of the consequences of their frauds, to show their faces in their transactions. These gentry ply generally about the Exchange of the Georgio, and it was there that Pasquale, from his knowledge of the language, contrived to inveigle an Englishman into their nets. His name I now forget ; nor is it material. He was the captain of a merchant-vessel then lying in the port ; but he was a virtuoso in belles, not in the beaux arts.

The churches of Genoa are perhaps the most splendid in Italy. It is the only state that has preserved almost entire its monastic institutions and the immense revenues of its clergy, and the *Fêtes d'Eglise* are celebrated there with a pomp that I have observed nowhere else. Brilliant illuminations, the walls, the pillars completely covered with crimson damask, give San Siro the semblance of a theatre, and we might almost fancy ourselves, so exquisite is the music, at the representation of "Mose en Egitto." Indeed, it is not uncommon to adapt the operas of Rossini, or any favourite maestro of the day. But it was not the gorgeous dresses of the officiating priests, or the elevation of the host through clouds of incense, which had charms for the stranger, but a Genoese lady, on whom his eyes were riveted during the mass, who might have sate to Raphael for one of his Madonnas. Pasquale, who was his courier, and had not been blind to the admiration of the Englishman, on his way to the hotel told him that he was not only acquainted with the lady's name, but that he could obtain him an interview with the incognita. After a due delay, in which innumerable difficulties were to be overcome, he fixed a night for the *denouement* of the intrigue.

That part of Genoa which lies between the long line of streets of palaces, the Bubbi, the Nuova, and Novissima, and the harbour, is a labyrinth of narrow lanes which it requires a clue to unravel. After threading many of them he laid a "*guet-apens*" for his victim, and the two ruffians, after robbing him of his watch and money, left him for dead. But he did not die. Pasquale found the police of Genoa very different from that of Rome. The crime did not escape the vigilance of its emissaries, and these worthy confederates were condemned to the galleys for life.

The Bagni stand between the outer and inner port, called the D'Arena. They are islanded between the two, and communicate with the entrance into the latter by means of a drawbridge, which is only raised to allow vessels to pass, or the convicts to go to their work in the dockyard.

This is perhaps the most difficult of prisons to escape from, because the only exit from the port is by the city gate, always well guarded, or by that of the mole, equally so ; and the Pier d'Arena, on the extremity of the barrier, is a mile across.

There was, however, an old *galère*, whose time being expired, was permitted occasionally to supply his brethren in iniquity on fête days with provisions,—*L'argent fait tout*,—and Pasquale had not come unprovided.

I know from this man that the disguise of a sailor had been brought him piece by piece, and a file ; and that having separated himself from his comrade, (for the convicts are chained two and two,) he contrived to sunder the bars of the window looking into the port, and one dark night stepped into the water, and swam to the Pier d'Arena.

But scarcely had he landed, when information having been given by his comrade to the keeper, the firing of a gun announced the escape of a convict. With all his vigilance he could not avoid falling again into the hands of justice, and was led into the Basque between two soldiers at the very moment I was about to visit it. And in the Basque let us leave him.

MEDWIN.

RAPP'S EPITAPH.

HERE lies my staunchest dog : for seventeen years
 He fixed on me to love ; his hopes and fears,
 Sorrows and joys, were gather'd from my look,
 My least of gestures ; in a word, he took
 My life, and made it his. No little whim
 His master had, but grew a law to him
 Like one of his own instincts, which, no doubt,
 Had amply borne the matchless creature out,
 Had he refused a stranger hunting-ground
 Than the great hills, and chose, a tameless hound,
 Rather to die, indignant, than subdue
 His nature to another's will : so true
 Of sight, so sure of scent, so swift
 Of foot ! Yet all this nature, like a gift,
 He bore to me entire,—a thing to spurn
 Or to accept. Dear servant, what return
 Made I for this ! Or didst thou really find
 No form pleasant as mine, no voice so kind
 In the wide world ! and when slow age made dull
 The glossy hide, and dim the beautiful
 Bold eye,—no long, long roving, as before,
 Among the moors,—no mountain rambles more,—
 Lay thy blind head the better for my foot,
 And crept my voice, when all beside was mute,
 A little in thine ear ? My hand felt soft,
 And stroked thee soothingly, and brought thee oft
 Old Autumn-feelings ? What ! The heather black,
 The fine old broad September suns came back ?
 My old Rapp, with his feeble paws unstrung
 On the warm hearth-rug, dreamed that he was young ?
 Oh, such a thought would make me laugh for joy
 Even while I lay thee here ! No cares annoy
 The worn-out hunter : in thy narrow cell
 Sleep ! Famous of foresters, farewell !

July 28, 1838.

UNCLE SAM'S PECULIARITIES.

PICTURE OF NEW YORK—A “GROCERY.”—THE UTILITARIAN UNITARIAN AND THE WET QUAKER.

THERE are but few things which arrest the eye of an Englishman perambulating New York different from those to which he has been accustomed. The niggers,* speckling the aspect of society, without forming part of it, except among themselves, are certainly not the most pleasing feature for contemplation; the total absence of street-beggars, however, more than counterbalances the eye-sore, and even the rank odour caused by the numerous coloured population. In summer will be noticed the straw-hats and linen jackets, the ice-vans and charcoal-carts, the portable lemonade fountains at the corners of the streets, the *cart-loads* of pine-apples, melons, and peaches; the auctioneers selling their goods under the awning of an umbrella, bawling and guessing: while the *real black* chimney-sweeper chants out his vocation, and some other niggers are crying from their wheelbarrows “hominy” and “hot corn.” Add to these a carter standing up on his vehicle like an ancient charioteer, two or three tradesmen sitting at their doors reading newspapers, and several piles of wood in the street, which some niggers are industriously sawing into sizes at their cross-legged mills. To carry out the picture, we must add six pigs,† with right of common gutterway, three or four miserable dogs with their tongues hanging out of their mouths, and a troop of newly-arrived “gim of the ocean” *pisantry* around a pump; while some “military” must be seen in the distance, and the ladies opening the windows to obtain a peep at the heroes,—“soldiers in peace, citizens in war.” The military are for a minute obstructed by six gaily-painted covered carts filled with merchandise, which their owners, the “western merchants,” are carrying home; one “fresh spring-water” locomotive from Long Island, an “American ginger champagne” waggon, and a dirty cart carrying the mail of “U.S.” (Uncle Sam, or United States). The placards on the wall are,—“American Theatre. Native talent!”—“American Museum,”—“American fire-grates,”—“American blacking,”—“American paper-hanging,”—and two political bills,—“Strike for freedom! Con-

* The invariable pronunciation in the States.

† The pig is a most useful animal in New York, and other large cities of the States, not only in its familiar character as a porker and bacon-provider, but in its extra-official duty as a scavenger. It certainly cannot be said that he is clever in sweeping round a corner, or in removing the earthy soil of the road; but he is particularly careful in collecting every species of animal and vegetable matter,—tidbits the rogue knows so well how to digest. Pork seems to be the favourite food of the natives. In the extreme heats of summer, fat ribs of fresh pork, as well as legs, are served up to the best tables at dinner, and pork steaks and chops at the breakfast table. No pious and bearded Jew could ever have experienced more disgust or horror at the sight of this food than I did on seeing and smelling it, when the thermometer was at 101 in the shade. “No wonder,” said I, “that there are fifty people dying here every day of the cholera; no wonder that there is jaundice, yellow and black, yellow fever and black fever, in every street. This pork, this abominable meazled food, this greasy bait for infection must be the cause. These pigs, (O, learned Jews, how I do honour you for your aversion of them!) these very filthy street-feeding swine bring the cholera, jaundice, fever, and Heaven knows what other ills besides.”

gress meets on the 10th instant. Jackson—men, do your duty!"—"Democrats, Anti-masons, Whigs, beat George the Third 1776,—beat tyrant Jackson 1836.—Elective monarchy—ruin—despotism—rouse to the fight—or slaves for ever—could beat the British." The picture will now be complete with the addition of a grocery store, on the outside of which is printed the following thirsty announcement:

" French Brandy,	Congress Water,
London Gin,	Sarsaparilla Soda,
Monongahela Whisky,	Ginger Champagne,
Jamaica Spirits,	Sling,
Yankee Rum,	Toddy,
Pine-apple Cider,	Sangaree,
Albany Ale,	Cocktail,
Philadelphia Porter,	Mint Julep,
Saratoga Spring-water,	Apple Jack."

The winter picture is of course very different. The snow is on the ground from four to twelve inches deep; business is at a standstill; the wheeled vehicles disappear, and "sleighs" (sledges) of all descriptions, some of them very handsome, and drawn by from one to four horses, with bells round their necks to warn passengers of their otherwise noiseless approach over the snow, are used in their stead; the rivers and canals are blocked up, and the ice-houses replenished; the theatres and *ten-pin* alleys (*nine-pins* being a prohibited game) fill to overflowing; and those who have sweethearts take them out on "sleighbing frolics," covered up in large bear-skin wrappers, in which the warmest courtship is carried on over the ice and snow. The winter season is peculiarly propitious to Hymen in the United States, as time is not then so valuable to men of business as it is in summer.

A grocery store, or "grocery," as it is commonly called, is a tea, coffee, sugar, chandlery, tobacco, pickle, preserved-meat, confectionary, and fruit-shop, and serves as a news-room and tavern. All sorts of people, from the lady who purchases her preserves and gun-powder or hyson, with three cents worth of Yankee lollypop for little Washington or Jefferson, to the tobacco-chewing, apple-jack-drinking, newspaper-mad tailor or shoemaker, make the "grocery" a sort of 'Change; and perhaps no better place can be found to enable a traveller or sojourner in the United States to understand all the "institutions" (customs) of Uncle Sam. Some groceries are of course better frequented than others, and are more genteel. In most of the respectable ones no nigger, however well-dressed, need apply to be served with anything within the store, but may purchase the fruit which is placed in summer time under an awning at the door.

It is in a "grocery" that I must introduce two persons I occasionally met in one where I used to read the papers, over a glass of mint julep and a cigar after dinner. Reader, did you ever meet with a *real* Utilitarian Unitarian? I hope you have, that your remembrance may second my introduction to you of an American of a particular kind; one who is neither in the army nor the "military," and was not even one of the "Fantasticals," or Colonel Pluck's dragoons.*

* Some militiamen who parade in fantastic dresses to ridicule the "military," (volunteers,) who sport very splendid uniforms.

The Utilitarian Unitarians, or *Util Units*, as we may call them for the sake of shortness, are to be met with in several places in England, generally in commercial towns; but they absolutely abound in Boston Massachusetts, or the place is belied; and such is the force of example from sober brows, that the inhabitants generally are learning to eschew chewing tobacco, put no faith in snuff for headaches and sore brains, and have agreed to fine each other five dollars if caught smoking in the streets. Besides which, the tee-totallers among them have commenced an anti-pepper and mustard association; and the *reverend* Util Units preach against ladies frequenting, with children, pastry-stores, where peppermint-cakes and mince-pies (suspected of having brandy in them) give a relish for seasoning and palate-tickling food, which the tee-totallers (Q. worn-out drunkards?) and many Util Units are determined to wage interminable war upon.

These Util Units are queer fellows, and yet marvellously dull,—queer from their dullness. Not that they want brains: they have much brains of *one* particular kind, but not enough of any other. Their tune is slow and monotonous, and they hate quick movements, falsettos, and the humorous or eccentric; at the same time being most eccentric themselves. I think I see half a dozen of them, that I have met with in different places, all assembled together, sober, sad, and mournful, matter-of-factness being extensively visible over every one of them, male and female. And what are they about? Musing, musing, crying out *time lost*, and losing more time. Poor creatures! how can they tolerate a smiling creation, while convinced there is no *utility* in merriment? And their children, too! Little accidents; Util Units in arms, who look at the faces of the grown units until *their* faces grow long, and amuse themselves with counting their fingers, as practice for the great game of utilitarianism, or special reckoning, which they are to play hereafter. There are the young ladies, too, charming Util Units, sitting all in a row, with countenances of marble expression, and mathematically true plaits of hair, decorum in every feature both of person and dress, from the marble nose and the plain comb to the black shoes and gloved hands. There they are, musing on calculations: one and one make two,—one and carry one. Sweet innocents! victims of utilitarianism!

The general characteristic of a true *Util Unit* is, that he *cannot* laugh; he prefers sitting or standing, “like his grandsire cut in alabaster.” He is always in trade, rises early, and goes to bed as soon as possible, under pretence that he will then be better able to get up in the morning; but, in point of fact, he goes to bed early because he is tired of reasoning and surmising the utility of remaining awake any longer. This is the case day after day. That which is most useful for one day is so for another; and therefore the Util Unit remains spell-bound to monotony, and lives and dies by a rule of practice mathematically dull, uniform, and sober, useful to all after a certain minute fashion, but not *particularly* useful either to himself or any one else; utilitarianism being the doctrine which proposes to scatter about minute particles of human happiness of such accurate measurement and dwarfish make, that no one will take the trouble of picking them up. If *all* cannot enjoy themselves, says the Util Unit, no *one* ought; so let us distribute the quantity of enjoyment, and calculate how much there is for each, and then mul-

tipling that by the quantity scattered, let us imagine the "sum total of the whole quantity," seen or not seen. If each man has a grain, how many bushels will twenty millions have? But some Util Units have their amusements; the papa teaches the young idea how to moralise on numbers, particles definite and collective, showing his children how much more of utility and human happiness there is in four children having a gingerbread-nut between them, although, from the size of the quarters, neither could taste its quality, than for them to draw lots and let one child have the whole. This is a charming domestic amusement, and has nothing objectionable or nonsensical in it, and the Util Unit's wife looks on, and admires the sobriety of the urchins;—melancholy rogues, to whom marbles and peg-tops are forbidden, as not being useful.

It is just possible that you may once a-year see a Util Unit at a theatre, where he goes to witness Cato, Julius Caesar, or George Barnwell. He can admire a little music too, provided it takes place neither too early in the day nor too late in the evening; but, unless you desire to vex him, avoid all mention of any song which has *ri-fol-lol-de-rol*, or any other burthen in the same language annexed to it, which *he* calls ridiculous, meaning thereby that it must *not* be laughed at. Let us sum up the Util Unit's character by saying that he is always supposed to be an honest man; and, in driving a bargain, he would make no man suffer that he might enrich himself, *except* after a laborious and true calculation of the greatest happiness for the greatest number. He would not smuggle contraband goods, or goods with a high duty, *that* being cheating the customs, although he would accept and consume a present of smuggled goods, *that* not being cheating the customs.

The Util Unit I used to meet at Captain Symm's grocery and city tax-office, was a merchant, and occasionally I saw a wet Quaker captain, or skipper of a Savannah sloop, at the same place, the wet Quaker and the Util Unit being occasional dealers with each other.

Who has not heard of, if not seen, a wet Quaker? who *thees* and *gays*, wears no collar to his coat, and goes once a quarter to meeting; but is in other respects of no quaking character, living that sort of life which, in England, is called that of a *jolly dog*—in Kentucky, that of a *screamer*—in the "far West," the life of a "ring-tailed roarer," and in France, that of a *bon-vivant*. There is generally a wet Quaker to every three or four quaking families, and the wet Quakers of America, the screamers, and the ring-tailed roarers, are very similar to the jolly dog Quakers of England, although, if a difference must be mentioned, it is, that the wet quaking American has rather less regard for outward appearances than a wet quaking Englishman. I have frequently seen a wet Quaker in a theatre in New York or Philadelphia, with shorn coat and brimmed hat unhid; but the Simon Pures of England would doff both coat and hat previous to entering a playhouse. The wet Quaker of New York, I am speaking of, once preached a short discourse in the meeting-house, but it was of so peculiar a kind that the elders requested him to abandon the text, and preach no more. It seems that wet Simon had purchased a hat of James Dobson, a wet Quaking hatter, who had "fixed" Simon with a shocking bad hat at a high price. Simon, therefore, in great lowness of spirits took six cents worth of gin sling, or ale cocktail, and marched to the meeting, determined with great humility

to expose the said James Dobson, the wet quaking hatter. So, when some of the elders were just "calculating on considerable of silence," Simon arose, and looking hard at James with a determination, if possible, to try Colonel Crockett's plan, and grin the hair off wet James's head, said or sung, "I guess James Dobson is one of the big-gest black-guards in all New York. He sold me a hat for beaver, which was nothing but cat-skin. Here it is, not worth a dollar and a half."

Well, there we were in the grocery, wet Simon, Mr. Thomas Williams the Util Unit, and myself: wet Simon being seated on a rice-cask, and myself on two chairs, while Mr. Thomas Williams was fidgetty, and loitering up and down in that precise humour which keeps a man in doubt whether to stand up or sit still.

WET QUAKER. Another julep, ice it well, and not so sweet. Thomas, what's the use of thee coming here, if thee don't either read or drink?

UTIL UNIT. I want to speak with you about the tar, Captain.

WET QUAKER. Oh! d—the tar, I shall lose fifty dollars by it.

UTIL UNIT. What's the use of swearing? Let me have the tar, and put up with the first loss. You'll have to store it at two cents a barrel if you don't sell. I guess you'd better take my offer. Look here, Major Noah says, in the *Evening Star*, that the price of tar is nominal.

WET QUAKER. Nominal! yay, but nominal doesn't mean five cents under the price thee offered me yesterday. Five cents on two hundred and seventy-six barrels,—reckon that.

UTIL UNIT. I have, Captain. It is thirteen dollars eighty cents.

WET QUAKER. I expected thee'dst reckoned it; thirteen dollars eighty cents ain't slow for one day.

UTIL UNIT. That's a fact, Captain.

WET QUAKER. I could have a rare game at that price.

UTIL UNIT. What game, Captain?

WET QUAKER. Why, any game. I'd play thee at backgammon; double or quits.

UTIL UNIT. Of what use would that be, Captain?

WET QUAKER. Why, either to win or lose.

UTIL UNIT. Losing could be of no use, Captain.

WET QUAKER. Well then, why should I lose thirteen dollars eighty cents by thee?

UTIL UNIT. I calculate I offer you a fair price; Major Noah says—

WET QUAKER. Well then, thee'd better try the sum over again. Major Noah, nor fifteen Majors, shan't have the tar at a nominal price. This is a New York trick, *this* is. They lower the price when they want to buy? The tar is worth as much money in Savannah, and yet the holders here, by selling out too fast one day, lower the price, to be able to buy at a nominal price the day after. And they bribe Major Noah and the other varmint to take us in. Sit down, Thomas, and make yourself miserable.

UTIL UNIT. Why should I do that, Captain?

WET QUAKER. Why, I meant the reverse. Thee can't take a joke, Thomas. Give this gentleman a mint julep.

UTIL UNIT. No; give me some sarsaparilla soda-water with a leetle dash of brandy. I guess that's the most useful drink there is.

WET QUAKER. (*reads.*) "GENTLEMEN'S FASHIONS.—There has been seen, recently in Broadway, a young man whose pantaloons straps were so tight that he could not put his feet to the ground. This reminds us of the well-known little dog whose tail curled so tight it lifted him off his hind legs." Ha! ha! ha! Did thee ever see that little dog, Thomas?

UTIL UNIT. How can you read such nonsense, Captain? I expect the Major is mad, or he would not write such stuff. So untrue too, for if we consider—

WET QUAKER. Here's another:—"LADIES' FASHIONS.—In Connecticut, in former times, they had their hair tied so tight upon the back part of their heads, that it drew their lips apart so much they could not get them sufficiently near together to kiss their lovers, without loosening the cord." That's first rate, and genooiin'.

UTIL UNIT. Genooiin' lie. Shocking depravity! Then I guess you won't let me have the tar?

WET QUAKER. Yes, I will, if thee'll give the five cents.

UTIL UNIT. Come, Captain, don't stand higgling. Let me have it, and I'll give you two cents more.

WET QUAKER. No, five. Here's a capital joke.—"A green, good-natured, money-making Jonathan, who said everything drily, got things fixed, struck up a bargain for matrimony, and employed a neighbouring squire to put his signature to the contract. This squire commenced the ceremony with observing that 'it was customary on such occasions to make a prayer, but he believed he would omit that;' after tying the knot he said 'it was customary to give the married couple some advice, but he would omit that also; it was customary to kiss the bride, but he believed he would omit that.' The contract being signed, Jonathan took the squire by the button-hole and said, 'Squire, it is customary to give five dollars for this here affair, but I believe I'll omit that.'" Ha! ha! ha! How dost thee like that, Thomas?

UTIL UNIT. Shocking, sir. Waste of time, and not of the smallest use to read. Will you let me have the tar?

(Here a *very extraordinary* occurrence takes place; an Italian boy just landed in the "home of the free," comes up the street, playing a bird organ.)

WET QUAKER. Music! Well, that's first rate, isn't it, Thomas?

(Mr. Thomas Williams sits down, and takes up a newspaper.)

WET QUAKER. That's the best tune I've heard since last fall, when I went to the Bowery. No ways slow, that quick part. If he will play "Washington's March," or "Hail Columbia," I'll treat him to a sling.

ITALIAN BOY. Povero Italiano, Signori?

WET QUAKER. Why, the rascal is begging! See how the fellow takes off his hat, as if he was the President just going to address the Citizens in Tammany Hall.

UTIL UNIT. The depravity of Europeans! I guess this lad now has never been taught to make anything, and is sent over here to fatten on our industry.

ITALIAN BOY. Poverino ragazzo di Napoli, Signor?

UTIL UNIT. He ought to be whipped for idling in this manner, and playing his organ in the middle of the day: of what use is it? Come here. Can't you sell that organ to some person going back to Europe, and buy a spade, and get into a decent boarding-house?

ITALIAN BOY. *Alcuna piccola cosa per l'esule d'Italia?*

UTIL UNIT. (turning away.) Oh! I expect he is incorrigible.

WET QUAKER. Here are two cents for thee, and play "Yankee-doodle" if thee can.

(Italian boy bows, and "clears out," playing the Marselloise hymn.)

UTIL UNIT. The injury you have just done that lad may be incalculable. By giving him two cents you unship the helm of his morality, give him a distaste for digging, and saddle Uncle Sam with a fellow who will never make anything.

WET QUAKER. I say, Thomas, how many things didst thee ever make? Buying tar at a nominal price isn't making anything, but only removing my dollars into thy pocket.

UTIL UNIT. Will you take four cents extra for the tar, and let me have it right away?

WET QUAKER. Ah! now thee are right. Leave off the nominal and come to the extra. But I must have five cents extra.

UTIL UNIT. You are too hard, Captain; considerable. Give me that little lot of bamboo canes, then, into the bargain.

WET QUAKER. Well, I'll give thee half of them.

UTIL UNIT. Only half? but you will make it up with a couple of pounds of that fine Cavendish chew tobacco, that I want to give away.

WET QUAKER. I'll give thee a pound of it on one condition.

UTIL UNIT. What is that, Captain?

WET QUAKER. Why, that thee shall not beg for another thing. Thee will unship the helm of thee morality if thee do so. But I'll give thee another drop if thee will have it, and then we'll go down Pearl Street together.

ANACREON MADE EASY.

Η γη μελαίνα πίνει.

THE dark earth drinks the heaven's refreshing rain;
Trees drink the dew; the ocean drinks the air;
The sun the ocean drinks; the moon again
Drinks her soft radiance from the sun's bright glare.

Since all things drink then,—earth, and trees, and sea,
And sun, and moon, are all on quaffing set,
Why should you quarrel, my good friends, with me,
Because I love a pot of heavy wet?

BULLER, JUN.

AN EXTRAORDINARY PROFESSION.

IN Paris there are many professions of so singular a nature, that a stranger would scarcely believe in the possibility of their existence. These professions are the offspring of poverty and love of gain; for never does the genuine Parisian, whether from want or the fondness for lucre, turn his back on an opportunity of earning money, no matter how or at what rate. It is said in some old English tale that there are to be found in "ancient Lutetia" men who for a certain price submit to be hanged instead of others. This assertion would not at the present day be wholly destitute of probability. Has not Parent-Duchâtelet, in his admirable book on Prostitution and on the Public Sewers in the city of Paris, informed us that, for thirty sous a day, labourers descend into the common sewers, with the certainty of contracting there the germs of horrid diseases, and of a premature death?—and he has not confined his fearful recitals to a single instance. He enumerates, moreover, the surgeon, who finds the *dissecting fever* in the amphitheatre; the tinner, who slowly poisons himself with vapours charged with acid of lead; the gilder, who contracts convulsions, occasioned by the mercury with which his nervous system gradually becomes penetrated during his work; the porters employed in unloading lighters, whose legs, incessantly in the water, are covered with ulcers; and a hundred other deplorable afflictions, to which poverty and social necessities subject part of the population of Paris.

So long as Parent-Duchâtelet lived, his sublime devotedness to his profession and his courageous virtues continued to be unknown or unappreciated, and gained him none of that celebrity which he subsequently acquired by his book on Prostitution, published after his death. He was, to be sure, one of those men who have no notion of setting forth their own merits: melancholy, unused to the habits of the world, you found, at first sight, his manners impressed with a certain stiff awkwardness, the result, no doubt, of a disguised bashfulness. Instead of supposing him to be constantly occupied with grave considerations, people charged him with eccentric absence of mind; and it was requisite that you should have seen him several times, and been admitted into his intimacy, before you could discover in him the virtuous citizen, the superior and the amiable man. But then you loved, as much as you at first disliked him. He knew a thousand interesting things, which he related with wonderful effect, and with a voice which assumed such pleasing modulations, that it was impossible to withstand their spell. His features then changed their expression, an engaging smile animated his countenance, he threw off his shyness, and gave way to the inspirations of a fluent and seductive eloquence.

But if the few persons admitted to his intimacy did justice to and comprehended him, Parent-Duchâtelet nevertheless remained almost an unknown man, whose useful and arduous labours passed unnoticed. He exposed his life twice or thrice a week in dangerous experiments, and not a journal mentioned either his devotedness or even the results of it. This silence and this obscurity, it is true, well suited the philanthropist. Provided that authority would listen to his observa-

tions, and put in practice the improvements which he proposed,—provided that he could remove a peril from one of the disgusting and yet necessary professions of society,—provided that he could visit freely and without restriction the establishments, the hospitals, the sewers, this was sufficient,—he thought himself amply rewarded for his fatigues, his labours, and the risk of his life.

One evening in 1836, a few months before his death, Parent-Duchâtelet returned home more melancholy and more fatigued than usual. Though two or three friends seated round the fire awaited him, it was some time before the worthy man recovered some degree of serenity. At length the presence of those he loved, the comfortable fire which blazed in the grate, and some jocose sallies addressed to him, dispelled his melancholy mood: he raised his head, which was habitually bent down, rubbed his hands, a gesture that was common with him, and turning to his friends, said,

"I have just come," said he, "from the Hôtel-Dieu! Alas! I have there discovered a new human misery, a profession almost as fatal as all those fatal professions which we sometimes talk of. Heavy and frightful chain, whose last link is prostitution! You have all seen the Hôtel-Dieu, I dare say?" added he, with the simplicity of a man who spends his life in the hospitals, and takes it for granted that nobody can be unacquainted with that place of suffering and sorrow."

"Yes," replied one, "I know something of the Hôtel-Dieu. It is now an hospital, like any other hospital; where they no longer put four patients into one bed, two over and two under; where the curtains are white, the sheets clean, the mattresses soft, and the wards well aired; where they make poultices by copperfuls, diet-drink by butts, and use two hundred yards of plaster a-day."

"But you forget," rejoined Parent-Duchâtelet, "you forget that the good nuns pass their lives in nursing those who are afflicted, and in comforting those who weep. You forget that the most eminent practitioners in Paris, that is to say in the world, are attached to this establishment, and that they bestow gratuitously on the poor those attentions which their occupations do not always permit them to pay to the rich at any price. The most wonderful operations of surgery are daily performed there with success."

"Yes; but to this day the number of deaths at the Hôtel-Dieu has always exceeded the average of the other hospitals, and no means can be devised for balancing so fatal a disadvantage. To no purpose have improved methods and ameliorations been introduced: the vicinity of the water renders fevers more malignant, inflames wounds, and gives a fatal termination to many operations which are unattended with danger in other hospitals."

"It is very true," replied Parent-Duchâtelet, passing his hand over his forehead; "hence the place of burying-woman (*ensevelisseuse*) is much more laborious at the Hôtel-Dieu than in the other hospitals."

"The place of burying-woman!"

"Yes, my friends, the place of burying-woman! Among the people belonging to that establishment, there is a woman who passes her life in stripping the bodies of those who have died during the day of their clothes; for these clothes belong to the hospital, and are, by and by, worn by others. She then gives up the corpses to the ana-

tonists ; or, if the faculty do not want them, she wraps them in a winding-sheet of coarse linen cloth, sews them up in it, and lays them upon black marble tables, where they wait for the priest, a prayer, and a few drops of holy water ; they are then thrown into the general grave, and all is over."

These funereal descriptions had by no means tended to raise the spirits of the auditory. A short silence ensued.

"And this woman," presently resumed Parent-Duchâtelet, with his melancholy smile, "is happy and contented. When she has taken her morning-dram she is lively and jovial, can say laughable things, or hum some old street ballad while performing the duties of her profession. I know not what her *place*, as she calls it, is worth ; but the salary is sufficient for her wants, and she makes a pretty little income, besides, with the hair of the dead women, which she cuts off and sells to the hair-dressers for making mats and wigs. So, faith, Mother Catherine is in want of nothing, and she says that her heirs will find that she has left quite enough to bury her with decency."

"And is it long that she has followed this trade?"

"Seventy years. She was fourteen when she was appointed assistant to her aunt, *honoured, from mother to daughter*, as she told me, with the place of burying-woman to the Hôtel-Dieu. Of course she overflows with anecdotes of the Hôtel-Dieu, or rather of those who have died there ; for, 'God be thanked,'—this is her own expression, —'pretty many of them have passed through my hands.' But there is one circumstance of which she is particularly proud, and which she never fails to relate to those who go down, either by chance or from curiosity, to the damp, dark, under-ground room, which is her dwelling night and day ; for there she passes her life preparing corpses for burial, and tending a stock-gilliflower, which she fondly places in the only ray of sun that sometimes enters by the window, or rather air-hole of her abode. This flower is to her, friend, company, family. She would rather go without snuff a whole week than lose it. You should witness the affection of Mother Catherine for her flower, —you should see what uneasiness she manifests whenever the plant seems to languish,—how anxiously she looks at the leaves when they droop ever so little,—how gently she digs up the surface of the earth, —how she waters and covers it with manure,—nay, at such times, so painfully is she engrossed by it, that she forgets to take her habitual noontide nap in her easy-chair lined with leather, the only piece of furniture for the use of the living that is to be found in this subterraneous place. In her moments of relaxation, therefore, when old Catherine stretches herself in her easy-chair, when she has taken her dram, when her horn box inlaid with silver is replenished with fresh snuff, when her stock is in a thriving state, you need not question her much before she will tell you what a handsome young man she once buried, when she was young, the first day that she performed the functions of supernumerary burying-woman to her old aunt.

"'Yes,' says she, shaking her head, 'yes ! A handsome young man, upon my soul. His hands were so white, and great attention was paid to him, because Monseigneur the Archbishop of Paris had recommended him to the sisters. I was with my aunt, who was giving me my first lessons, when all at once the door that you see there flew open ! A man entered. He trailed after him a long white

sheet. I was frightened, for I was not yet used to my business ; and the sight of this figure made my heart leap into my mouth. He locked the door after him, took out the key, and sat down on the marble table you see there under the window.

“ ‘They will not find me here,’ said he. ‘I shall get away from those rascally philosophers, Voltaire, the devil incarnate,—Laharpe, ah! ah! Laharpe, his valet. I will write verses against them,—verses that shall kill them,—verses that shall stab them.’

“ ‘He then perceived my aunt, for I had hid myself in a corner. He ran to her, seized her by the throat, and, shaking her as though he would throttle her, shouted, ‘Art thou a philosopher, I say? art thou a philosopher?’

“ ‘The poor old woman’s danger made me forget my own. I darted upon the man, and picked up the key, which he had dropped. I was going to open the door, and to call for help ; but he was too quick for me, and, leaving my aunt, he snatched the key out of my hand and swallowed it! Presently I saw him drop upon the floor, where he rolled about, howling in the most frightful manner. Only conceive my terror when I found myself a prisoner between this man, struggling in the agony of death, and my poor aunt, who lay there without stirring. I called for help—I screamed—I knocked at the door as loud as I could ; but nobody heard me, and more than two hours passed before accident brought some one to the place. I then related what had happened. The door was broken open, and people came to attend to my aunt and the young man. My poor aunt was dead, and the people of the infirmary told me that the young man himself died presently afterwards. They added that he was mad ; that he had been scrawling the whole morning upon paper ; that a violent fever had seized him, and that he had taken advantage of a moment when he was not watched to escape from his bed, and come to the *cooler*—the *cooler*! good God! what a name!

“ ‘So I began my business by burying with tears my poor dear aunt. In the evening they brought me the young man. The surgeons had extracted from his throat the key, which they gave back to me. And here it is,’ said she, holding up before me a key bright and shining as though the tidiest Dutch housewife had scoured it with sand-paper.

“ ‘And what was the name of the young man?’ I asked, shuddering at the sight of this strange relic.

“ ‘His name?’ said she, scratching her wrinkled forehead. ‘His name? Why, I do not recollect it just now. ’Tis very odd! However, you may easily find it out, for one of the people belonging to the infirmary told me that the scrawls which the young man made upon paper before he died, had been engraved in the hall of the hospital. I know not whether it is so, for I seldom go out of my room ; and when I do chance to leave it, my road lies another way. And then my eyes are so bad!’

“ On quitting old Catherine, I went up to the hall, and there I actually found engraved on a marble tablet three well-known stanzas, with the name of GILBERT underneath them. So it was Gilbert’s death that the burying-woman had been relating to me! I must confess that a deep sadness, a painful depression, came over me. Thus far I have adverted only to painful thoughts and recollections.

What a disgrace to the country, to think that the greatest, that the only poet of the latter part of the eighteenth century, the sole defender of religious ideas attacked on all sides, the courageous writer, who dared to give the first stroke to the destructive philosophy of his day,—a philosophy now so completely destroyed itself,—found no other asylum but an hospital, no other tomb but the general grave! Ah! in our times such a thing would not have happened! In our days virtue and merit would not pass unrewarded."

"As witness yourself, Parent;—you whom no reward has ever reached in your obscurity; you, who sacrifice to the public weal your labours, your intelligence, and even the moderate income produced by your incessant toils and fatigues."

Parent-Duchâtelet smiled in the way that angels must smile, and replied, "But what I do is not done for the sake of reward." He then resumed in a simple tone, as though the thread of the conversation had not been broken, "At any rate the business of burying-woman is indispensable, and therefore, if it is an extraordinary and a melancholy one, there is nothing disgraceful in it. But I do know a profession which is really disgraceful, and which I hope to put a stop to when I have pointed it out to the prefect of police."

"What profession?"

"In one of the cemeteries of Paris, when a corpse has been interred, there is a grave-digger, who, after covering the coffin with earth, comes and asks the son of the deceased *if he does not mean to give him something to drink.*"

Every one doubted the existence of such a horrid outrage of decorum. Alas! not long afterwards they were but too fully convinced of its reality. It was on the day when the friends of Parent-Duchâtelet followed him with tears to his last home. By the by, the trade still flourishes, and is carried on to this day in all its deformity.

REV. SYDNEY SMITH.

THE FOLLOWING ANECDOTE OF THIS WITTY DIVINE IS TOO GOOD TO BE LOST.

At one of the Holland House Sunday dinner-parties many years ago, Crockford's Club, then forming, was talked of; and the noble hostess observed, that the female passion for diamonds was surely less rumous than the rage for play among men; upon which Sydney Smith wrote the following *impromptu sermonet* most appropriately on a card:

Thoughtless that "all that's brightest fades,"
Unmindful of that *knave of spades*,
The sexton and his subs:
How foolishly we play our parts!
Our wives on *diamonds* set their hearts,
We set our hearts on *clubs*.

WILD SCENES AMONG THE APPALACHIANS.

A NIGHT ON THE ENCHANTED MOUNTAINS.

It haunts me yet ! that early dream
 Of first fond love ;—
 Like the ice that floats on a summer stream
 From some frozen fount above ·
 Through my river of years 'twill drifting gleam,
 Where'er their waves may rove !
 It flashes athwart each sunny hour
 With a strangely bright but chilling power,
 Ever and ever to mock their tide
 With its delusive glow ;—
 A fragment of hopes that were petrified
 Long, long ago ! *The Yankee Rhymers.*

THERE are few parts of the United States which, for beauty of scenery, amenity of climate, and, I might add, the primitive character of the inhabitants, possess more peculiar attraction than the mountainous region of eastern Tennessee.

It is a wild and romantic district, composed of rocks and broken hills, where the primeval forests overhang valleys watered by limpid streams whose meadowy banks are grazed by innumerable herds of cattle. The various mountain ridges, which at one point traverse the country almost in parallel lines, while at another they sweep off in vast curves, and describe a majestic amphitheatre, are all, more or less, connected with the Appalachian chain, and share the peculiarities which elsewhere characterize those mountains. In some places the transition from valley to highland is so gradual, that you are hardly aware of the undulations of surface when passing over it. In others, the frowning heights rise in precipitous walls from the plains, while again their wooded and dome-like summits will heave upward from the broad meadows, like enormous tumuli heaped upon their bosom.

The hills also are frequently seamed with deep and dark ravines, whose sheer sides and dimly-described bottom will make the eye swim as it tries to fathom them, while they are often pierced with cavernous galleries, which lead miles under ground, and branch off into grottos so spacious that an army might be marshalled within their yawning chambers.*

Here, too, those remarkable conical cavities which are generally known by the name of "sink-holes" in the western country are thickly scattered over the surface; and so perfect in shape are many of them that it is difficult to persuade the ruder residents that they are not the work of art, nor fashioned out as drinking-bowls for the extinct monsters whose fossil remains are so abundant in this region. Indeed the singular formation of the earth's surface, with the entire seclusion in which they live amid their pastoral valleys, must account for and excuse many a less reasonable belief and superstition prevailing among those hospitable mountaineers. "The Enchanted Mountains," as one of the ranges I have been attempting to describe is called, are especially distinguished by the number of incredible traditions and wild superstitions connected with them. Those un-

* The great limestone cavern of Kentucky, which has been explored twelve miles in one direction, is said, in the current phrase of the country, to extend under a whole county.

couth paintings along their cliffs, and the foot-prints of men and horses stamped in the solid rock upon the highest summits, as mentioned by Mr. Flint in his *Geography of the Western Country*, constitute but a small part of the material which they offer to an uneducated and imaginative people for the creation of strange fantasies. The singular echoes which tremble through these lonely glens, and the shifting forms which, as the morning mist rises from the upland, may be seen stealing over the tops of the crags, and hiding themselves within the crevices, are alike accounted for by supernatural causes. ❧

Having always been imbued with a certain love of the marvellous, and being one of the pious few, who, in this enlightened age of reality, nurse up a lingering superstition or two, I found myself, while loitering through this romantic district, and associating upon the most easy terms with its rural population, irresistibly imbibing a portion of the feeling and spirit which prevailed around me. The cavernous ravines and sounding aisles of the tall forests had "airy tongues" for me, as well as for those who are more familiar with their whisperings. But as for the freakish beings who were supposed to give them utterance as they pranked it away in the dim retreats around, I somehow or other could never obtain a fair sight of one of them. The forms that sometimes rose between my eyes and the mist-breathing cascade, or flitted across the shadowy glade at some sudden turn of my forest-path, always managed to disappear behind some jutting rock, or make good their escape into some convenient thicket, before I could make out their lineaments, or even swear to their existence at all. My repeated disappointments in this way had begun to put me quite out of conceit with my quickness and accuracy of vision, when a new opportunity was given me of testing them, in the manner I am about to relate.

I happened one day to dine at a little inn situated at the mouth of a wooded gorge, where it lay tucked away so closely beneath the ponderous limbs of a huge tulip-tree, that the blue smoke from the kitchen fire alone betrayed its locality. Mine host proved to be one of those talkative worthies who, being supplied with but little information to exercise his tongue upon, make amends for the defects of education and circumstance by dwelling with exaggeration upon every trivial incident around him. Such people in polished society become the scandal-mongers of the circle in which they move, while in more simple communities they are only the chroniclers of everything marvellous that has occurred in the neighbourhood "within the memory of the oldest inhabitant." I had hardly placed myself at the dinner-table, before my garrulous entertainer began to display his retentive faculties by giving me the exact year and day upon which every chicken with two heads, or calf with five legs, had been born throughout the whole country round. Then followed the most minute particulars of a murder or two which had been perpetrated within the last twenty years; and after this I was drilled into the exact situation and bearings of a haunted house which I should probably see the next day, by pursuing the road I was then travelling; finally, I was inducted into all the arcana of a remarkable cavern in the vicinity,—where an "ouphe, guome, moon-elf, or water-sprite" had taken up its residence, to the great annoyance of every one except my landlord's buxom daughter, who was said to be upon the most enviable terms with the freakish spirit of the grotto.

The animated and almost eloquent description which mine host gave of this cavern made me readily overlook the puerile credulity with which he wound up his account of its peculiarities. It interested me so much, indeed, that I determined to stable my horse for the night, and proceed at once to explore the place. A fresh and blooming girl, with the laughing eye and free step of a mountaineer, volunteered to be my guide on the occasion, hinting at the same time, while she gave a mischievous look at her father, that I would find it difficult to procure a cicerone other than herself in the neighbourhood. She then directed me how to find the principal entrance to the cave, where she promised to join me soon after.

A rough scramble in the hills soon brought me to the place of meeting, and entering the first chamber of the cavern, which was large, and well lighted from without, I stretched myself upon a rocky ledge which leaned over a brook that meandered through the place, and, lulled by the dash of a distant waterfall, surrendered myself to a thousand musing fancies.

Fatigue, from an early and long morning ride, or possibly too liberal a devotion to the good things which had been placed before me at table, caused me soon to be overtaken by sleep. My slumbers, however, were broken and uneasy; and after repeatedly opening my eyes to look with some impatience at my watch, as I tossed upon my stony couch, I abandoned the idea of a nap entirely, momentarily expecting that my guide would make her appearance, and contented myself with gazing listlessly upon the streamlet which rippled over its pebbled bed beneath me. I must have remained for some time in this vacant mood, when my idle musings were interrupted by a new source of interest presenting itself.

A slight rustling near disturbed me, and, turning round as I opened my eyes, a female figure, in a drapery of snowy whiteness, appeared to flit before them, and retire behind a tall cascade immediately in front of me. The uncertain light of the place, with the spray of the waterfall, which partially impeded my view of the farther part of the cavern, made me at first doubt the evidence of my senses; but gradually a distinct form was perceptible amid the mist, apparently moving slowly from me, and beckoning the while to follow. The height of the figure struck me immediately as being about the same as that of the buxom daughter of my landlord; and, though the proportions seemed more slender, I had no doubt, upon recalling her arch expression of countenance while her father was relating to me the wild superstitions of the cavern, that a ready solution of one of its mysteries, at least, was at hand. Some woman's whim, I had no doubt, prompted the girl to get up a little diversion at my expense, and sent her thither to put the freak in execution. I had been told that there were a dozen outlets to the cavern, and presumed that I was now to be involved in its labyrinths for the purpose of seeing in what part of the mountain I might subsequently make my exit. He is no true lover of a pair of bright eyes who will mar the jest of a pretty woman. The lady beckoned, and I followed.

I had some difficulty in scaling the precipice, over which tumbled the waterfall; but after slipping once or twice upon the wet ledges of rock, which supplied a treacherous foothold, I at last gained the summit, and stood within a few yards of my whimsical conductor. She had paused upon the farthest side of the chamber into which the

cavern here expanded. It was a vast and noble apartment. The lofty ceiling swelled almost into a perfect dome, save where a ragged aperture at the top admitted the noonday sun, whose rays, as they fell through the vines and wild flowers that embowered the orifice, were glinted back from a thousand sparry points and pillars around. The walls, indeed, were completely fretted with stalactites. In some places small, and apparently freshly formed, they hung in fringed rows from the ceiling; in others they drooped so heavily as to knit the glistening roof to the marble floor beneath it, or rose in slender pyramids from the floor itself until they appeared to sustain the vault above.

The motion of the air created by the cascade gave a delightful coolness to this apartment, while the murmur of the falling water was echoed back from the vibrating columns with tones as rich and melodious as those which sweep from an Æolian harp. Never, methought, had I seen a spot so alluring. And yet, when I surveyed each charm of the grotto, I knew not whether I could be contented in any one part of it. Nothing, indeed, could be more inviting to tranquil enjoyment than the place where I then stood; but the clustering columns, with their interlacing screen-work of woven spar, allured my eye into a hundred romantic aisles which I longed to explore; while the pendant wild flowers which luxuriated in the sunlight around the opening above, prompted me to scale the dangerous height, and try what pinnacle of the mountain I might gain by emerging from the cavern through the lofty aperture.

These reflections were abruptly terminated by an impatient gesture from my guide, and for the first time I caught a glimpse of her countenance as she glided by a deep pool in which it was reflected.

That glance had a singular, almost a preternatural effect upon me; the features were different from those I had expected to behold. They were not those of the new acquaintance whom I thought I was following, but the expression they wore was one so familiar to me in bygone years, that I started as if I had seen an apparition.

It was the look of one who had been long since dead,—of one around whose name, when life was new, the whole tissue of my hopes and fears was woven,—for whom all my aspirations after worldly honours had been breathed,—in whom all my dreams of earthly happiness had been wound up. She had mingled in purer hours with all the fond and home-loving fancies of boyhood; she had been the queen of each romantic vision of my youth; and, amid the worldly cares and selfish struggles of maturer life, the thought of her had lived separate and apart in my bosom, with no companion in its hallowed chamber save the religion learned at a mother's knee, save that hope of better things, which, once implanted by a mother's love, survives amid the storms and conflicts of the world,—a beacon to warn us more often, alas! how far we have wandered from her teachings than to guide us to the haven whither they were meant to lead.

I had loved her, and I had lost her: how, it matters not. Perchance disease had reft her from me by some sudden blow at the moment when possession made her dearest. Perchance I saw her fade in the arms of another, while I was banned and barred from ministering to a spirit that stole away to the grave with all I prized on earth. It boots not how I lost her; but he who has centered

every thought and feeling in one only object, whose morning hopes have for years gone forth to the same goal, whose evening reflections have for years come back to the same bourne, whose waking visions and whose midnight dreams have for years been haunted by the same image, whose schemes of toil and advancement have all tended to the same end,—*he* knows what it is to have the pivot upon which every wheel of his heart hath turned wrenched from its centre,—to have the sun, round which revolved every joy that lighted his bosom, plucked from its system.

Well, it was her face; as I live, it was the soul-breathing features of Linda that now beamed before me, fresh as when in dawning womanhood they first caught my youthful fancy,—resistless as when in their noontide blaze of beauty I poured out my whole adoring soul before them. There was that same appealing look of the large lustrous eyes, the same sunny and soul-melting smile which, playing over a countenance thoughtful even to sadness, touched it with a beauty so radiant, that the charm seemed borrowed from heaven itself.

I could not but think it strange that such an image should be presented to my view in such a place; and yet, if I now rightly recollect my emotions, surprise was the least active among them. I cared not why or whence the apparition came; I thought not whether it were reality or mocking semblance, the phantasy of my own brain, or the shadowy creation of some supernatural power around me. I knew only that it was there; I knew only that the eyes in whose perilous light my soul had bathed herself to madness, beamed anew before me; that the lips whose lightest smile had often wrapt me in elysium; that the brow whose holy light—But why should I thus attempt to paint what pencil never yet hath reached?—why essay a portrait whose colours I have nowhere found, save in the heart where they are laid so deeply that death alone can dim them. Enough that the only human being to whom my spirit ever bowed in inferiority—enough that the idol to which it had knelt in adoration, now stood palpably before it. An hour ago, and I would have crossed the threshold of the grave itself to stand one moment in that presence,—to gaze, if but for an instant, upon those features. What recked I now, then, how or whence they were conjured up? Had The FIEND himself stood nigh, I would have pressed nearer, and gazed and followed as I did. The figure beckoned, and I went on.

The vaulted pathway was at first smooth, and easily followed; but, after passing through several of the cavernous chambers into which it ever and anon expanded, the route became more and more difficult; loose masses of rock encumbering the floor, or drooping in pendant crags from the roof, rendered the defiles between them both toilsome and hazardous. The light which fell through the opening behind us soon disappeared entirely, and it gave me a singular sinking of the spirits, as we passed into deeper and deeper gloom, to hear the musical sounds, which I have already noted in the grotto from which we first passed, dying away in the distance, and leaving the place at last in total silence. Long, indeed, after they had ceased to reach my ear with any distinctness, they would seem at times to swell along the winding vault, and break anew upon me at some turn in our devious route. So strangely, too, do the innumerable subtle echoes metamorphose each noise in these caverns, that I continually found myself mistaking the muttered reverberations for the sounds of a human

voice. At one moment it seemed in gay tones to be calling me back to the sparry grotto and bright sunshine behind me, while the very next it appeared with sudden and harsh intonation to warn me against proceeding further. Anon it would die away with a mournful cadence, a melancholy wailing, like the requiem of one who was beyond the reach of all earthly counsel or assistance.

Again and again did I pause in my career to listen to this wild chanting, while my feelings would for the moment take their hue and complexion from the sources which thus bewildered my senses. I thought of my early dreams of fame and honour, of the singing hopes that lured me on my path, when one fatal image stepped between my soul and all its high endeavour. I thought of that buoyancy of spirit, once so irrepressible in its elasticity that it seemed proof alike against time and sorrow, now sapped, wasted, and destroyed by the frenzied pursuit of one object. I thought of the home which had so much to embellish and endear it, and which yet, with all its heart-cheering joys, had been neglected and left, like the sunlit grotto, to follow a shifting phantom through a heartless world. I thought of the reproachful voices around me, and the ceaseless upbraider in my own bosom, which told of time and talents wasted, of opportunities thrown away, of mental energies squandered, of heart, brain, and soul consumed in a devotion deeper and more absorbing than Heaven itself exacts from its votaries. I thought, and I looked at the object for which I had lavished them all. I thought that my life must have been some hideous dream, some damned vision in which my fated soul was bound by imaginary ties to a being doomed to be its bane upon earth, and shut it out at last from heaven; and I laughed in scornful glee as I twisted my bodily frame in the hope that at length I might wake from that long-enduring sleep. I caught a smile from the lips: I saw a beckon from the hand of the phantom, and I wished still to dream, and to follow for ever. I plunged into the abyss of darkness to which it pointed; and, reckless of every thing I might leave behind, followed wheresoever it might marshal me.

A damp and chilling atmosphere now pervaded the place, and the clammy moisture stood thick upon my brow as I groped my way through a labyrinth of winding galleries which intersected each other so often both obliquely and transversely, that the whole mountain seemed honey-combed. At one moment the steep and broken pathway led up acclivities almost impossible to scale; at another the black edge of a precipice indicated our hazardous route along the brink of some unfathomed gulf; while again a savage torrent, roaring through the sinuous vault, left scarcely room enough for a foot-hold between the base of the wall and its furious tide.

And still my guide kept on, and still I followed. Returning, indeed, had the thought occurred to me, was now impossible; for the pale light which seemed to hang around her person, emanating, as it were, from her white raiment, was all that guided me through these shadowy realms. But not for a moment did I now think of retracing my steps, or pausing in that wild pursuit. Onward, and still onward it led, while my spirit, once set upon its purpose, seemed to gather sterner determination from every difficulty it encountered, and to kindle once more with that indomitable buoyancy which was once the chief attribute of my nature.

At length the chase seemed ended, as we approached one of those

abrupt and startling turns common in these caverns, where the passage, suddenly veering to the right or left, leads you, as if by design, to the sheer edge of some gulf that is impassable. My strange companion seemed pausing for a moment upon the brink of the abyss. It was a moment to me of delirious joy, mingled with more than mortal agony; the object of my wild pursuit seemed at length within my grasp. A single bound, and my outstretched arms would have encircled her person; a single bound—nay, the least movement towards her—might only have precipitated the destruction upon whose brink she hovered. Her form seemed to flutter upon the very edge of that horrid precipice, as, gazing like one fascinated over it, she stretched her hand backward toward me. It was like inviting me to perdition. And yet, forgive me Heaven! to perish with her was my proudest hope, as I sprang to grasp it. But, oh God! what held I in that withering clasp? The ice of death seemed curdling in my veins as I touched those clammy and pulseless fingers. A strange and unhalloed light shot upward from the black abyss; and the features, from which I *could* not take my eyes away, were changed to those of a DEMON in that hideous glare. And now the hand that I had so longed to clasp closed with remorseless pressure round my own, and drew me toward the yawning gulf,—it tightened in its grasp, and I hovered still nearer to my horrid doom,—it clenched yet more closely, and the frenzied shriek I gave—**AWOKE ME.**

A soft palm was gently pressed against my own; a pair of laughing blue eyes were bent archly upon me; and the fair locks which floated over her blooming cheeks revealed the joyous and romping damsel who had promised to act as my guide through the cavern. She had been prevented by some household cares from keeping her appointment until the approach of evening made it too late, and had taken it for granted that I had then returned to my lodgings at the inn. My absence from the breakfast-table in the morning, however, had awakened some concern in the family, and induced her to seek me where we then met. The pressure of her hand in trying to awaken me will partially account for the latter part of my hideous dream; the general tenor of it is easily traceable to the impression made upon my mind by the prevalent superstition connected with the cavern; but no metaphysical ingenuity of which I am master can explain how one whose daily thoughts flow in so careless, if not gay, a current as mine, could, even in a dream, have conjured up such a train of wild and bitter fancies; much less how the fearful tissue should have been so interwoven with the memory of an idle caprice of boyhood as to give new shape and reality to a phantom long—long since faded. And I could not but think that had a vision so strange and vivid swept athwart my brain at an earlier period of life, I should have regarded it as something more than an unmeaning phantasy! That mystical romance, which is the religion of life's spring-time, would have interpreted my dream as a dark foreboding of the future, prophetic of hopes misplaced, of opportunities misapplied, of a joyless and barren youth, and a manhood whose best endeavour would be only a restless effort to lose in action the memory of dreary past.

If half be true, however, that is told concerning them, still more extravagant sallies of the imagination overtake persons of quite as easy and indolent a disposition as my own, when venturing to pass a night upon the Enchanted Mountains.

JULY. 1838.

In October will be Published,
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"Shakspeare is the pride of his nation. A late poet has, with propriety, called him the genius of the British isles. He was the idol of his contemporaries; and after the interval of puritanical fanaticism, which commenced in a succeeding age, and put an end to everything like liberal knowledge;—after the reign of Charles the Second, during which his works were either not acted, or very much disguised,—his fame began to revive with more than its original brightness towards the beginning of the last century,—and since that period it has increased with the progress of time,—and for centuries to come I speak with the greatest confidence, it will continue to gather strength, like an Alpine avalanche, at every period of its descent."—*ARGUMENTS* WILLIAM SCHLEGEL.

"It is quite impossible to estimate the benefit which this country has received from the eternal production of Shakspeare. Their influence has been gradual, but prodigious, operating, at first, on the loftier intellects, but becoming, in time, diffused over all, spreading wisdom and cheerfulness. There is, perhaps, no one person of any considerable rate of mind who does not owe something to this matchless poet. He is the teacher of all goodness, generosity, true courage, love. His works alone placing mere science out of the question contain, probably, more actual wisdom than the whole body of English learning. He is the text for the moralist and the philosopher. His bright wit is cut out 'into little stars' his good maxims of knowledge are meted out in morsels and proverbs, and, thus distributed, there is scarcely a corner which he does not illuminate, or a cottage which he does not enrich."—*Retrospective Review*, vol. viii. p. 381.

DR. DRAKE, in the Prelatory Essay to his 'Memorials of Shakspeare,' points attention to a want which every general reader has long felt:—It is devoutly to be wished that an edition of Shakspeare were undertaken, which, whilst in the notes it expunged all that was trifling, idly controversial, indecorous, and abusive, should, at the same time, retain every interesting disquisition, though in many instances re-modelled, re-written, and condensed; nor fearing to add what farther research, under the guidance of good taste, might suggest.

Such an edition of Shakspeare as Dr. Drake has here so judiciously described does not exist. We have to choose between those editions which give the text alone, with perhaps a few glossarial notes, and those whose ponderous commentaries are in many respects worthless, except as materials for a more goodly structure. The commentators, for the most part, worked with little sense of proportion; and thus overlooked many matters of real utility, and elevated many insignificant things into a ludicrous importance. Their worst fault was, that they were perpetually endeavouring to lower their author to their own standard; destroying his exquisite rhythm to suit their own notions of metrical harmony; and, in the same temper with which his plots have been changed to conform to the vulgar demand for stage effect, quarrelling with the conduct of his incidents or the fancied inconsistencies of his characters. Shakspeare demands a rational edition of his wonderful performances, that should address itself to the popular understanding, in a spirit of enthusiastic love, and not of captious and presumptuous cavilling;—with a sincere zeal for the illustration of the text, rather than a desire to parade the stores of useless learning;—and offering a sober and liberal examination of conflicting opinions amongst the host of critics, in the hope of unravelling the perplexed, clearing up the obscure, and enforcing the beautiful, instead of prolonging those fierce and ridiculous controversies, which, always offensive, are doubly disagreeable in connexion with the works of the most tolerant and expansive mind that ever lifted us out of the region of petty hostilities and prejudices. The school of Steevens and Ritson has, for all enlarged purposes of criticism, been overthrown by that of Schlegel and Goethe. In Germany, Shakspeare has been best understood, because he has there been most ardently loved. Coleridge, and Lamb, and Hazlitt, and others amongst ourselves, have taught us to measure Shakspeare by a juster standard than that 'of the dwarfish commentators, who are for ever cutting him down to their own size.' But we have no complete English edition of our poet in which the spirit of this higher criticism has been embodied, or in any degree has found a place.

But, in addition to the *literary* illustrations of Shakspeare that may be supplied by judicious research and careful selection, there is a vast storehouse of materials yet unemployed, that may,

with singular propriety, be used for adding both to the information and the enjoyment of the readers of our great poet—we mean *Pictorial Illustrations*. We have *embellished* editions of Shakspeare, out of number, that attempt to represent the incidents of his scenes and translate his characters into portraits for the eye—with greater or less success;—but we have no edition in which the aid of Art has been called in to give a distinctness to the conceptions of the reader by representing the *REALITIES upon which the imagination of the poet must have rested*. Of these Pictorial Illustrations many, of course, ought to be purely antiquarian;—but the larger number of subjects offer a combination of the beautiful with the real, which must heighten the pleasure of the reader far more than any fanciful representation, however skilful, of the incidents of the several dramas. Look, for example, at the *localities* of Shakspeare's scenes, and trace how many sources of Pictorial Illustration this class alone will open. We will hastily run through them.—Verona and Milan; Windsor, in the time of Henry IV.; Illyria; Vienna; Messina; Navarre; Venice, the Forest of Arden; Marseilles and Florence; Padua; Ephesus; Sicily, and Bohemia. Such is the great variety of locality which the *Comedies* alone supply for Pictorial Illustration, and these localities necessarily include the public and domestic *Architecture* and the *Costume* of the places represented at the periods of the action. In the *Histories* these localities, and then subordinate illustrations, assume even a higher interest:—Northampton, Angers, St. Edmundsbury, in the time of John; Coventry, London, Bristol, Flint Castle, Windsor, Pomfret Castle, in the time of Richard II.; London, Rochester, Warkworth, Bangor, Windsor, Shrewsbury, Coventry, in the time of Henry IV.; Kenilworth, Southampton, London, Harfleur, Agincourt, Troyes, in the time of Henry V.; Westminster, London, Orleans, Rouen, Paris, Bordeaux, Saint Alban's, Bury, Wakefield, York, Towton, Coventry, Tewkesbury, in the time of Henry VI.; Westminster, Pomfret Castle, Baynard's Castle, Salisbury, Tamworth, Bosworth, in the time of Richard III.; London, Westminster, Kimbolton, in the time of Henry VIII. The localities we have thus imperfectly enumerated, and the architecture and costume in connexion with them, if given with perfect fidelity, would open new trains of thought of the most pleasing kind to the readers of Shakspeare, and make the scenes of his spirited *Histories* live again in complete truth. Lastly, in the *Tragedies*, we have almost as varied a source of local interest, in connexion with the period of the action: the Rome of Coriolanus and of Julius Cæsar; the Syria, and Greece, and Egypt of Antony and Cleopatra, the Athens of Timon; the ancient Britain of Cymbeline and Lear; the Verona and Mantua of Romeo and Juliet; the Elsinore of Hamlet; the Venice and Cyprus of Othello; and the Scotland of Macbeth. It is remarkable that, of all the dramas of Shakspeare, the 'Tempest' is the only one of which the locality is undefined, and this indistinctness of position constitutes a singular propriety in the conduct of this glorious exhibition of supernatural agency. But even in this play the characteristics of particular spots of the Island of Prospero are most clearly described; and are therefore fit for the class of local illustrations. The richness, however, of the local illustrations of Shakspeare, and their accessories, will be most felt in the Historical Plays; and the imagination of the Artist must be dull indeed, who, when he has to deal with subjects connected with the Classical and the Feudal Ages, shall not, out of the mass of authentic materials presented to him, produce combinations of the highest picturesque excellence.

But Shakspeare is almost inexhaustible in many other of the most delightful sources of pictorial illustration. Look, for example, at the variety and richness of his images derived from *Natural History*,—his flowers, his insects, his birds, his quadrupeds. Again, his *mythological* allusions and personifications suggest the introduction of many illustrations supplied by the exquisite remains of ancient Art. We have already alluded to the class of *antiquarian subjects*, of which costume forms only a part. The variety of these will be appreciated when it is considered that Shakspeare deals with all conditions of men, from the king to the beggar, and that in his page

* each change of many-coloured life,*

supplies almost exhaustless materials to illustrate the history of mankind, from objects with which the Poet was himself familiar, as belonging to his own times, or with which he was acquainted through books and pictures. In the Historical Plays, the Portraits of the real Personages of the Drama—the great Captains of Rome and the Kings of England and France

ith their warriors and ministers,—would form a most interesting class of illustrations. Certainly no works ever presented such rich materials as Shakspeare's Dramas for the most beautiful embellishments that should, at the same time, be strictly illustrations;—and the wonder is, that these materials are yet untouched.

The PICTORIAL Edition of SHAKSPEARE, now offered to the Public, is intended, as far as zealous industry and a liberal expenditure can accomplish, to realise the idea which we have thus described.

The *Notes* will embrace every subject that appears necessary to be investigated for the complete information of the reader. The almost endless variety of objects presented in the text will call for the best assistance that the Editor can procure from gentlemen conversant with particular departments. The *various readings* and the *glossarial notes* will be presented at the foot of each page; whilst the fuller annotations will be appended to each Act. An *Introductory Notice* will be prefixed to each Play, which will point out—1. The Historical facts,—the real or imaginary incidents,—and the complete Stories or detached passages in works of imagination,—from either of which the plot of the Drama, or any portion of it, is supposed to be derived;—2. The evidence which exists to establish the date when the play was written. At the end of each Play *Supplementary Notices* will be given, the object of which will be to exhibit—1. The *Period* and the *Locality* of the Drama, with an account of the materials from which the Local Illustrations have been derived;—2. The *Costume* of the Drama, in which Notice will be introduced Woodcuts, copied from ancient MSS. or Books, that may exhibit the authentic Costume of the place and of the period which the Poet had in his mind;—3. The *Musical* of the Drama, in which the original Airs of Shakspeare's exquisite songs will, as far as possible, be given,—with an account of the later Musical Compositions that have been adapted to the Poet's words. An examination of the various *Critical Opinions* upon each Play will close the Supplementary Notices; and, in this portion of the work, it will be the duty of the Editor, while he avoids any obtrusive exhibition of his own opinions, to analyse and present in one view whatever is valuable in the multifarious criticism upon Shakspeare,—and especially to exhibit those views (no edition of Shakspeare having yet presented such to us) which do justice not only to the surpassing beauty of detached passages of our great Dramatist, but which point out the consummate judgment which he displays in the conduct of his Story,—his wonderful Method,—his exquisite Art,—the imperishable freshness of his Scenes,—the unerring truth of his Characters. The materials for such an Analysis are ample. Lastly, a *Life of Shakspeare*, which will refer to all the new materials that have been so assiduously collected by recent writers, will complete the work.

It is necessary to say a few words as to the *text* that will be adopted in this edition. It is not within the scope of this design to travel again entirely over the ground which has occupied so many laborious editors. Malone considered the text settled; and he has certainly in his own edition, by a pretty strict adherence to the folio of 1623, got rid of an enormous mass of corruptions which the witty and the dull had alike heaped upon the great Dramatist, who had done so little towards preserving his works through the immortality of the press. The copy now commonly used is the joint text of Steevens and Malone. It may be safely taken as the ground-work of a new edition, with certain limitations. We shall institute a careful comparison between that text and the first folio; and we shall adopt the reading of the folio, as Malone has done, or indicate the variations from that edition, (which Horne Tooke described as the only one worth regarding,) in all cases where the substitutions are beyond the character of corrections of typographical errors. We shall also venture, in many cases, to make some slight changes in the punctuation,—the principle of which, in the modern editions, is that of a pedantic stiffness, which often destroys the sense and interrupts the harmony of Shakspeare's lines. The necessity for a most careful collation of the text will be evident from this fact,—that the common editions, in one volume octavo, are full of new typographical blunders, and that these blunders are regularly perpetuated in other editions of higher pretension.

In the *Design and Engraving* of the *Woodcuts* the most eminent Artists will be employed. The same desire will preside over the artistical as the literary department—namely, to produce an edition of Shakspeare that, whilst it may be more interesting to the general reader, as well

as more attractive as a work of art, than any which has yet been published, shall aim at the most complete accuracy; and thus offer a not unworthy tribute to the great Poet, which may be acceptable not only to England, but to every country where his works are welcomed as the universal property of the civilized world. We have sufficiently described the nature of the Pictorial Illustrations which will constitute the peculiar feature of this edition. Imaginative embellishment will, however, be employed, in a greater or less degree, in all cases where it will best harmonize with the character of the particular Drama. In the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' where the scene belongs to the age of Classical Fable, and the principal actors are of the Fairy Mythology, the embellishments must of necessity be chiefly fanciful. In a few other plays, such as the 'Tempest' for example, the same principle of illustration must partially prevail; and in all the plays some one or more designs having reference to the scenic action will be introduced, to give a direction to the conceptions of the reader. The designs for this class will be chiefly furnished by Mr. Harvey who has evinced the richness and elegance of his fancy in the new edition of the Arabian Nights. Mr. Harvey will also furnish a Border or Group for the Title of each Play, in which the *Characters and the Story* of the Drama will be embodied; but in these designs, the most exact propriety of costume and other accessories will be preserved.

In the 'Pictorial Edition of Shakspeare,' each Play will form a complete Part. This circumstance might appear to render the order of Publication not very important. A systematic arrangement is, however, on many accounts, very desirable. In the first edition, the great division of Shakspeare's Dramatic Works into Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies, is accurately made. The Histories are arranged in the chronological order of the events which are dramatised; but the arrangement of the Comedies and Tragedies appears to have been prescribed by chance, or by some arbitrary motive which the Editors have not explained. In nearly all subsequent editions the original order has been as arbitrarily departed from; but in Maloni's last edition the Comedies and Tragedies are, without separation, arranged according to the Editor's notions of the period in Shakspeare's life at which they were written, and the Histories in the order of events. It appears to us exceedingly important that some approximation should be made, especially in the earlier plays, to an order which should exhibit the growth of the Poet's mind; at any rate, that the productions of his matured intellect,—the rich fruits of his autumnal years, such as the *Tempest* and *Macbeth*,—should not be offered to the reader before the first blossoms of his vernal fancy, such as the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and *Romeo and Juliet*. In this edition, therefore, the Comedies and Tragedies will be published, as nearly as can be ascertained, in the order in which they were written, but in separate classes; and the Histories according to the order of events. Whilst this arrangement is preserved with reference to the completion of the work in volumes, a necessary variety will be offered in the periodical publication of plays taken from each of the three classes, as for example:—

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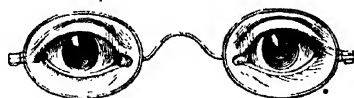
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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our friend Mr. Moon, of Threadneedle Street, is desirous that we should inform our readers that the large state-portrait of her Majesty, by Mr. Chalon, which he has lately published, is *not* the portrait mentioned in the article entitled "The Great State Secret," published in our last number. We also beg to make known to all whom it may concern, (and, as it is a national work of art, it must concern everybody,) that the good-humoured raillery of our Correspondent must not be considered to express or imply any censure on this very splendid and costly production.

The Correspondent who was so obliging as to forward a Paper about Geese from a considerable distance in the country, without paying the postage, is informed that it has been referred to the Comptroller-General of the Post-Office.

The Editor regrets that he cannot avail himself of papers by "Christopher Canter;" "Jeremy Bathos;" "J. J.;" "Tattle-de-buoy;" "T. K." "The Field of the Dead" is also unsuited to our pages; and the whole will be found at the Publisher's.

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CHAPTER THE THIRD.

A STRANGE INTERVIEW, WHICH IS A SEQUEL TO THE LAST CHAPTER.

It was fortunate for the girl that the possession of money occasioned Mr. Sikes so much employment next day in the way of eating and drinking, and withal had so beneficial an effect in smoothing down the asperities of his temper that he had neither time nor inclination to be very critical upon her behaviour and deportment. That she had all the abstracted and nervous manner of one who is on the eve of some bold and hazardous step, which it has required no common struggle to resolve upon, would have been obvious to his lynx-eyed friend, the Jew, who would most probably have taken the alarm at once; but Mr. Sikes lacking the niceties of discrimination, and being troubled with no more subtle misgivings than those which resolve themselves into a dogged roughness of behaviour towards everybody; and being, furthermore, in an unusually amiable condition, as has been already observed, saw nothing unusual in her demeanour, and, indeed, troubled himself so little about her, that, had her agitation been far more perceptible than it was, it would have been very unlikely to have awakened his suspicions.

As the day closed in the girl's excitement increased, and, when night came on, and she sat by, watching till the house-breaker should drink himself asleep, there was an unusual paleness in her cheek, and fire in her eye, that even Sikes observed with astonishment.

Mr. Sikes, being weak from the fever, was lying in bed, taking hot water with his gin to render it less inflammatory, and had pushed his glass towards Nancy to be replenished for the third or fourth time, when these symptoms first struck him.

"Why, burn my body!" said the man, raising himself on his hands as he stared the girl in the face. "You look like a corpse come to life again. What's the matter?"

"Matter!" replied the girl. "Nothing. What do you look at me so hard for?"

"What foolery is this?" demanded Sikes, grasping her by the arm, and shaking her roughly. "What is it? What do you mean? What are you thinking of, ha?"

"Of many things, Bill," replied the girl, shuddering, and as she did so pressing her hands upon her eyes. "But, Lord! what odds in that?"

The tone of forced gaiety in which the last words were

spoken seemed to produce a deeper impression on Sikes than the wild and rigid look which had preceded them.

"I tell you wot it is," said Sikes, "If you havn't caught the fever and got it comin' on now, there's something more than usual in the wind, and something dangerous too. You're not a-going to—— No, damme! you wouldn't do that!"

"Do what?" asked the girl.

"There ain't," said Sikes, fixing his eyes upon her, and muttering the words to himself, "there ain't a stauncher-hearted gal going, or I'd have cut her throat three months ago. She's got the fever coming on; that's it."

Fortifying himself with this assurance, Sikes drained the glass to the bottom, and then, with many grumbling oaths, called for his physic. The girl jumped up with great alacrity, poured it quickly out, but with her back towards him: and held the vessel to his lips while he drank it off.

"Now," said the robber, "come and sit aside of me, and put on your own face, or I'll alter it so that you won't know it again when you *do* want it."

The girl obeyed, and Sikes, locking her hand in his, fell back upon the pillow, turning his eyes upon her face. They closed, opened again; closed once more, again opened; the house-breaker shifted his position restlessly, and, after dozing again and again for two or three minutes, and as often springing up with a look of terror, and gazing vacantly about him, was suddenly stricken, as it were, while in the very attitude of rising, into a deep and heavy sleep. The grasp of his hand relaxed, the upraised arm fell languidly by his side, and he lay like one in a profound trance.

"The laudanum has taken effect at last," murmured the girl as she rose from the bedside. "I may be too late even now."

She hastily dressed herself in her bonnet and shawl, looking fearfully round from time to time as if, despite the sleeping draught, she expected every moment to feel the pressure of Sikes's heavy hand upon her shoulder; then stooping softly over the bed, she kissed the robber's lips, and opening and closing the room-door with noiseless touch, hurried from the house.

A watchman was crying half-past nine down a dark passage through which she had to pass in gaining the main thoroughfare.

"Has it long gone the half hour?" asked the girl.

"It 'll strike the hour in another quarter," said the man, raising his lantern to her face.

"And I cannot get there in less than an hour or more," muttered Nancy, brushing swiftly past him and gliding rapidly down the street.

Many of the shops were already closing in the back lanes and avenues through which she tracked her way in making from Spitalfields towards the West-End of London. The clock

struck ten, increasing her impatience. She tore along the narrow pavement, elbowing the passengers from side to side and darting almost under the horses' heads, crossed crowded streets, where clusters of persons were eagerly watching their opportunity to do the like.

"The woman is mad !" said the people, turning to look after her as she rushed away.

When she reached the more wealthy quarter of the town, the streets were comparatively deserted, and here her headlong progress seemed to excite a greater curiosity in the stragglers whom she hurried past. Some quickened their pace behind, as though to see whither she was hastening at such an unusual rate ; and a few made head upon her, and looked back, surprised at her undiminished speed, but they fell off one by one ; and when she neared her place of destination she was alone.

It was a family hotel in a quiet but handsome street near Hyde Park. As the brilliant light of the lamp which burnt before its door guided her to the spot, the clock struck eleven. She had loitered for a few paces as though irresolute, and making up her mind to advance ; but the sound determined her, and she stepped into the hall. The porter's seat was vacant. She looked round with an air of incertitude, and advanced towards the stairs.

"Now, young woman," said a smartly-dressed female, looking out from a door behind her, "who do you want here?"

"A lady who is stopping in this house," answered the girl.

"A lady !" was the reply, accompanied with a scornful look.

"What lady, pray?"

"Miss Maylie," said Nancy.

The young woman, who had by this time noted her appearance, replied only by a look of virtuous disdain, and summoned a man to answer her. To him Nancy repeated her request.

"What name am I to say?" asked the waiter.

"It's of no use saying any," replied Nancy.

"Nor business?" said the man.

"No, nor that neither," rejoined the girl. "I must see the lady."

"Come," said the man, pushing her towards the door, "none of this ! Take yourself off, will you?"

"I shall be carried out if I go !" said the girl violently, "and I can make that a job that two of you won't like to do. Isn't there anybody here," she said, looking round, "that will see a simple message carried for a poor wretch like me?"

This appeal produced an effect on a good-tempered-faced man-cook, who with some other of the servants was looking on, and who stepped forward to interfere.

"Take it up for her, Joe, can't you?" said this person.

"What's the good?" replied the man. "You don't suppose the young lady will see such as her, do you?"

This allusion to Nancy's doubtful character raised a vast quantity of chaste wrath in the bosoms of four housemaids, who remarked with great fervour that the creature was a disgrace to her sex, and strongly advocated her being thrown ruthlessly into the kennel.

"Do what you like with me," said the girl, turning to the men again; "but do what I ask you first; and I ask you to give this message for God Almighty's sake."

The soft-hearted cook added his intercession, and the result was that the man who had first appeared undertook its delivery.

"What's it to be?" said the man, with one foot on the stairs.

"That a young woman earnestly asks to speak to Miss Maylie alone," said Nancy; "and, that if the lady will only hear the first word she has to say, she will know whether to hear her business, or have her turned out of doors as an impostor."

"I say," said the man, "you're coming it strong!"

"You give the message," said the girl firmly, "and let me hear the answer."

The man ran up stairs, and Nancy remained pale and almost breathless, listening with quivering lip to the very audible expressions of scorn, of which the chaste housemaids were very prolific; and became still more so when the man returned, and said the young woman was to walk up stairs.

"It's no good being proper in this world," said the first housemaid.

"Brass can do better than the gold what has stood the fire," said the second.

The third contented herself with wondering "what ladies was made of;" and the fourth took the first in a quartette of "Shameful!" with which the Dianas concluded.

Regardless of all this—for she had weightier matters at heart—Nancy followed the man with trembling limbs to a small anti-chamber, lighted by a lamp from the ceiling, in which he left her, and retired.

The girl's life had been squandered in the streets, and the most noisome of the stews and dens of London, but there was something of the woman's original nature left in her still; and when she heard a light step approaching the door opposite to that by which she had entered, and thought of the wide contrast which the small room would in another moment contain, she felt burdened with the sense of her own deep shame, and shrunk as though she could scarcely bear the presence of her with whom she had sought this interview.

But struggling with these better feelings was pride,—the vice of the lowest and most debased creatures no less than of the high and self-assured. The miserable companion of thieves and ruffians, the fallen outcast of low haunts, the associate of the scourings of the jails and hulks, living within the shadow of the gallows itself, — even this degraded being felt too proud to be-

tray one feeble gleam of the womanly feeling which she thought a weakness, but which alone connected her with that humanity, of which her wasting life had obliterated all outward traces when a very child.

She raised her eyes sufficiently to observe that the figure which presented itself was that of a slight and beautiful girl, and then bending them on the ground, tossed her head with affected carelessness as she said,

"It's a hard matter to get to see you, lady. If I had taken offence, and gone away, as many would have done, you'd have been sorry for it one day, and not without reason either."

"I am very sorry if any one has behaved harshly to you," replied Rose. "Do not think of it; but tell me why you wished to see me. I am the person you inquired for."

The kind tone of this answer, the sweet voice, the gentle manner, the absence of any accent of haughtiness or displeasure, took the girl completely by surprise, and she burst into tears.

"Oh, lady, lady!" she said, clasping her hands passionately before her face, "if there was more like you, there would be fewer like me,—there would—there would!"

"Sit down," said Rose earnestly; "you distress me. If you are in poverty or affliction I shall be truly happy to relieve you if I can,—I shall indeed. Sit down."

"Let me stand, lady," said the girl, still weeping, "and do not speak to me so kindly till you know me better. It is growing late. Is—is—that door shut?"

"Yes," said Rose, recoiling a few steps, as if to be nearer assistance in case she should require it. "Why?"

"Because," said the girl, "I am about to put my life and the lives of others in your hands. I am the girl that dragged little Oliver back to old Fagin's, the Jew's, on the night he went out from the house in Pentonville."

"You!" said Rose Maylie.

"I, lady," replied the girl. "I am the infamous creature you have heard of, that lives among the thieves, and that never from the first moment I can recollect my eyes and senses opening on London streets have known any better life, or kinder words than they have given me, so help me God! Do not mind shrinking openly from me, lady. I am younger than you would think, to look at me, but I am well used to it; the poorest women fall back as I make my way along the crowded pavement."

"What dreadful things are these!" said Rose, involuntarily falling from her strange companion.

"Thank Heaven upon your knees, dear lady," cried the girl, "that you had friends to care for and keep you in your childhood, and that you were never in the midst of cold and hunger, and riot and drunkenness, and — and something worse than all — as I have been from my cradle; I may use the word,

for the alley and the gutter were mine, as they will be my death-bed."

"I pity you!" said Rose in a broken voice. "It wrings my heart to hear you!"

"God bless you for your goodness!" rejoined the girl. "If you knew what I am sometimes you would pity me, indeed. But I have stolen away from those who would surely murder me if they knew I had been here to tell you what I have overheard. Do you know a man named Monks?"

"No," said Rose.

"He knows you," replied the girl; "and knew you were here, for it was by hearing him tell the place that I found you out."

"I never heard the name," said Rose.

"Then he goes by some other amongst us," rejoined the girl, "which I more than thought before. Some time ago, and soon after Oliver was put into your house on the night of the robbery, I—suspecting this man—listened to a conversation held between him and Fagin in the dark. I found out from what I heard that Monks—the man I asked you about, you know—"

"Yes," said Rose, "I understand."

"—That Monks," pursued the girl, "had seen him accidentally with two of our boys on the day we first lost him, and had known him directly to be the same child that he was watching for, though I couldn't make out why. A bargain was struck with Fagin, that if Oliver was got back he should have a certain sum; and he was to have more for making him a thief, which this Monks wanted for some purpose of his own."

"For what purpose?" asked Rose.

"He caught sight of my shadow on the wall as I listened in the hope of finding out," said the girl; "and there are not many people besides me that could have got out of their way in time to escape discovery. But I did; and I saw him no more till last night."

"And what occurred then?"

"I'll tell you, lady. Last night he came again. Again they went up stairs, and I, wrapping myself up so that my shadow should not betray me, again listened at the door. The first words I heard Monks say were these. 'So the only proofs of the boy's identity lie at the bottom of the river, and the old hag that received them from the mother is rotting in her coffin. They laughed, and talked of his success in doing this; and Monks, talking on about the boy, and getting very wild, said, that though he had got the young devil's money safely now, he'd rather have had it the other way; for, what a game it would have been to have brought down the boast of the father's will, by driving him through every jail in town, and then hauling him up for some capital felony, which Fagin could easily manage, after having made a good profit of him besides.'"

"What is all this!" said Rose.

"The truth, lady, though it comes from my lips," replied the girl. "Then he said, with oaths common enough in my ears, but strangers to yours, that if he could gratify his hatred by taking the boy's life without bringing his own neck in danger, he would; but, as he couldn't, he'd be upon the watch to meet him at every turn in life, and if he took advantage of his birth and history, he might harm him yet. 'In short, Fagin,' he says, 'Jew as you are, you never laid such snares as I'll contrive for my young brother, Oliver.'"

"His brother!" exclaimed Rose, clasping her hands.

"Those were his words," said Nancy, glancing uneasily round, as she had scarcely ceased to do since she began to speak, for a vision of Sikes haunted her perpetually. "And more. When he spoke of you and the other lady, and said it seemed contrived by heaven, or the devil, against him, that Oliver should come into your hands, he laughed, and said there was some comfort in that too, for how many thousands and hundreds of thousands of pounds would you not give, if you had them, to know who your two-legged spaniel was."

"You do not mean," said Rose, turning very pale, "to tell me that this was said in earnest."

"He spoke in hard and angry earnest, if a man ever did," replied the girl, shaking her head. "He is an earnest man when his hatred is up. I know many who do worse things; but I'd rather listen to them all a dozen times than to that Monks once. It is growing late, and I have to reach home without suspicion of having been on such an errand as this. I must get back quickly."

"But what can I do?" said Rose. "To what use can I turn this communication without you? Back! Why do you wish to return to companions you paint in such terrible colours. If you repeat this information to a gentleman whom I can summon in one instant from the next room, you can be consigned to some place of safety without half an hour's delay."

"I wish to go back," said the girl. "I must go back, because—how can I tell such things to an innocent lady like you?—because among the men I have told you of, there is one the most desperate among them all that I can't leave; no—not even to be saved from the life I am leading now."

"Your having interfered in this dear boy's behalf before," said Rose; "your coming here at so great a risk to tell me what you have heard; your manner, which convinces me of the truth of what you say; your evident contrition, and sense of shame, all lead me to believe that you might be yet reclaimed. Oh!" said the earnest girl, folding her hands as the tears coursed down her face, "do not turn a deaf ear to the entreaties of one of your own sex; the first—the first, I do believe, who ever appealed to you in the voice of pity and compassion. Do hear my words, and let me save you yet for better things."

"Lady," cried the girl, sinking on her knees, "dear, sweet, angel lady, you *are* the first that ever blessed me with such words as these, and if I had heard them years ago, they might have turned me from a life of sin and sorrow; but it is too late—it is too late."

"It is never too late," said Rose, "for penitence and atonement."

"It is," cried the girl, writhing in the agony of her mind; "I cannot leave him now—I could not be his death."

"Why should you be?" asked Rose.

"Nothing could save him," cried the girl. "If I told others what I have told you, and led to their being taken, he would be sure to die. He is the boldest, and has been so cruel."

"Is it possible," cried Rose, "that for such a man as this you can resign every future hope, and the certainty of immediate rescue? It is madness."

"I don't know what it is," answered the girl; "I only know that it is so, and not with me alone, but with hundreds of others as bad and wretched as myself. I must go back. Whether it is God's wrath for the wrong I have done, I do not know; but I am drawn back to him through every suffering and ill usage, and should be, I believe, if I knew that I was to die by his hand at last."

"What am I to do?" said Rose. "I should not let you depart from me thus."

"You should, lady, and I know you will," rejoined the girl, rising. "You will not stop my going because I have trusted in your goodness, and forced no promise from you, as I might have done."

"Of what use, then, is the communication you have made?" said Rose. "This mystery must be investigated, or how will its disclosure to me benefit Oliver, whom you are anxious to serve?"

"You must have some kind gentleman about you that will hear it as a secret, and advise you what to do," rejoined the girl.

"But where can I find you again when it is necessary?" asked Rose. "I do not seek to know where these dreadful people live, but where you will be walking or passing at any settled period from this time?"

"Will you promise me that you will have my secret strictly kept, and come alone, or with the only other person that knows it, and that I shall not be watched or followed?" asked the girl.

"I promise you solemnly," answered Rose.

"Every Sunday night, from eleven until the clock strikes twelve," said the girl without hesitation, "I will walk on London Bridge if I am alive."

"Stay another moment," interposed Rose, as the girl moved hurriedly towards the door. "Think once again on your own condition, and the opportunity you have of escaping from it."

You have a claim on me: not only as the voluntary bearer of this intelligence, but as a woman lost almost beyond redemption. Will you return to this gang of robbers and to this man, when a word can save you? What fascination is it that can take you back, and make you cling to wickedness and misery? Oh! is there no chord in your heart that I can touch—is there nothing left to which I can appeal against this terrible infatuation?"

"When ladies as young, and good, and beautiful as you are," replied the girl steadily, "give away your hearts, love will carry you all lengths—even such as you who have home, friends, other admirers, everything to fill them. When such as me, who have no certain roof but the coffin-lid, and no friend in sickness or death but the hospital nurse, set our rotten hearts on any man, and let him fill the place that parents, home, and friends filled once, or that has been a blank through all our wretched lives, who can hope to cure us? Pity us, lady,—pity us for having only one feeling of the woman left, and for having that turned by a heavy judgment from a comfort and a pride into a new means of violence and suffering."

"You will," said Rose, after a pause, "take some money from me, which may enable you to live without dishonesty—at all events until we meet again?"

"Not a penny," replied the girl, waving her hand.

"Do not close your heart against all my efforts to help you," said Rose, stepping gently forward. "I wish to serve you indeed."

"You would serve me best, lady," replied the girl, wringing her hands, "if you could take my life at once; for I have felt more grief to think of what I am to-night than I ever did before, and it would be something not to die in the same hell in which I have lived. God bless you, sweet lady, and send as much happiness on your head as I have brought shame on mine!"

Thus speaking, and sobbing aloud, the unhappy creature turned away; while Rose Maylie, overpowered by this extraordinary interview, which bore more the semblance of a rapid dream than an actual occurrence, sank into a chair, and endeavoured to collect her wandering thoughts.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

CONTAINING FRESH DISCOVERIES, AND SHOWING THAT SURPRISES, LIKE MISFORTUNES, SELDOM COME ALONE.

HER situation was indeed one of no common trial and difficulty, for while she felt the most eager and burning desire to penetrate the mystery in which Oliver's history was enveloped, she could not but hold sacred the confidence which the miserable woman with whom she had just conversed had reposed in her, as a young and guileless girl. Her words and manner had

touched Rose Maylie's heart, and mingled with her love for her young charge, and scarcely less intense in its truth and fervour, was her fond wish to win the outcast back to repentance and hope.

They only proposed remaining in London three days, prior to departing for some weeks to a distant part of the coast. It was now midnight of the first day. What course of action could she determine upon which could be adopted in eight-and-forty hours? or how could she postpone the journey without exciting suspicion?

Mr. Losberne was with them, and would be for the next two days; but Rose was too well acquainted with the excellent gentleman's impetuosity, and foresaw too clearly the wrath with which, in the first explosion of his indignation, he would regard the instrument of Oliver's re-capture to trust him with the secret, when her representations in the girl's behalf could be seconded by no experienced person. These were all reasons for the greatest caution and most circumspect behaviour in communicating it to Mrs. Maylie, whose first impulse would infallibly be to hold a conference with the worthy doctor on the subject. As to resorting to any legal adviser, even if she had known how to do so, it was scarcely to be thought of, for the same reasons. Once the thought occurred to her of seeking assistance from Harry; but this awakened the recollection of their last parting, and it seemed unworthy of her to call him back, when—the tears rose to her eyes as she pursued this train of reflection—he might have by this time learnt to forget her, and to be happier away.

Disturbed by these different reflections, and inclining now to one course and then to another, and again recoiling from all as each successive consideration presented itself to her mind, Rose passed a sleepless and anxious night, and, after more communing with herself next day, arrived at the desperate conclusion of consulting Harry Maylie.

"If it be painful to him," she thought, "to come back here, how painful will it be to me! But perhaps he will not come; he may write, or he may come himself, and studiously abstain from meeting me—he did when he went away. I hardly thought he would; but it was better for us both—a great deal better." And here Rose dropped the pen and turned away, as though the very paper which was to be her messenger should not see her weep.

She had taken up the same pen and laid it down again fifty times, and had considered and re-considered the very first line of her letter without writing the first word, when Oliver, who had been walking in the streets with Mr. Giles for a body-guard, entered the room in such breathless haste and violent agitation, as seemed to betoken some new cause of alarm.

"What makes you look so flurried?" asked Rose, advancing to meet him. "Speak to me, Oliver."

"I hardly know how ; I feel as if I should be choked," replied the boy. "Oh dear ! to think that I should see him at last, and you should be able to know that I have told you all the truth !"

"I never thought you had told us anything but the truth, dear," said Rose, soothing him. "But what is this ?—of whom do you speak ?"

"I have seen the gentleman," replied Oliver, scarcely able to articulate, "the gentleman who was so good to me—Mr. Brownlow, that we have so often talked about."

"Where ?" asked Rose.

"Getting out of a coach," replied Oliver, shedding tears of delight, "and going into a house. I didn't speak to him—I couldn't speak to him, for he didn't see me, and I trembled so, that I was not able to go up to him. But Giles asked for me whether he lived there, and they said he did. Look here," said Oliver, opening a scrap of paper, "here it is ; here's where he lives—I'm going there directly. Oh, dear me, dear me ! what shall I do when I come to see him and hear him speak again !"

With her attention not a little distracted by these and a great many other incoherent exclamations of joy, Rose read the address, which was Craven Street, in the Strand, and very soon determined upon turning the discovery to account.

"Quick !" she said, "tell them to fetch a hackney-coach, and be ready to go with me. I will take you there directly, without a minute's loss of time. I will only tell my aunt that we are going out for an hour, and be ready as soon as you are."

Oliver needed no prompting to despatch, and in little more than five minutes they were on their way to Craven Street. When they arrived there, Rose left Oliver in the coach under pretence of preparing the old gentleman to receive him, and sending up her card by the servant, requested to see Mr. Brownlow on very pressing business. The servant soon returned to beg that she would walk up stairs, and, following him into an upper room, Miss Maylie was presented to an elderly gentleman of benevolent appearance, in a bottle-green coat ; at no great distance from whom was seated another old gentleman, in nankeen breeches and gaiters, who did not look particularly benevolent, and was sitting with his hands clasped on the top of a thick stick, and his chin propped thereupon.

"Dear me," said the gentleman in the bottle-green coat, hastily rising with great politeness, "I beg your pardon, young lady—I imagined it was some importunate person who—I beg you will excuse me. Be seated, pray."

"Mr. Brownlow, I believe, sir ?" said Rose, glancing from the other gentleman to the one who had spoken.

"That is my name," said the old gentleman. "This is my friend, Mr. Grimwig. Grimwig, will you leave us for a few minutes ?"

"I believe," interposed Miss Maylie, "that at this period of our interview I need not give that gentleman the trouble of going away. If I am correctly informed, he is cognizant of the business on which I wish to speak to you."

Mr. Brownlow inclined his head, and Mr. Grimwig, who had made one very stiff bow, and risen from his chair, made another very stiff bow, and dropped into it again.

"I shall surprise you very much, I have no doubt," said Rose, naturally embarrassed; "but you once showed great benevolence and goodness to a very dear young friend of mine, and I am sure you will take an interest in hearing of him again."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Brownlow. "May I ask his name?"

"Oliver Twist you knew him as," replied Rose.

The words no sooner escaped her lips than Mr. Grimwig, who had been affecting to dip into a large book that lay on the table, upset it with a great crash, and falling back in his chair, discharged from his features every expression but one of the most unmitigated wonder, and indulged in a prolonged and vacant stare; then, as if ashamed of having betrayed so much emotion, he jerked himself, as it were, by a convulsion into his former attitude, and, looking out straight before him emitted a long, deep whistle, which seemed at last not to be discharged on empty air, but to die away in the inmost recesses of his stomach.

Mr. Brownlow was no less surprised, although his astonishment was not expressed in the same eccentric manner. He drew his chair nearer to Miss Maylie's, and said,

"Do me the favour, my dear young lady, to leave entirely out of the question that goodness and benevolence of which you speak, and of which nobody else knows anything, and if you have it in your power to produce any evidence which will alter the unfavourable opinion I was once induced to entertain of that poor child, in Heaven's name put me in possession of it."

"A bad one—I'll eat my head if he is not a bad one," growled Mr. Grimwig, speaking by some ventriloquial power, without moving a muscle of his face.

"He is a child of a noble nature and a warm heart," said Rose, colouring; "and that Power which has thought fit to try him beyond his years has planted in his breast affections and feelings which would do honour to many who have numbered his days six times over."

"I'm only sixty-one," said Mr. Grimwig with the same rigid face, "and, as the devil's in it if this Oliver is not twelve at least, I don't see the application of that remark."

"Do not heed my friend, Miss Maylie," said Mr. Brownlow; "he does not mean what he says."

"Yes, he does," growled Mr. Grimwig.

"No, he does not," said Mr. Brownlow, obviously rising in wrath as he spoke.

"He'll eat his head if he doesn't," growled Mr. Grimwig.

"He would deserve to have it knocked off, if he does," said Mr. Brownlow.

"And he'd uncommonly like to see any man offer to do it," responded Mr. Grimwig, knocking his stick upon the floor.

Having gone thus far, the two old gentlemen severally took snuff, and afterwards shook hands, according to their invariable custom.

"Now, Miss Maylie," said Mr. Brownlow, "to return to the subject in which your humanity is so much interested. Will you let me know what intelligence you have of this poor child: allowing me to premise that I exhausted every means in my power of discovering him, and that since I have been absent from this country, my first impression that he had imposed upon me, and been persuaded by his former associates to rob me, has been considerably shaken."

Rose, who had had time to collect her thoughts, at once related in a few natural words all that had befallen Oliver since he left Mr. Brownlow's house, reserving Nancy's information for that gentleman's private ear, and concluding with the assurance that his only sorrow for some months past had been the not being able to meet with his former benefactor and friend.

"Thank God!" said the old gentleman; "this is great happiness to me, great happiness. But you have not told me where he is now, Miss Maylie. You must pardon my finding fault with you,—but why not have brought him?"

"He is waiting in a coach at the door," replied Rose.

"At this door!" cried the old gentleman. With which he hurried out of the room, down the stairs, up the coach-steps, and into the coach, without another word.

When the room-door closed behind him, Mr. Grimwig lifted up his head, and converting one of the hind legs of his chair into a pivot described three distinct circles with the assistance of his stick and the table: sitting in it all the time. After performing this evolution, he rose and limped as fast as he could up and down the room at least a dozen times, and then stopping suddenly before Rose, kissed her without the slightest preface.

"Hush!" he said, as the young lady rose in some alarm at this unusual proceeding, "don't be afraid; I'm old enough to be your grandfather. You're a sweet girl—I like you. Here they are."

In fact, as he threw himself at one dexterous dive into his former seat, Mr. Brownlow returned accompanied by Oliver, whom Mr. Grimwig received very graciously; and if the gratification of that moment had been the only reward for all her anxiety and care in Oliver's behalf, Rose Maylie would have been well repaid.

"There is somebody else who should not be forgotten, by the

bye," said Mr. Brownlow, ringing the bell. "Send Mrs. Bedwin here, if you please."

The old housekeeper answered the summons with all despatch, and dropping a curtsy at the door, waited for orders.

"Why, you get blinder every day, Bedwin," said Mr. Brownlow, rather testily.

"Well, that I do, sir," replied the old lady. "People's eyes, at my time of life, don't improve with age, sir."

"I could have told you that," rejoined Mr. Brownlow; "but put on your glasses, and see if you can't find out what you were wanted for, will you?"

The old lady began to rummage in her pocket for her spectacles; but Oliver's patience was not proof against this new trial, and yielding to his first impulse, he sprang into her arms.

"God be good to me!" cried the old lady, embracing him; "it is my innocent boy!"

"My dear old nurse!" cried Oliver.

"He would come back—I knew he would," said the old lady, holding him in her arms. "How well he looks, and how like a gentleman's son he is dressed again. Where have you been this long, long while? Ah! the same sweet face, but not so pale; the same soft eye, but not so sad. I have never forgotten them or his quiet smile, but seen them every day side by side with those of my own dear children, dead and gone since I was a young lightsome creature." Running on thus, and now holding Oliver from her to mark how he had grown, now clasping him to her and passing her fingers fondly through his hair, the poor soul laughed and wept upon his neck by turns.

Leaving her and Oliver to compare notes at leisure, Mr. Brownlow led the way into another room, and there heard from Rose a full narration of her interview with Nancy, which occasioned him no little surprise and perplexity. Rose also explained her reasons for not making a confident of her friend Mr. Losberne in the first instance; the old gentleman considered that she had acted prudently, and readily undertook to hold solemn conference with the worthy doctor himself. To afford him an early opportunity for the execution of this design, it was arranged that he should call at the hotel at eight o'clock that evening, and that in the mean time Mrs. Maylie should be cautiously informed of all that had occurred. These preliminaries adjusted, Rose and Oliver returned home.

Rose had by no means overrated the measure of the good doctor's wrath, for Nancy's history was no sooner unfolded to him than he poured forth a shower of mingled threats and execrations; threatened to make her the first victim of the combined ingenuity of Messrs. Blathers and Duff, and actually put on his hat preparatory to sallying forth immediately to obtain the assistance of those worthies. And doubtless he would, in this first outbreak, have carried the intention into

effect without a moment's consideration of the consequences if he had not been restrained, in part, by corresponding violence on the side of Mr. Brownlow, who was himself of an irascible temperament, and partly by such arguments and representations as seemed best calculated to dissuade him from his hot-brained purpose.

"Then what the devil is to be done?" said the impetuous doctor, when they had rejoined the two ladies. "Are we to pass a vote of thanks to all these vagabonds, male and female, and beg them to accept a hundred pounds or so apiece as a trifling mark of our esteem, and some slight acknowledgment of their kindness to Oliver?"

"Not exactly that," rejoined Mr. Brownlow laughing, "but we must proceed gently and with great care."

"Gentleness and care!" exclaimed the doctor. "I'd send them one and all to——"

"Never mind where," interposed Mr. Brownlow. "But reflect whether sending them anywhere is likely to attain the object we have in view."

"What object?" asked the doctor.

"Simply the discovery of Oliver's parentage, and regaining for him the inheritance of which, if this story be true, he has been fraudulently deprived."

"Ah!" said Mr. Losberne, cooling himself with his pocket-handkerchief; "I almost forgot that."

"You see," pursued Mr. Brownlow, "placing this poor girl entirely out of the question, and supposing it were possible to bring these scoundrels to justice without compromising her safety, what good should we bring about?"

"Hanging a few of them at least, in all probability," suggested the doctor, "and transporting the rest."

"Very good," replied Mr. Brownlow smiling, "but no doubt they will bring that about themselves in the fulness of time, and if we step in to forestall them, it seems to me that we shall be performing a very Quixotic act in direct opposition to our own interest, or at least to Oliver's, which is the same thing."

"How?" inquired the doctor.

"Thus. It is quite clear that we shall have the most extreme difficulty in getting to the bottom of this mystery, unless we can bring this man, Monks, upon his knees. That can only be done by stratagem, and by catching him when he is not surrounded by these people. For, suppose he were apprehended, we have no proof against him. He is not even (so far as we know, or as the facts appear to us,) concerned with the gang in any of their robberies. If he were not discharged, it is very unlikely that he could receive any further punishment than being committed to prison as a rogue and vagabond, and of course ever afterwards his mouth is so obsti-

nately closed that he might as well, for our purposes, be deaf, dumb, blind, and an idiot."

"Then," said the doctor impetuously, "I put it to you again, whether you think it reasonable that this promise to the girl should be considered binding; a promise made with the best and kindest intentions, but really—"

"Do not discuss the point, my dear young lady, pray," said Mr. Brownlow interrupting Rose as she was about to speak. "The promise shall be kept. I don't think it will in the slightest degree interfere with our proceedings. But before we can resolve upon any precise course of action, it will be necessary to see the girl, to ascertain from her whether she will point out this Monks on the understanding that she is to be dealt with by us, and not by the law; or if she will not or cannot do that, to procure from her such an account of his haunts and description of his person as will enable us to identify him. She cannot be seen until next Sunday night; this is Tuesday. I would suggest that, in the mean time, we remain perfectly quiet, and keep these matters secret even from Oliver himself."

Although Mr. Losberne received with many wry faces a proposal involving a delay of five whole days, he was fain to admit that no better course occurred to him just then; and as both Rose and Mrs. Maylie sided very strongly with Mr. Brownlow, that gentleman's proposition was carried unanimously.

"I should like," he said, "to call in the aid of my friend Grimwig. He is a strange creature, but a shrewd one, and might prove of material assistance to us; I should say that he was bred a lawyer, and quitted the bar in disgust because he had only one brief and a motion of course in ten years, though whether that is a recommendation or not, you must determine for yourselves."

"I have no objection to your calling in your friend if I may call in mine," said the doctor.

"We must put it to the vote," replied Mr. Brownlow, "who may he be?"

"That lady's son, and this young lady's—very old friend," said the doctor, motioning towards Mrs. Maylie, and concluding with an expressive glance at her niece.

Rose blushed deeply, but she did not make any audible objection to this motion (possibly she felt in a hopeless minority) and Harry Maylie and Mr. Grimwig were accordingly added to the committee.

"We stay in town of course," said Mrs. Maylie, "while there remains the slightest prospect of prosecuting this inquiry with a chance of success. I will spare neither trouble nor expense in behalf of the object in whom we are all so deeply interested, and I am content to remain here, if

it be for twelve months, so long as you assure me that any hope remains."

"Good," rejoined Mr. Brownlow, "and as I see on the faces about me a disposition to inquire how it happened that I was not in the way to corroborate Oliver's tale, and had so suddenly left the kingdom, let me stipulate that I shall be asked no questions until such time as I may deem it expedient to forestall them by telling my own story. Believe me that I make this request with good reason, for I might otherwise excite hopes destined never to be realized, and only increase difficulties and disappointments already quite numerous enough. Come; supper has been announced, and young Oliver, who is all alone in the next room, will have begun to think, by this time, that we have wearied of his company, and entered into some dark conspiracy to thrust him forth upon the world."

With these words the old gentleman gave his hand to Mrs. Maylie, and escorted her into the supper room. Mr. Losberne followed, leading Rose, and the council was for the present effectually broken up.

THE PORTRAIT.

WOULD'ST thou have a passing trace
Of a matchless form and face,
Mind of pure, unstained feeling,
Looks, the inmost thoughts revealing ?—
Here thou may'st a transcript see
Of the nymph whose chains I wear,
Worthy man's idolatry,—

My lady fair !

Tell me not of eyes of light !—
Her's are like the harebell, dight
In Heaven's celestial ' proper hue,'
And gemmed with morning's brightest dew
Oh ! ever fondly turned on me
(Twin-stars of Love and Beauty rare ')
Thine eyes of maiden witchery,
My lady fair !

Hair, where sunlight seems to stray,
And kiss each tress in frolic play ;
Lips that vainly would express
Her heart's o'erflowing tenderness,—
That young, fresh heart, within its shrine
Of loveliness,—say, may I dare
To call the priceless jewel mine,
My lady fair ?

L. N.

THE MISSIONARY BRIDE.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN, AUTHOR OF A "WINTER IN THE FAR WEST."

"Young bride,
No keener dreg shall quiver on thy lip
Till the last ice-cup cometh."

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

THE leading circumstances of the following narrative may be known to more than one of my readers; but, if now recognised, notwithstanding the altered guise in which they are here given, I trust that they are still so presented to the public as to infringe upon no feeling of domestic privacy.

In the spring of 18—, the Rev. Mr. B—, of —, in Connecticut, received a letter from his old friend and college chum, the Rev. E— T—, who had been for some time established as a missionary in one of the islands in the Pacific, soliciting the fulfilment, on the part of his friend, of a most delicate and peculiar office for him. The request of T—, who, having been long isolated from the world, had arrived at the age of forty without marrying, was nothing more nor less than that B— would choose a wife for him, and prevail upon the lady to come out to her expectant husband by the first opportunity. Strange as it may seem, Mr. B— found but little difficulty in complying with the request of his friend. The subject of missions at that time filled the minds of the whole religious community; and, in some sections of the Union, a wild zeal wrought so powerfully in the breasts of individuals, that they were eager to abandon their homes and their country, and sunder every domestic tie, in order "to do their Master's bidding" in strange and inhospitable lands. Nor was this a mere burst of enthusiasm, that was to pass off with other fashions of the day — for its fruits are still constantly maturing; and now, as then, there are not a few instances of young females of respectability and accomplishment educating themselves for the avowed purpose of becoming the wives of missionaries.* With these preliminary remarks I will at once introduce the reader to the subject of the following sketch, with whom I became acquainted in the manner here related.

I had been enjoying a week's shooting at Quogue, on Long Island, when, wishing to return to New York by steam-boat through the sound, I engaged a seat one morning in the stage-coach for Sag Harbour, which sometimes stopped for dinner at mine host's, Mr. Pierson Howell. In the present instance it delayed merely long enough to receive my luggage and myself. The only other passenger was a female, whom, notwithstanding the effectual screen of her long cottage bonnet, I knew to be pretty, from the quizzical look my landlord put on as he shook hands with me at parting after I had taken my seat by her side.

The day was warm; and we had not driven far before, without appearing officious, I had an opportunity of obtaining a glimpse of my companion's face, while leaning before her to adjust the curtains on her

* Nor are there a few instances of young females of respectability and accomplishments, educated for the avowed purpose of marrying *somebody* answering matrimonial advertisements; witness Mr. Corder and others.—Ed.

side of the coach. It was beautiful—exceedingly beautiful. Not the beauty which arises from regularity of feature, or brilliancy of complexion — though in the latter it was not deficient, but that resistless and thoroughly womanish charm which lies in expression solely. It evinced that feminine softness of disposition which is often the farthest removed from weakness of character, though, by the careless observer, it is generally confounded with it; and which, though sometimes it may mislead one in judging of the temper of the possessor, yet almost invariably, like the ore-blossom upon the soil that is rich in mines beneath, bespeaks the priceless treasure of an affectionate and noble heart. The reader, who would realize the attractions of the countenance before me, need only call up their most winning expression in the features he most admires.

I gradually fell into conversation with my companion, and, stopping at South Hampton to change horses, her first remark upon our again taking our seats, was, that she feared we should not get into Sag Harbour until after dark, when she would be unable to find *the ship* which was expected to sail in the morning. As I knew that no ships but whalers lay at that time in Sag Harbour, I could not at first possibly conceive what a young and delicate female could have to do aboard of such a vessel; and then, the idea suggesting itself that she might be the daughter or sister of the captain, who came to bid him farewell for his two years' cruise, I asked her if she expected to remain on board the ship till she sailed.

"Oh yes, sir," was the reply; "I go out in her."

"What! to the South Sea?" rejoined I. "You have relations on board, though, I suppose!"

"No, sir, I don't know any one in the ship; but I have a letter for the captain, which, I think, will procure me a safe voyage to the — Islands."

"The — Islands! Is it possible you have friends in so remote a place as the — Islands? They must be dear friends, too,—pardon me,—to carry you unprotected so far."

"My hu-us-band is there," she answered with some embarrassment, though the growing twilight prevented me from seeing whether the confusion extended from her voice to her countenance. The peculiarity in the young lady's manner, as she pronounced the word "husband," piqued my curiosity; but, as it would have been impertinent to push my inquiries further, I did not urge the subject, but merely remarked, that her youth had prevented me from taking her for a married woman.

"Nor am I married yet," was the reply. "And, indeed," she continued, with a slight tremor in her voice, "I have never seen the man who is to be my husband." An expression of unfeigned surprise, of a more lively interest, perhaps,—for I have said "the maid was fair," and we had now been some hours *tête-à-tête*,—escaped me: I scarcely remember what followed, but before we had reached the inn-door, the ingenuous girl had given me a full account of herself and her fortunes. She was an orphan child, and had been bred up in great seclusion in a clergyman's family in Western New York. She was, in a word, the young enthusiast whom the Rev. Mr. B—— had chosen as a wife for his Missionary friend, and prevailed upon to encounter a six months' voyage through stormy latitudes, for the purpose of connecting herself for life with a man she had never seen. I did not express a sympathy

that would be useless in her situation, much less did I give vent to the indignation with which her story filled me: her fanatical friends, who permitted a young, a beautiful, and delicate female, to take so wild a step, had, perhaps, after all, acted from the best of motives. Indeed, the poor thing herself, though not exactly proud of having been chosen to the station she was about to fill, seemed determined to enter upon it with all the exalted feeling of one who fulfils a high duty, and who is on the certain road to a preferment which most of her sex might envy. It would certainly have been a very equivocal kindness to have interposed another view of the subject, and disturbed the honest convictions of propriety which could alone have sustained her in a situation so trying.

I accompanied Alice Vere—for such I learned her name to be—to the vessel; and, after bidding her a kind farewell, I took an opportunity, while passing over the side, to whisper a few words to the captain, which might induce him to believe that she was not so friendless as she appeared to be, and secure her whatever attention it was in his power to offer. In the morning, having a few moments to spare before breakfast, I again strolled down to the pier; but the whaler had hoisted sail with the dawn, and a brisk wind had already carried her out into the sound: nor was it till years after that I heard the name of Alice Vere, and learned the issue of her voyage; though the name, and the features, and voice of her who bore it, did, I confess, long haunt me. It was too pretty a name, I thought, to be changed lightly; and, somehow, when I heard it I could not for the life of me ask that into which it was to be merged for ever. The sequel of her story I learned from a friend, whose vessel being driven from her course in coming from the East Indies, stopped at the — Islands to water, where he casually heard the fate of the Missionary girl.

The tender and imaginative temperament of Alice Vere, though perhaps it impelled her to make the sacrifice for which she was schooled by those who called themselves her friends, but badly fitted her for the cold destiny to which she was condemned. The imagination of any woman, isolated upon the great deep for six long months, with nothing to think of but the stranger husband to whose arms she was consigned, could not but be active, whatever her mental discipline might be. But with a girl of fancy and feeling, who had taken a step so irretrievable when surrounded by approving and encouraging friends, what must have been her emotions in the solitude of her own cabin, when such an influence—such a sustaining atmosphere of opinion—was wholly withdrawn. Doubt and fear would at first creep into her mind; and, when these disheartening guests could no longer be controlled by factitious notions of duty, fancy would throw her fairy veil around their forms, and paint some happy termination of a prospect so forbidding. And thus it was with Alice Vere. Anxiety soon yielded to hope; her future husband and her future home filled her mind with a thousand dreaming fancies. She was no romance reader, and therefore could not make a *hero* of the future partner of her bosom; but a saint he indeed might be, a saint too, not less in form than in godliness, for the association of physical and moral beauty is almost inseparable in the minds of the young and the inexperienced. She imagined him, too, as one who, though not “looking from Nature up to Nature’s God,” for “God must be first and all in all with him,” would still be one whose mind would look from the Creator to his works, with a soul to appreciate all

their excellences. The fancied portrait of her future husband was laid in simple though impressive colours, but the background of the picture was filled with all the splendours of a tropical clime, of groves such as the early Christians wandered through in Grecian Isles, and skies such as bent over Him who taught beneath them in the golden orient. True, she was to be exiled for ever from the sheltered scenes and quiet fireside of her youth; but, would she not be content to rove for ever with one only companion whose soul could fully sympathise with hers in scenes so fresh and so Elysian?

With a mind softened, if not enervated, by these day-dreams, not less than by the bland and voluptuous clime in which they had been for some days sailing, our young enthusiast could scarcely suppress a scream of delight, when, upon coming on deck one morning, she found that the ship had cast anchor in the beautiful bay of —, where her wildest visions of tropical scenery seemed more than realised. The water around the ship was as clear as the mountain-streams of her native country; and the palm-trees and cocoas that bent over it, lifted their slender columns, and waved their tufted heads against a sky more purely bright than any she had ever beheld; while clouds of tropical birds, of the most dazzling plumage, sailed along the shore, or sported around the vessel, as if wholly regardless of man.

A number of the natives had launched their light barks from the shore, filled with bread, fruit, and other acceptable luxuries to those who have been long at sea. Alice was watching their approach with girlish interest in the novelty of the scene, when a boat from the opposite side of the crescent-shaped harbour made the ship, and, almost before she was aware of its approach, a striking figure, dressed after the clerical fashion of her own country, in a full suit of black, presented himself at the companion way, and, leaping on deck, instantly hurried towards her. She turned round—looked at him intently for a moment—made one faltering step towards him, and fainted in his arms.

The gentleman laid her carefully upon a flag that chanced to be folded near; and, still supporting her head upon one knee, gazed upon her features with looks of surprise and anxiety, which soon yielded to complete bewilderment as she addressed him upon coming to herself.

"Thank God!" she exclaimed, gradually reviving; "thank God! thank God!—how can I ever have deserved this?" and, bending her face forward, she impressed a reverential kiss upon his hand, and then covered her face in confusion.

My readers have all read of *love at first sight*, and some, perhaps, have heard of instances of it among their acquaintance. The sceptics to the doctrine, however, I imagine, far outnumber those who really believe in it. It is the latter, therefore, whom I will beg to recollect all the circumstances which preceded this singular scene; when they cannot deem it unnatural that the wrought-up feelings of an ardent and sensitive girl should thus burst forth upon first meeting in her affianced husband, her appointed friend and protector in a strange land, him that religion and duty taught her that she *must* love,—upon meeting in him all that her dreams of happiness for long, long months of anxious solitude had pictured. I ought to add, however, that the interchange of several letters between Miss Vere and her betrothed before leaving her native shores, had, while partially removing the awkwardness of their first meeting, supplied perhaps that "food for young

thoughts" which, in a nature artless and enthusiastic as hers, might engender the most confiding affections even for an object that she had never seen.

"And is this beautiful island to be our home?—Are these my husband's people around us?—Oh! how I shall love every thing that belongs to this fair land! But why do you not speak to your poor wanderer?—Alas! alas! can I ever deserve all these blessings?"

The embarrassment of the gentleman seemed only to increase as the agitated girl thus poured out her feelings. He begged her to be calm, and seemed most nervously solicitous to restrain her expressions; and the captain approaching at that moment, he made a hurried and indistinct apology for his abruptness; and, withdrawing his arm from her waist as she regained her feet, moved off to seek the mate in another part of the vessel.

"Ah! Mr. Supercargo, I mistrusted we should find you at this island!" exclaimed the mate, turning round, and shaking hands with him, as the gentleman touched his shoulder upon joining this officer near the capstan. "All well at home, Mr. F——. Here's a letter from your wife."

The other tore open the letter, and devoured it with evident delight, and then shaking hands again with the officer, exclaimed,

"Thank you, thank you; all are well at home, as you tell me. But how in the world came that beautiful insane creature in your vessel?"

"A mad woman! The devil a bit of a mad woman or any other woman have we on board, except Mrs. T——, the wife of Parson T—— that is to be."

"The wife of Mr. T——?"

"Why, yes, as good as his wife. She's a gal from York State we are carrying out to be spliced to old Dead-eyes."

The gentlemanlike supercargo seemed struck with concern; in fact, the true state of the case flashed upon his mind in a moment. The deep mourning which he wore out of respect for one of his employers, whose ship he was that day to visit, had evidently caused him to be mistaken for a clergyman; and the excited imagination of the lonely girl had prompted her to see in him the future guardian of her friendless condition. Nothing, however, could be done; an attempt at explanation would but betray her secret to the coarse natures by which she was surrounded. Her lot in life, too, was cast; his sympathy could avail her nothing, and a few days' voyage would consign her to the care of him who might legitimately receive the proofs of tenderness which he had so innocently elicited in his own behalf. He called for his boat, and passing slowly and dejectedly over the side of the vessel, pulled for the shore.

Alice Vere had in the mean time retired to the cabin, where she expected her lover—it was the first time she had even *thought* the word—to join her. Her own feelings had so crowded upon her mind during the brief interview, that they had prevented her from observing his; and the luxury of emotion in which she now indulged, and in which she thought there was not one consideration human or divine to make it wrong for her to indulge, prevented her from observing the lapse of time. Simple and single-hearted, with a nature whose affluent tenderness piety could regulate and delicacy could temper, though neither could repress, she poured the flood of her pent-up feelings in what seemed their heaven-appointed channel; in a word, she was gone

an age in love, while numbering the minutes of her acquaintance with her lover. His noble and manly figure, his alert and elastic step in approaching her, and the kindly look of feeling and intelligence his features wore, a look of intense interest, which she, poor girl, little dreamt was prompted by concern for another, of whom he was about to ask her;—nay, even the hurried tones of his agitated but still most musical voice, all, all were stamped upon her heart as indelibly as if their impress had been the work of years.

The water rippling along the vessel's side first roused her from this delicious reverie, and the mate, who was a rough but kind-hearted seaman, at that moment came below to make an entry in his log.

"Well, miss," he cried, "with this breeze we'll soon bring up at the parson's door; and right glad to be rid of us you'll be, I guess, when we get there. Only thirty-six hours more, and you'll be home."

"This island, then, is not Mr. T——'s residence?"

"This?—Oh no. There used to be a Britisher here, but they have got no missionary man upon it now."

"And does Mr. T—— have to go thus from island to island in the performance of his duty?—or did he only come so far from his people to meet me?" she asked with some embarrassment.

"Come!" exclaimed the seaman, not a little puzzled; "why, law bless your soul, Parson T—— has not been here, at least that I know on."

"Surely he's now on board," cried Alice, alarmed, yet hardly knowing why: "surely I saw him speaking to you on deck."

"To me, missus!—I never cared to exchange two words with old Dead-eyes, axing your pardon, since I knowed him. Speaking to me! Why, that—that was—why, — my eyes! you have not taken young Washington F——'s handsome figure for old Ebenezer T——'s mouldy carcase?"

The rude but not unfriendly mate had hardly uttered the sentence before he cursed himself to the bottom of every sea between the poles, for the use he had made of his tongue. Alice fell lifeless upon the cabin-floor. The seaman shouted for assistance; and then, as he and the better-bred captain, who, as the father of a large and estimable family, was a more fitting nurse for the forlorn maiden, applied one restorative after another, she recovered animation at intervals. Fit succeeded fit, however; and then, as the wind rose, and a brewing tempest called all hands on deck, the captain could only place her kindly in her berth, in the hope that the new excitement at hand might possibly be of service to his patient.

The ship was driven widely out of her course. Alice was long indifferent to everything around; but as the storm lasted for several days, and finally threatened to destroy the stout craft in which she sailed, the near prospect of the death for which she had but now been longing called all her religious feelings into action. She felt that she was the child of destiny: her gentle piety would not allow her to wish for a sudden and violent death, though the peace of the grave was what she most desired. She prayed then, not for life, but for an escape from its horrors; alike from those which raged in the angry elements around her, and those which warred so fearfully in her own bosom.

Weeks elapsed before the vessel reached the haven, of which she had once been within a few hours' sail. The missionary girl had apparently recovered from all bodily indisposition, and her features were

again as calm as ever ; but it was the calmness of rigidity, and not of peace, they wore. It was a sacrifice of herself to Heaven she had meditated originally. " And why," exclaimed she mentally, " why should I shrink from the offering now, when Providence has enabled me to make it richer and more abundant—to make my soul's triumph more complete, as its trial is more bitter and severe !" Still, when the isle of her destination hove in view, it was with a shudder that she first looked upon the shore, and thought of the fate that there awaited her.

Woman's heart is a strange, a wayward thing. In many a bosom its strongest chords are never touched by the hand to which it is yielded. It is often bestowed with faint consent on him who seeks it—bestowed in utter ignorance of the power of loving—the wealth of tenderness it hoards within itself ;

" Circumstance, blind contact, and the strong necessity of loving,"

will afterward mould it to its fate, and prevent repining at its choice ; but when once its hidden strings have vibrated, and given out their full music,—when once its inmost treasures have been disclosed to its owner, counted over, and yielded up with a full knowledge of their worth, to another,—when " the pearl of the soul " has been once lavished in the mantling cup of affection, it revolts from all feebler preferences, and is true, even in death, to *its one only love*.

The missionary soon came on board to claim his bride. He was a plain and worthy man, with nothing to distinguish him from the members of his profession in our country, who, mistaking the promptings of zeal for the inspiration of a special calling, and who, without minds matured by experience or enlightened by education, leave the plough or the shopboard to become the instructors of those who, with feelings as sincere as their own, and understandings far more exercised in knowledge of good and evil, are expected to bow to their narrow teachings,—to receive them, not as humble soldiers of the Cross needing guidance like themselves but as the captains and leaders of the church militant, armed in full panoply,—a living bulwark against its foes.

Alice Vere had but little experience in society ; but the quickening power of love had lately called all her dormant perceptions of taste and feeling into play, and a very brief interview sufficed for her to read the character of her destined husband. She felt that she could never love him. Respect him she did, as she would have done the humblest brother of her faith ; and had she never known what love was, her regard would perhaps not have been withholden in time ; for every woman loves the father of her children, if he be not a creature to be abhorred. But if there be an agonizing thought to a girl of delicacy and sensibility, it is the idea of becoming a bride under such circumstances as surrounded poor Alice Vere—the thought that her heart shall beat against the bosom of a stranger, when its every pulse throbs for another. Still a high, imperious duty, as she believed, constrained her, and she prepared to resign herself to her fate.

The nuptial day arrived. It had been arranged that the master of the vessel, on board of which Alice, wistfully lingering, had begged to remain, should perform the ceremony (agreeably to the laws of the state of New York, by which marriage is merely a civil contract, requiring only a formal declaration of the parties before competent witnesses). Mr. T—— himself commenced the ceremony by a prayer, which, as

giving solemnity to the occasion, was perhaps most proper in itself ; but it was painfully long, and seemed to refer to almost everything else but the immediate subject of interest. At length the bride, whose languid limbs refused to sustain her so long in a standing position, sank into a seat, and the missionary, glancing a look of reproof at her, abruptly concluded his harangue. The worthy seaman was more expeditious in getting through with his share of the office. He merely asked the parties severally if they acknowledged each other as man and wife. The missionary made his response in the affirmative with a slow and grave distinctness ; but Alice faltered in her reply. A tumult of feelings seemed oppressing her senses for a moment ; she looked to the untamed forest, whose boughs waved unfettered on the shore, to the broad main that spread its free waves around her, and the wild bird that sported over its bosom,

“ Then she turn’d
To him who was to be her sole shelterer now,
And placed her hand in his, and raised her eye
One moment upward, whence her strength did come.”

The certificates, which had been previously drawn up, being then signed and witnessed, the missionary concluded with another homily ; and the crew, who had been allowed to collect upon the quarterdeck during the ceremonial, dispersed over the vessel.

It was now sunset, and, as a heavy cloud which threatened rain brooded over the island, the captain politely insisted that Mr. T—— should not think of returning to the shore, but take possession of his own private cabin. The rain soon after beginning to fall in torrents, drove those on deck below. Here the mates claimed the privilege of having a jorum of punch to drink the health of the bride, and the captain being willing to unite with them, Alice was compelled to retire to the new quarters which had been just provided for her ; while the festive seamen insisted upon keeping their clerical guest for a while among themselves. Their mirth soon became so uproarious as to mock the tempest without, when a sudden squall struck the vessel, carrying her over, even as she lay at anchor under bare poles, upon her beam-ends. The seamen, followed by the missionary, rushed to the deck, where the glare of the lightning, as they looked to windward, revealed to them a female figure standing upon the taffrail, with arms outstretched towards a huge wave that lifted its over-arching crest above her, and threatened to engulf the vessel. A cry of horror escaped the revellers, the bridegroom breathed a prayer as he clung to the rigging for safety ; and then, as the descending sea righted the vessel, a suffocating moan was heard above the surge that swept the body of Alice Vere like a drift of foam across her decks.

The morning came at last, the sun rose serenely, the bright waves rippled joyously beneath the stern of the vessel, and their reflected light playing through the sloping windows of the cabin, glanced upon the unpressed couch of the Missionary Bride. None could even tell how she had made her way to the deck in the midst of the tempest ; yet none have ever whispered the sin of self-destruction against the lovely, the lonely, the ill-fated ALICE VERE.—Let this “ over-true ” tale bear a sad and solemn warning.

JOE MILLER, AND THE JESTERS OF ALL TIMES AND CLIMES.

BY WILLIAM J. THOMS.

WITH A PORTRAIT OF JOE MILLER.

"Motley's your only wear."—SHAKSPEARE.

"MOTLEY'S your only wear!" quoth Shakspeare, and of a verity Shakspeare, as usual, is in the right; for motley has worn long and well, and found favour in the sight of our forefathers and ourselves from the time when it was first donned by the Vice of the Old Moralities, some centuries since, until it was doffed by poor Joe Grimaldi, who had not the smallest particle of a vice about him but this same suit of motley.

In all ages and conditions of society the humours of the professed droll, or merrymaker, have found universal welcome. To discuss the why and the wherefore would here be out of place; the fact was and is as we have stated it.

In the olden days the monks, who sought to instruct their unlettered flocks by dramatic representations of the most striking incidents recorded in Scripture story, knowing as well as Dryden himself that

"Men are but children of a larger growth,"

seasoned the feast of reason to the popular palate, and enlivened the grave scenes of Biblical history by the introduction of a singular character entitled the Vice, a buffoon wearing a fool's habit, and the greater part of whose employment consisted in teasing and tormenting upon every occasion the Devil, whose bitter enemy he was. This character, according to the late Mr. Douce, ceased to be in fashion at the end of the sixteenth century. But as, in the times of which we are speaking, this love of fun and frolic could rarely be gratified by anything approaching to the character of dramatic performances,—since the mysteries and moralities were for the most part enacted only in celebration of the great festivals of the Church,—this fondness for mad pranks and witty conceits gave rise to that now obsolete character, the domestic fool, or jester; and the reader will readily conceive how prevalent must have been the custom of keeping such merry retainers, when he learns that a clever German writer has devoted a goodly octavo volume to the discussion and illustration of the history of Court Fools.

The subject is indeed a prolific one, for the practice was universal. Not a court in Christendom but resounded with their witticisms: not a feudal lord but sought relief from the troubles of war, or relaxation and amusement after the fatigues of the chase, in listening to the gibes of his jester; while so far was this practice from being confined to sovereign princes and the secular nobles, that it prevailed among ecclesiastics of the very highest rank, and this notwithstanding that the Council held at Paris, A. D. 1212, had expressly declared that churchmen should not keep fools!

The Popes Paul the Second and Leo the Tenth are known to have numbered such philosophers in motley among their retainers; and old Sebastian Brandt tells a story of a bishop (by other writers said to be the Archbishop of Cologne) who did so, much to his discomfort. The story paints in such vivid colours the manners and spirit of the times



as to justify its insertion, though certainly of a very questionable character. This bishop had a favourite fool, who, as was the custom of that age, lay in the same bed with him, in which, upon one occasion, it so happened that a nun made a third party. The fool, upon finding more legs than ordinary in the bed, laid hold of one, and asked whose it was. 'Mine, said the bishop. He then laid hold of a second leg, a third, and a fourth, asking the same question, the bishop each time answering that it was his; whereupon the fool sprang from the bed, and running to the window, cried, "Come in here!—come in here!—behold a miracle! Our bishop has got four legs!" And thus made he known to all the world what his master would fain have kept secret.

Among the cardinals who are recorded as having kept fools, our own Wolsey must not be forgotten; and, like the bishop we have just referred to, he would seem to have had good cause to repent of having disobeyed in this respect the ordinances of the Church. Wolsey who, as is well known, was the son of a butcher, received no heartier congratulations on obtaining his cardinal's hat than those which his jester offered him. "Thank God! you are a cardinal," said the jester; "now have I nothing more to desire than to see you pope." The cardinal inquired of him his reasons for this wish. "Why," said the saucy knave, "St. Peter was a fisherman, and he therefore ordained fasts, that fish might fetch a better price: now, your eminence being a butcher bred, would of course abolish fasts, and command us to eat meat, that your trade might flourish."

But if it be matter of surprise to find the dignitaries of the Church seeking amusement in the rude sallies of these carping knaves, it must be still more so to see them intruding into the Council-chamber when matters of the gravest moment were under discussion; yet such was undoubtedly the case. Triboulet, the favourite jester of Francis the First, was, we are told, present at the council of war held by that monarch previous to his unfortunate campaign of 1525, in which he was taken prisoner at Pavia. The council, after gravely deliberating upon the most advantageous mode of entering Italy, being at length dissolved, were very coolly told by the jester, that though they doubtless flattered themselves they had given their sovereign most excellent advice, they had unquestionably forgotten the most important part of the question. "What is that?" inquired they. "Why," said Triboulet, "you don't, I suppose, mean to stay in Italy; and yet have never once considered how you are to get back again!" The unfortunate issue of this expedition proved that, though the fool's bolt might have been soon shot, it had hit the mark.

The following anecdote furnishes, however, a still more remarkable proof of the extent to which this practice was carried, and shows how little the presence of such characters, even upon the gravest occasions, was considered either intrusive or indecorous.

At the time of the celebrated disputation between Luther and Eckius at the castle of Leipsic in 1519, Duke George of Saxony, the bitter enemy of Luther and his followers, who was always present, was attended by a favourite jester, who had but one eye, and who generally sat at his master's feet. Some of the courtiers had in jest told the fool that the learned doctors were disputing upon the subject of his marriage, which Luther defended, but which Eckius would by no means allow. This was sufficient to inspire the poor fellow with a vio-

lent dislike to Eckius, against whom, therefore, during the disputation, he kept continually darting all the angry looks that his one eye was capable of. Eckius at length noticing this, and not knowing the reason of it, looked just as angrily at the fool, and, by way of deriding him for the infirmity under which he laboured, put up his hand and mockingly closed one of his eyes. At the sight of this, the jester lost all patience, and, in the face of the whole assembly, he called Eckius a lying priest, a rascal, and a thief, and quitted the hall in a towering passion, amidst the laughter of all who witnessed this extraordinary scene.

But it would appear that there is more of philosophy and shrewdness in the practice of keeping fools than one would at the first glance be inclined to suspect. The celebrated Professor Hufeland, of Berlin, tells us that "Laughter is one of the greatest helps to digestion with which he is acquainted; and the custom prevalent among our forefathers of exciting it by jesters and buffoons was founded on true medical principles. In a word, endeavour to have cheerful and merry companions at your meals. What nourishment one receives amidst mirth and jollity will certainly produce good and light blood!" And from a very curious account of Lord Burghley, written by one of his household, which is preserved among the manuscripts in the British Museum, we learn that that profound minister was habitually "very free and cheerful in his hours of refection."

Professed jesters have, however, now for many years been out of vogue; the reader, of course, knows why. I might dissertate at some length upon the point, speak in loud-sounding phrase an infinite deal of nothing, hide the reasons like two grains of wheat in a bushel of chaff,—yet, gloss them over as I might, the causes of this altered state of things, designate them what you will, are those stereotype ones which are now-a-days called into use to account for every change, be it for the better or for the worse, or neither for better nor worse, but merely for change sake,—the march of intellect,—the schoolmaster being abroad (which, by the bye, he never ought to be,)—the diffusion of useful knowledge.

But if jesters are gone out, the love of a good jest is as strong as ever,—

"And men keep jest-books now, who once kept fools."

Not that jest-books have arisen since jesters disappeared—far from it. Their origin is coeval with the existence of the jester, and among the earliest specimens of them which exist, must be reckoned those which are devoted to the quips, quirks, and merry pranks of some well-known droll. In fact they were originally special biographies of individual men of fun, and not, as now, medleys made up from the good things said and done by a whole body of wits. In the former class, one of the most curious is a book which Fuseli is said to have delighted in, "*The Merry Adventures of Tyll Eulenspiegel or Howlgias*," a German knave or a German fool, which you will, or both, an' it so please you. But as we have elsewhere* introduced Master Eulenspiegel to the English reader, we will bid him stand aside, and give place to another rogue as witty as himself, but who, we believe, now makes his first appearance in this country, though the collection in which his witticisms are recorded was for many years the delight of the lovers of such merry histories throughout all Germany.

* *Lays and Legends. Germany, p. 79.*

Klauss von Ranstet, or, as he is more generally called, Claus Narr, filled the office of court-jester, or domestic fool, in the household of four successive Electors of Saxony and one Archbishop. He is first found in the service of the Elector Ernest, who died in 1486; then in that of his successor, Albert, who died in 1500; he is next seen in the service of Ernest, Archbishop of Magdeburgh, who died in 1513; from whom he appears to have been transferred to that of Frederick the Wise, who died in 1525; and lastly we find him among the retainers of the Elector John, commonly called the Confessor. The incident which led to his adoption of this strange calling is so characteristic of the state of society at the period when it occurred, as not only to justify but to call for its insertion.

Claus being the son of very indigent parents, was employed by them to watch their flock of geese in the environs of Ranstadt. The elector passing that neighbourhood upon some occasion, accompanied by a numerous retinue, both on horseback and in carriages, Claus, the gooseherd, was very desirous of seeing the sight; but that he might not pay too dearly for it by losing his geese, he determined to take them with him; and accordingly he tucked the necks of the young ones under his girdle, took the two old ones one under each arm, and thus accoutred set out for Ranstadt. The elector, as may be supposed, was struck with his extraordinary appearance, and laughing heartily at his simplicity, set him down in his own mind as being by nature intended for a fool. He accordingly desired Claus' father to be sent for, and asked him whether he was willing to allow him to take his son to court. The father readily consented, saying, "My gracious lord, you will thereby rid me of a plaguy trouble, for the lad is not of the slightest use to me. He does nothing but create a riot in my house, while his follies set the whole village in an uproar!" Upon this the elector took Claus into his service, paid his father for the geese, and dismissed him with a handsome present.

The French, if they cannot boast greatly of their jest-books, may very justly be proud of that most admirable substitute for them, their matchless *Ant*, of which we purpose speaking at large on some future occasion. Their collections of facetiæ are also very abundant; and one among them, a very prominent volume in the Shandean Library, "*Les Bigarrures et Touches du Seigneur des Accords*," contains, (at least the best edition of it,) two collections of jests, one entitled, "*Les Escraignes Dijonnoises*," and the other a number of ridiculous stories, somewhat like the Facetiæ of Hierocles, or our own Tales of the Wise Men of Gotham, and which are there attributed to a certain Sieur Gaulard. The following may serve as a specimen, and has, at all events, its brevity to recommend it.

The Sieur Gaulard being told by a friend that the Dean of Besançon was dead, begged his informant not to believe the report. "Depend upon it," quoth he, "it is not true; if it had been, he would have written to me, for he always makes a point of writing to me when he has anything particular to communicate." One of the best of the modern French Jest Books is that published in London some few years since under the title of "*Marottes à vendre, ou Triboulet Tabletier*;" which contains, among other remarkable productions, the song of "*Le Fameux La Galisse*;" which has been imitated by Goldsmith in his two elegies, on a Mad-Dog, and on Mrs. Mary Blaze. It is much to be regretted, however, that this collection, which contains

many admirable stories, is as much disfigured by indelicacies as if it had been formed three centuries since.

If, quitting France, we cross the Alps in search of the *Facetiæ* of Italy, the first object, and, indeed the principal one which we encounter, is the collection of witty sayings and doings attributed to the Florentine priest, Arlotto.

Provano Arlotto, or, to give him his proper title, Arlotto Mainardi, was born at Florence on the 25th December 1396; and, though originally brought up as a woolstapler, afterwards entered into holy orders, was priest at the Church of Saint Cresci, and eventually at that of St. Just, in Florence. He died in 1483, having gained for himself a reputation for wit and humour which not only spread throughout the whole of Italy during his life-time, but which has endured even to our own days. Crescembini, who, like Quadrio, enumerates him among the poets of Italy on the strength of the occasional verses introduced into his stories, tells us that he caused his monument to be erected during his life-time, and the following characteristic inscription to be engraved upon it,—“*Questa sepoltura ha fatto fare el Piovano Arlotto per se, e per tutte quelle persone, le quali dentro vi volessero entrare.*” —“Piovano Arlotto caused this tomb to be made for himself, and for everybody else who should wish to enter it.”

His *facetiæ*, which are reckoned among the best and most agreeable to be found in the literature of Italy, having been formed in the best days of Florentine taste, were not, however, collected by himself, as some writers have supposed. The earliest edition is one in quarto, published at Florence without date; that in octavo, published at Venice in 1520, being the next. The following tale may serve as a specimen of Arlotto's shrewd and pleasant wit.

It happened after a long drought that a very plenteous rain fell while Arlotto, and a number of his boon companions, were seated at table. All the party immediately began to vie one with another in praise of this well-timed shower, which they declared to be of such value as to be beyond all price. “That is all very true,” quoth Arlotto, “it is indeed a delightful rain; yet I do not see that any of you make the slightest use of it. You have praised the rain; but not a drop have you mixed with your wine.” The party laughed, and continued as before to drink their good wine without any intermixture of this invaluable rain. By-and-bye a supper of partridges and sausages was laid before the party: Arlotto tasted the sausages, and praised them most exceedingly, whereupon the whole party fell to eating them, with the exception of Arlotto, who contented himself with the choicest pickings of the partridges. Presently, the sausages being finished, the company would needs try the birds; but they found that all the best parts of them were already eaten. “Why, how is this, Arlotto?” cried they; “you, who so praised the sausages, have eaten nothing but partridges.” —“Why,” said he, “I have but followed your example; you praised the water, and drank wine. It is true, the sausages were excellent; but, then, the partridges were still better!”

But it is time that we should say a word of the jesters and jest-books of merry England, and more especially of the world-renowned Joe Miller, whose portrait here greets the reader. But, as the rule, *irritiamus ab initio*, which is good in all cases, is especially so in the present one, we will first devote a few words to the predecessors of this well-known wit. For predecessors he had in abundance,

“*Vixerunt fortes ante Agamemnona multi.*”

"There were good jest-books before Joe Miller," and some of them excessively rich and humorous.

From one of the earliest of these, entitled "*Jests to make you merrie*," supposed to have been collected by the well-known Thomas Dekker, the dramatist, and author of that curious satire, "*The Gull's Horn-book*," we extract the following definition of What a jest is. "A jest is the bubbling up of wit. It is a bavin, which being well kindled, maintains for a short time the heate of laughter. It is a weapon where-with a fool does oftentimes fight, and a wise man defends himself by. It is the food of good company if it be seasoned with judgment; but, if with too much tartnesse, it is hardly digested, but it turne to quarrel. A jest is tried as powder is, the most sudden is the best. It is a merrie gentleman, and hath a brother so like him that many take them for twinnes; for the one is a jest spoken, and the other is a jest done. Stay but the reading of this booke some halfe an houre, and you shall bee brought acquainted with both."

The latter remark applies to most of the jest-books, for they record almost as many practical jokes as witty replies. This is perhaps more particularly the case with such as are devoted to the merriments of one particular joker. The merry-conceited jests of George Peele being in fact but a series of shifts and contrivances, whereby Master George, who appears to have lived by his wits, employed the wit which nature had blest him with to provide for himself as well as he could at the expense of his neighbours. Take as a sample the following story, entitled, "How George Peele served half-a-score citizens. George once had invited half a score of his friends to a great supper, where they were passing merry, no cheer wanting, wine enough, music playing: the night growing on; and, being upon departure, they call for a reckoning. George swears there is not a penny for them to pay. They, being men of good fashion, by no means will yield unto it: but every man throws down his money, some ten shillings, some five, some more; protesting something they will pay. "Well," quoth George, taking up all the money, "seeing you will be so wilful, you shall see what follows." So he commands the music to play; and, while they were skipping and dancing, George gets his cloak, sends up two pottles of hypocrase, and leaves them and the reckoning to pay. They, wondering at the stay of George, meant to be gone, but they were staid by the way, and, before they went, forced to pay the reckoning anew. This shewed a mind in him; he cared not whom he deceived, so he profited himself for the present."

The following story taken from "*Scoggin's Jests*," a very popular collection of the merry adventures of one, whom Bale calls "*Alter Democritus*," and which collection is said to have been formed by the well-known Dr. Andrew Borde, author of the "*Merry Tales of the Mad Men of Gotham*," may serve as a sample of the wit which is said to have rendered Master Scoggin the favourite of the court of Edward the Fourth. It tells us — "How Scoggin made the country people offer their money to a dead man's head."

"Upon a time when Scoggin lacked maintenance, and had gotten the displeasure of his former acquaintance by reason of his crafty dealing and unhappy tricks, he bethought himself in what manner he might get money with a little labour; so, travelling up into Normandy, he got him a priest's gown, and clothed himself like a scholar, and after went into a certain churchyard, where he found the skull of a

dead man's head; the which he took up, and made very clean, and after bore it to a goldsmith, and hired him to set it in a stud of silver; which being done, he departed to a village thereby, and came to the parson of the church and saluted him, and then told him that he had a relique, and desired him that he would do so much for him as to shew it unto the parish that they may offer to it; and, withal, promised the parson that he should have one half of the offerings. The parson, moved with coveteousness, granted his request; and so, upon the Sunday following, told his parishioners thereof, saying that there was a certain religious scholar come to the town that had brought with him a precious relic; and he that would offer thereunto should have a general pardon for all his forepassed sins, and that the scholar was there present himself to show it them. With that Scoggin went up into the pulpit, and showed him the relic that he had, and said to them that the head spake to him, and that it bade him that he should build a church over him, and that the money that the church should be builded withal should be well-gotten. But, when the people came to offer to it, Scoggin said unto them, — 'All you women that have made your husbands cuckolds I pray you sit still, and come not to offer, for the head bade me that I should not receive your offerings;' whereupon the poor men and their wives came thick and threefold to this offering, and there was not a woman but she offered liberally, because that he had said so, and he gave them the blessing with the head. And there were some that had no money that offered their rings, and some of them that offered twyce or thrice, because they would be seen. Thus received he the offerings both of the good and the bad, and by this practice got a great sum of money."

We must pass over *Pasquil's Jestes*, and the *Pleasant Conceits of Old Hobson*,—not, gentle reader, the celebrated Cambridge carrier, but William Hobson, the merry Londoner;—over *Democritus Junior*, stooping by the way to pick up the following specimen.

"One said he sung as well as most men in Europe, and thus he proved it: the most men in Europe do *not* sing well, therefore I sing as well as most men in Europe."

We can here say nothing of the *Life and Death of the Merry Devil of Edmonton*, of *Tarlton's Jestes*, or *Skelton's*, but what has been said before by a rival collector,

"*Pasquil's* conceits are poor, and *Scoggin's* drie;
Skelton's meere rime, once read, but now laid by;
Peele's jestes are old, and *Tarlton's* are grown stale,"

for we must devote the remainder of the article to those of the oft-quoted *Joe Miller*, collected by the well-known author of the "*Life of Peter the Great*," John Mottley; and which collection has gained such wide-spread celebrity—such an undying reputation, as to establish Shakspeare's claims to the character of a prophet, for declaring, in the words of our motto,

*
 "Motley's your only wear."

It has been said that Mottley entitled this well-known jest-book "*Joe Miller's Jestes*," upon the "*lucus a non lucendo*" principle; that is to say, because the worthy and humorous actor who stood godfather to the volume, was the very last man in the world to think of cracking a joke. *

That this opinion is erroneous may readily be shown by the very first anecdote told in the book, and which we shall here quote, because the book, though much talked of, is very little known.

"Joe Miller sitting in the window at the Sun Tavern in Clare-street, while a fish-woman was passing by, crying, 'Buy my soles! buy my maids!'—'Ah, you wicked old creature,' said Joe, 'are you not contented to sell your own soul, but you must sell your maid's too.'"

The fact is, however, that Joseph Miller was not only a very clever actor, and a great favourite for the talents which he displayed as a low comedian, but was admired and esteemed by his companions for his humour and social qualities. He was born in the year 1684, it is supposed, in London, or its immediate neighbourhood; and his clever personation of some of the characters in Congreve's plays is said to have contributed very materially to their popularity. In these he performed Sir Joseph Wittol, in the "Old Bachelor;" and Ben in "Love for Love." Teague, in the "Committee," was another of his favourite characters;—and it is that in which he is in the accompanying plate exhibited to the readers of this Miscellany, which has never presented them with so undoubted a Joe.

Joseph Miller died in 1738, and was buried on the east side of the burial-ground of St. Clement Danes, in Portugal-Street, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, the spot where he lies being marked by a stone bearing the following honourable testimony to his virtues and his wit.

"Here lye the Remains
OF HONEST JOE MILLER;

who was
a Tender Husband,
a Sincere Friend,
a Facetious Companion,
and an excellent Comedian.

He Departed this Life the 15th Aug. 1738,
Aged 54.

"If Humour, Wit, and Honesty could save
The Hum'rous, Witty, Honest, from the Grave,
The Grave had not so soon this Tenant found,
Whom Honesty, and Wit, and Humour crown'd.

"Or could Esteem and Love preserve our Breath,
And guard us longer from the stroke of Death:
The stroke of Death on him had later fell,
Whom all mankind esteem'd and loved so well.

S. DUCK."

"*Joe Miller's Jests*" were compiled by Mottley when almost bed-ridden, in the intervals between violent paroxysms of the gout, and were first published in 1739. Three editions of the work appeared during that year; a copy of the first was recently valued at ten guineas; and one of the second edition, with manuscript additions, sold in Bindley's sale for 11*l.* 5*s.* In the year 1800 James Bannatine published a new and more complete edition of the work, under the title of "Old Joe Miller; being a complete and correct copy from the best edition of his celebrated jests, and also including all the good things in above fifty jest-books published from the year 1551 to the present time." We believe another edition has lately been published.

MUNGO MACKAY, THE PRACTICAL JOKER.

BY A BLUE NOSE.

Of all the amateur lovers of wit, or regular professors of jesting, Heaven defend me from the entire tribe of practical jokers. There is no race more dangerous to the peace of mankind, or who commit more outrages upon the good sense and good feeling of society. I can endure a mere verbal wit, a perpetrator of puns, or an inventor of quaint sayings and humorous anecdotes; I can tolerate even an ill-natured satirist, provided there be something like impromptu in the fun or the mischief: but, when a fellow descends to plot, to introduce machinery, and erect a regular battery of malicious drollery against his neighbour, "Put me a whip in every honest hand to scourge the rascal naked through the world." I have tried hard,—for some whose good qualities I respected have been given to this vice,—but never could preserve a lasting friendship with a practical joker. The wife of his bosom is not always safe; how, then, can the chance acquaintance, or intimate friend, hope for enduring courtesy and esteem? I have known a man disinherited for indulging this evil propensity upon his father. I have known two men sent out to exchange shots of a cold morning, because a neighbour, to make sport at the expense of the one, had breathed what was meant for humour, but was in reality foul suspicion, into the ear of the other. But, of all the mad devotees to the science of practical joking, of all the inveterate manufacturers of mischief in this line of acting, the most notorious, the most systematically troublesome, that ever I heard of, was Mungo Mackay, of the good old town of Boston, in Massachusetts' Bay. Others follow the sport as most men follow the hounds, or cultivate music, as a recreation; but Mackay might be said to follow it as though it were his trade. With them it is the bye-play, with him it was the business of life. It was food and raiment to him; he could not exist without a plot against the tranquillity of his neighbourhood; he laughed but when others were in a rage, and enjoyed life to mark when those around him were suffering from the results of his inventive genius. His father died just as he had grown to man's estate, leaving him a comfortable independence; and, from that period he passed his days and nights in a crusade against the peace of the good people of Boston. He was an Ishmaelitish wit; for, truly, "his hand was against every man, and every man's hand against him," ay, and the hand of every woman too, from the River Charles to South Boston, and for many miles round the villages, by a semicircle, of which the ancient capital of the land of steady habits is enclosed.

It is not my intention to write the life of this eccentric individual, although I have read less amusing, and perhaps less instructive biographies than it would make; but I shall throw together a few passages, that the readers of Bentley's Miscellany may know what manner of man he was, and that some enterprising publisher may be induced to send out a scribe in the Great Western to gather up the anecdotes of him that are scattered as profusely as plums in a good pudding in the memories of those whose ancestors he delighted to torment. Pass we then over his juvenile days of pristine wickedness, over countless manifestations of precocious talents, that we may come without further preface to a few of those exhibitions of ripened genius which prove him to have been a master of his art.

One cold, raw November night in the year 18—, the wind blew as though it would blow down old Farieul Hall, and the rain fell in such torrents that Bunker Hill was nearly washed away. The sky was as black as "All round my hat!" and the air was compounded of that delightful admixture of frost and moisture, in which there is enough of the latter to open the pores, while the former goes directly to the heart. In the midst of this rumbling of the elements a tall figure might be seen winding stealthily along through narrow streets and lonely alleys, shod with a pair of fisherman's boots, and enveloped in a huge pea-jacket, (for, indeed, rubbers and Macintoshes were unknown in those days,) until it halted under the window of a lonely cottage, at some distance from the town, and, the family having been some time in bed, knocked violently at the door. At first his rude summons was unanswered; but, after repeated thumps, a bed-room window was thrown up, and a voice demanded who was there?

"Pray, sir," said Mackay,—for it was he, "will you be kind enough to tell me if a person named Nutt lives in this neighbourhood?"

"To be sure he does," replied the voice from the window; "he lives here."

"I am glad of that!" said M., "for the night is very stormy, and I have something of great importance to communicate to him."

"Of great importance—of great importance, did you say? I know of nothing very important that can concern me at this hour of the night; but, whatever it is, let us hear it. I am the person you want."

"Speak a little louder, if you please," said M. "I am somewhat deaf, and the spout makes such a noise. Did you say your name was Nutt?"

"Certainly I did; and I wish you would make haste to communicate whatever you have to say, for I have nothing on but my shirt and nightcap, and the wind is whistling through me, nation cold."

"Have you got an uncle in Boston,—childless, and very old,—worth ten thousand dollars?"

At this question a long-pointed white nightcap was thrust out of the window; and in an instant, together with the shirt-collar that followed, it was saturated with rain. "What did you say about an uncle, and ten thousand dollars? There's my uncle Wheeler is very old, and very rich; but what of him?"

"Oh! nothing as yet, till I am certain of my man, There may be a good many Nutts about here. It is John Nutt I want."

"I am the man!" said the voice in the nightcap. "There's no mistake. There is not a man for twenty miles round of the name of Nutt but me; and, besides, my Christian name is John; and I have an uncle in Boston." By this time the whole back and sleeves of the shirt were out of the window, the tassel at the end of the white nightcap nearly touched the green palings in front of the house; and, had there been light enough to have seen, a painter might have caught an attitude of straining anxiety, and a face, (or rather two faces, for by this time there was a female peering over Nutt's shoulder,) beaming with the anticipation of good fortune to come.

"Well," said Mackay, very deliberately, "I suppose I may venture to speak out; but, mind, if there is any mistake, you cannot say it was my fault."

"No, certainly not!" cried two voices from the window.

"You say your name is John Nutt, do you?"

"I do."

"Well, then, all that I have to say, is, *may the Devil crack you !*"

The two heads were drawn in like lightning from the rain ; and, as the window was slammed down with a violence that bespoke rage and disappointment, a loud horse-laugh rose upon the wind, and the lover of practical jokes turned on his heel to trudge homeward through the mist, as the good woman inside was going in search of the tinder-box to enable her to hunt up dry chemises, shirts, and nightcaps.

This story was many years afterwards done into verse, after the manner of Coleman the Younger, by a clever student of Havard University ; but, all that I remember of the poetry are the two concluding lines,

" And if your name be certainly John Nutt,
Why, then, the devil crack you !"

Another of his tricks had very nearly broken a poor fellow's neck ; but, I verily believe that if it had, it would have been all the same to Mackay, who seemed to think that the whole human race had only been created for him to play pranks upon ; or, perhaps he quieted his conscience by the belief that the amusement afforded to the many more than counterbalanced the annoyance, and sometimes actual pain, which he dealt out to the few.

Old Ben Russell, or Major Russell, as he was usually styled, was a tall, fine-looking man, at that time in the prime of life, strong as Hercules, but with a good deal of the neatness of dress and polished manners of a gentleman of the old school. He had for many years owned and edited the *Boston Sentinel*, and prided himself upon two things, —always having his paper out at a certain time, and always having in it the most exact and authentic intelligence. No man in the city could at a word tell you so correctly the position of contending armies in the last European battles, or the points at issue in the latest Continental negotiation. When two armies went into the Netherlands for a summer's work, (and, as Sergeant Cotten, the Waterloo guide, says, "Ain't it the cockpit of Europe? no matter where they quarrel, they're sure to come here to fight!") Ben Russell unfurled the map of the country upon the wall of his sanctum as soon as they unfurled their banners in the field ; and two pins, one black and the other white, stuck through the map, served to mark the places at which they first entered the country, or opened the campaign. These pins shifted their positions, and either advanced or retired as the belligerents changed their ground ; and when any part of the main force was detached, a pin of a small size was sent to watch its line of march, and declare its operations. The editor by this simple contrivance could not only tell at a glance, by looking at his pins, where the armies were ; but, by tracing to holes which the pins had left behind them, could read you off from his maps, at the conclusion of a long war, the history of every campaign.

As this worthy, but somewhat fiery and dignified person, was bending over the last proof of his editorial column, which contained a "leader" of some importance in his eyes, inasmuch as it gave the latest intelligence from France, and corrected an error which had appeared in the *Boston Gazette* relative to the movements of General Dumourier, a strange kind of clinking noise was heard at the foot of the long staircase which led up to the printing-office, at one end of which was Ben's

sanctum, where he was examining the proof aforesaid. Nearer and nearer came the noise, as footsteps appeared to ascend the staircase,—clink—clink—clink! Everybody wondered what it was; the devil stopped scraping the ball, (for rollers, like Mackintoshes, were not dreamt of then,) the compositors leaned on their left feet and left elbows—as compositors will when there is likely to be any sport, and the pressman stood at the bank, with the heap between his arms, and his ear turned towards the door. Ben Russell heard the strange noise upon the stair, and he noticed also the kind of dead calm which had suddenly come over the printing-office, at a moment, too, of all others, when he felt that everybody should be on the alert in order that the “Sentinel” might be got to press. Ben liked neither the noise nor the silence; and, as the clink—clink! came nearer and nearer, his choler rose with the cause of it, until, just as it boiled up to his teeth, and was sure to flow over on somebody, a tall, raw-boned fellow, with a stick over his shoulder, on which was slung a motley collection of small iron and wire wares, stalked into the office. To Ben Russell’s furious “What the —— do you want?” the itinerant worker in iron and wire deigned not any reply; but threw off his back a load of ladles, screeners, fleshforks, gridirons, and pot-covers, with as much coolness as if he had just entered his own cabin after a profitable day’s work. Ben stared at him with a gaze of mingled astonishment and vexation, as though he were a little doubtful whether the fellow’s strange behaviour proceeded from impudence or ignorance; but time was precious. He interrogated him again, when the following dialogue ensued.

“What do you want, fellow?”

“I’m no fellow. And, if I was, I wants nothing o’ you.”

“You impudent scoundrel! do you know whom you are speaking to?”

“To be sure I do; you’re Mr. Russell’s foreman, and a great man, I dare say, you think yourself when he’s out; but, when he’s to home you sing small enough, I warrant! Now, you see, I did not come up here without knowing something about you and your ways; for when your master bargained with me for my notions here, says he, ‘Carry them up into my printing-office,’ pointing up here, ‘and wait till I come to give you the money. And,’ says he, giving me a wink, ‘you’ll see my foreman up there,—a tall chap, with his head powdered,—a damned impudent fellow; but don’t mind him; he’ll very likely give you some sauce, but don’t mind him—throw down your load, and take a chair;’ and, as this speech was concluded, the imperturbable intruder sat down in the only spare seat there was in the office, crossed his legs, and began fumbling in a long, deep pocket for a piece of tobacco.

For two minutes there was silence, not in heaven, but, from the queer name given to at least one of its inhabitants, in a place of a different description. Of the pressmen and compositors it may be truly said that, struck with amusement at the fellow’s effrontery, “the boldest held his breath for a time;” while the devil skulked in behind an old staircase, that he might be out of harm’s way in the row which he knew was to come.

Like most proud and irritable men, Russell was for a moment thrown off his guard by such an unexpected attack upon the sanctity of his roof, and the dignity he had always maintained in the eyes of his own people. He sprang to his feet; but for a brief space stood staring at the wire-worker with eyes that, if they had been “basilisks,” would certainly have “struck him dead.” One, two, three bounds, and Ben

had the tall man by the throat, and would have dashed his brains out upon the floor ; but Jonathan saw him coming, braced his right foot, firmly advanced his left, and was not to be taken by surprise. The death-struggle between Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu was nothing to it ; to and fro, and round and round, they went, sometimes stumbling over those miscellaneous ornaments which are to be found on a printing-office floor, and occasionally oversetting a galley of matter, or kicking their heels through a standing form. The workmen would have interfered ; but their master's blood was up, and, with the chivalric spirit of that profession to which his leisure hours were devoted, he wanted no odds against a single opponent.

The combatants were well matched ; but Ben had a perfect knowledge of the ground, which gave him the advantage : so that, after upsetting the countryman over sundry type-boxes and paper-heaps, with the exact localities of which he was familiar, he succeeded in pushing him through the door, with his back against a stout wooden railing, which protected the landing-place from those flights of stairs up which Jonathan had wound so recently, unconscious of the prospect before him of a much more rapid descent. To pitch each other over the banisters was now the *coup-de-main* to be achieved. Ben had got the fellow's spine twisted, and his head and shoulders overhanging the staircase ; but Jonathan had hold of his collar with both hands ; and, besides, had his long legs twisted round the small of his back. They had wrestled in this way for five minutes, and the wire-worker's strength was beginning to fail from the twisting of his back-bone over the rail, when, just as his legs began to fail, and his grasp to relax, and as Ben was preparing for one mighty effort, by which the victory was to be secured, a horrible horse-laugh — something between a real guffaw and a yell,—struck upon his ear ; and, looking through the window in front of him, he saw Mungo Mackay at the window of the Exchange Coffee-House opposite, shaking his sides as though there were a whole volcano of fire under his midriff. In an instant Ben understood the trick. "*That infernal fellow Mackay ! By Heavens ! I'll cowhide him within an inch of his life !*" he exclaimed as he drew Jonathan in from the dangerous position where he hung, and stood him on his feet. But Russell was too good a fellow to bear malice long ; and, moreover, was so rejoiced that he had not committed homicide in addition to making himself ridiculous, that after a few hours his resentment passed off, and to the day of his death he was never tired of telling the story.

There is no part of the world where a new preacher, whether new-lights or blue-lights, produces a greater sensation than in Boston,—though, after he is gone, the people may relapse into their quiet unitarian paths, still they have no objection to wander out of them in search of any novelty in religion ; and if they do not always change their belief with every fresh importation, they at least pay a man the compliment of hearing what he has got to say. There happened to be, during the period of which I am speaking, one of these wandering theological meteors blazing around Boston, and people from every lane and by-way flocked to see it, not with pieces of smoked glass in their fingers, but with ten-cent-pieces and York shillings, to drop into the green box, by way of adding fuel to the flames. So great was the crowd, that the ordinary rules about the quiet possession of pews which the owners had paid for were entirely broken down ; everybody took

that seat which suited him best, and those who came late sat down in the places left to them by those who had come early. One pleasant Sunday morning Mackay went to the church by times, took his seat in a central pew just under the shadow of the pulpit, and sat bolt upright, with his arms extended, with an apparent degree of unnatural rigidity, down by his sides. He was presently surrounded by half a dozen females, nearly all of whom were strangers to his person, and in a little time the whole church was full to overflowing.

The psalm was sung, the prayer said, the sermon delivered in the preacher's best style. He dwelt particularly on the requirements of the great precept of brotherly love,—upon the beauty of universal benevolence,—on the pleasure which arises, not only from clothing the naked and feeding the hungry, but from attention to the minute and graceful courtesies and charities of life, by which the thorny path is softened and adorned. In the language of the critics in such matters, "there was not a dry eye in the place:" the appeal had found its way to every heart. All Mackay's immediate neighbours were sensibly affected; he wept with them; the big tears chased each other down his cheeks. But while every one else was busy with their handkerchiefs wiping away the water that the orator, like a second Moses, had by the strokes of his eloquence caused to gush from their flinty hearts, Mackay held his arms stiff and straight, while half a glass of liquid suffused his face. The dried eyes of his female friends were not slow to observe this; for, in addition to the evident signs of deep feeling which it exhibited, his face was rather a handsome face. He wriggled, fidgeted, looked confused and interesting, but raised no hand, searched for no kerchief, and seemed to be in deep distress.

At length a young widow lady, who sat beside him, remarked that he was ill at ease, and,—heaven bless the female heart! it always melts at any mysterious sorrow,—after one or two downcast looks and fluttering pauses, she said in an under tone,

"Pray, sir, is there anything the matter with you? You appear to be unwell."

"Ah! madam," breathed Mackay in a whisper, "I am a poor paralytic, and have lost the use of my arms. Though my tears have flowed in answer to the touching sentiments of the pastor, I have not the power to wipe them away."

In an instant a fair hand was thrust into a reticule, and a white handkerchief, scented with otto of roses, was applied to Mackay's eyes; the fair Samaritan, seeming to rejoice in this first opportunity of practising what had been so recently preached, appeared to polish them with right good will. When she had done, M. looked unutterable obligations, but whispered that she would increase them a thousandfold if she would, as it wanted it very much, condescend to wipe his nose. The novelty of the request was thought nothing of; the widow was proud of the promptitude she had displayed in succouring the distressed; and to a person who has done you one kind action, the second seems always easy. Her white hand and whiter handkerchief were raised to Mackay's cutwater; but the moment that it was completely enveloped in the folds of the cambric, he gave such a sneeze as made the whole church ring—it was, in fact, more like a neigh. The minister paused in giving out the hymn; the deacons put on their spectacles to see what could be the matter; and in an instant every eye was turned upon Mackay and the fair Samaritan, the latter of whom,

being so intent upon her object, or so confounded by the general notoriety she had acquired, still convulsively grasped the nose.

There were hundreds of persons in that church who knew Mackay and his propensities well, and a single glance was sufficient to convince them that a successful hoax had been played off for their amusement. A general titter now ran round the place,—" nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles " were the order of the day. Men held down their heads, and laughed outright ; and the ladies had to stuff the scented cambric into their mouths, which had been so recently applied to the sparkling founts above.

At length something like order was restored, the hymn sung, and the blessing given, amidst stifled noises of various kinds, when the congregation rose to depart. The widow, up to this point, feeling strong in the consciousness of having performed a virtuous action upon a good-looking face, heeded not the gaze of the curious nor the smiles of the mirthful ; but what was her astonishment when Mackay rose from his seat, lifted up one of the paralytic hands, and took his hat from a peg above his head, and with the other began searching his coat-pocket for his gloves ! Though the unkindest cut of all was yet to come ; for Mackay having drawn them on, and opened the pew-door, turned, and bowing to his fair friend, put this question in a tone the most insinuating, but still loud enough for fifty people to hear,

" Is it not, madam, a much greater pleasure to operate upon a fine-looking Roman nose like mine, than upon such a queer little snub as you have ? "

These are random illustrations of a very original character ; and if they are relished by those for whose amusement they are intended, I may find a leisure hour to string together a few more.

SONG OF THE SUN.

In the glorious East
Is my matin feast,
For I drink the rosy cloud !
With my dazzling beam
I rejoice, I ween,
To lift from earth its shroud.
The smallest flowers
Have aye their dowers
To give each wandering ray ;
Drops of pearly dew
Are the gifts they owe
To strengthen me on my way.
No barrier strong
Ere opposes long
The course I love to take !
The mist may arise,
But with radiant eyes
Through its envious gloom I break.
When I sink to rest
In the welcome West,
Ev'ry parting glance I bend,
Ev'ry fading hue
Is a token true
Of my toilsome journey's end.

" VATES."

THE LIONS OF BADEN IN BADEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PARISIAN SABBATH."

I FIND myself at one of the great European watering places. Baden, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, is a little village, situated near the feet of several surrounding hills. At this time these hills are clothed in green, the air is deliciously mild, the company is numerous and brilliant, and since to me all is novel enjoyment here, the thought of soon departing occasions me a little regret. As I would not forget what has afforded me so much pleasure, I here record the course of life within an experience of a single day.

I am at the Badische Hof, a spacious hotel, once a cloister of Capuchins, but sold in 1807, and since converted to its present purposes. Thirty-two bathing-tubs and a vapour bath are attached to it. I may here mention, that in the village are seven other Hofs, or hotels, each having, as a necessary part of its establishment, from thirty to forty bathing-tubs. These tubs are supplied with water from thirteen springs, of different degrees of temperature, varying in their component parts, and issuing principally from a spot near the snail's-garden, very appropriately called "Hell." The hottest has a temperature of about fifty-four degrees of Reaumur.

Though not an invalid, I resolved, for the sake of curiosity, to try the waters in the manner recommended. Springing from my bed, therefore, at five o'clock in the morning, I walked down into the bathing establishment. The hail is long and cool, and on each side are little rooms containing tubs. A portly German female attendant whispered *guten morgen* to me on my entrance. The surrounding silence was unbroken, except here and there by a tinkle of falling water, and an occasional tremendous splash, announcing that bathing visitors had arrived before me. The door of one of the rooms happened to open, and out tottered a little pinched-up body, in morning-gown and curiously-wrought black cap, who, muttering something in German to the attendant, walked away. The maid then showed me half a dozen rooms, with tubs filled with water, quite ready for the bather, into each of which tubs she thrust a brawny arm to try the temperature, each time saying, as she looked up in my face with a smile, *das ist gut*. I however chose an empty one. Into this reposing my denuded limbs, I turned a sort of screw, and a warm spray was slowly showered over me, in lightness more feathery and delicious than anything I had before experienced. This is a mode of bathing designed for luxury alone, and when, after enjoying it for a half hour, you draw yourself upright by a cord suspended from the ring above, you pronounce it a delicate invention, to which the luxurious fastidiousness of Heliogabalus himself could not for a moment object. After the bath, it is usual to take a walk. You may stroll into what is called the English garden, or up through the adjacent hills; and be assured that you will ever find threading these agreeable pathways many fair German, French, and English forms, attracted thus early to enjoy the scenery and the air, the sweetness and purity of which you unhesitatingly pronounce unrivalled. You now feel soothed and harmonized in all your nerves; the bath-water has wrought mysteriously upon you. If you have cutaneous affections, or rheumatic pains, or stiff limbs, or groan daily under gout, you now enjoy the flattering idea of having

just brought to bear upon the disorder one of the most efficient remedies possible.

Having taken five or six turns in the promenades, go at once to the *Ursprung*. As its name implies, it is the *original* spring. It was highly esteemed in the time of the Romans. Its vault is still covered with remains of the beautiful Carrara marble, of which it was constructed in that remote period. It gushes forth with great violence, and yields with ease in any twenty-four hours more than seven million cubic inches of water. This is the much-frequented spring. It is situated in the midst of the before-named Hell, a region which, in the severest winters, can never be covered with snow. Near this is a covered colonnade, called the Pump-room. Invalids here congregate every morning between six and nine; and here you meet men and women, old and young, rich and poor. Here are lame legs, inflamed eyes, and tainted skins, and now and then shall you see one whose trembling nerves and bloated visage denote the *ci-devant* debauchee, now, alas! quite chopfallen, and resolved at length to return, like a prodigal son, to nature for restoration. I have on several mornings been much interested while regarding the various company, and endeavouring to guess the particular affliction of each individual. One little old German gentleman has perplexed me much. He is accustomed to walk up briskly to the spring, take a little bottle of whey from his pocket, pour a quantity into a tumbler, which the attendant soon filling, he drinks off very slowly, and in measured draughts. Replacing his bottle in his pocket, and crossing his hands behind him, he walks forth again, saying nothing, noticing no one, and commencing a regular promenade up and down the pump-room. At length he stops, pulls out and looks at his watch, puts it back hurriedly into his fob, and rushes off again in haste to the spring. There he administers once more to his stomach a dose precisely like the former. He now returns, resumes and continues his walk, with his eyes fixed on the floor, apparently in deepest cogitation, until the moment comes round again when he "to sulphureous water must render up himself." He seems eternally thinking only of his stomach, his watch, and the *Ursprung*. My interest in him is not at all diminished, when at length informed that he is a celebrated German professor. The value of *whey*-diet in several diseases is very generally acknowledged. Many of the invalids make use of it, and each morning the sellers of it may here be seen in the shape of rows of immoveable old women sitting on the ground, with hands embracing their knees, while before them are standing their brown whey-pots, like consecrated vessels before so many Egyptian idols.

But here is a young lady. She has just come from the spring; and now opening a book, she promenades as she peruses it up and down the public walk. What can be the complaint under which she suffers? She moves with elasticity; her form is rounded; there is no external token to indicate that her constitution is impaired. On passing her more closely, however, a single glance detects a slight affection, alas! *of the skin*. Now the rattling of wheels draws your attention. A carriage has arrived, and out of it is gently tumbled the debilitated Marquis of D—. He is completely shrouded, like one of certain Spanish friars, in a huge white vestment, that incloses feet, arms, and head in its multitudinous folds. "*Bon jour, monsieur*," says a sprightly German baroness. "*Ah, madame*," squeaks out a trembling voice;

and while he is proceeding to thank her, half a dozen men hurry him away into the adjacent vapour-bath. New parties are continually arriving, and there is no end to the variety of aspects which they assume. To me, I confess there is much that is impressive as well as amusing in this novel and stirring spectacle. The solemn regularity of the movements of the visitors, the imperturbable gravity of their visages with lengthened hypochondriacal expression, often excite a smile, which is itself soon put to flight by the reflection of so many sinking frames anxiously come hither to derive from one of nature's fountains the means of adding a few more fitful moments to life's dream.

Not having any medical prescription to regulate the quantity to be drunk, I am accustomed to button my coat comfortably about me, and indulge until it begins to sit somewhat uneasily. The beverage is to me very pleasant, and of about the warmth with which coffee is generally taken. I was once proceeding to enjoy myself in this manner, when an individual, whom I verily believe to be in the interest of the doctors, declared in my hearing that the most dangerous consequences had resulted from drinking these waters, without so doing according to very accurate medical prescription, and that they generally did injury to all who used them, save the veritably diseased.

At eight o'clock you may walk down to the Assembly Rooms, to enjoy the music of a fine German band, which performs there each morning from seven until nine, and also to take chocolate with a light French roll. The chocolate is usually served in the open air, upon a little round stand, just large enough to hold your cup and a newspaper. Parties of ladies and gentlemen are here and there engaged in the same worthy occupation. Breakfast being concluded, you had better take a ramble among the environs; these are full of the antique and the enchanting. Walk up to the Lichtenthal; it is a beautiful vale, and contains a venerable cloister of Cistercian nuns. If you ascend the dark fir mount of St. Cecilia, your toil is repaid by a distant view of Baden and the Oelbach stream; and if you are disposed to moralize, at a little distance only are the graves of many Cistercians, long since departed.

My favourite ramble, however, is up to yonder ancient castle, the *Alles Schloss*, as it is called. Seven centuries ago, it was the residence of a princely family; and from 1250 to 1550, twenty sovereigns of Baden, distinguished for chivalrous sentiments and martial deeds, resided there. It is a fine ruin of the middle ages, and you may either spend your time in rebuilding and repeopling it, or in enjoying from one of its half-crumbled windows a prospect of wide and varied beauty, which no language can describe. Walk now onward under the cool shade of the fir-tree to the ruined castle of Ebersteinburg. It seems not so much founded on a rock as carved out from it. You imagine that it must always have been impregnable; and yet, exactly five hundred years ago, in a feud between its possessor and a German count, the latter with his followers marched against it, and reduced it to its present ruin. The walks on every side are so enchanting that you are doubtful which to choose. One of these very agreeable walks leads your steps to the Teufelskanzel, or Devil's pulpit. It is a lofty rock overlooking a little valley; and if the fiend's audience, now, alas! scattered all over the world, did ever, as it is fabled, assemble here, it would be in a spot which a Christian congregation might well be pleased to occupy. How finely the hills rise into a convenient amphitheatre,

shaded by the fir, the oak, and the hornbeam ! Here you may repose yourself, and spend an hour in conversation with the German gentleman, who has rambled thither for the same objects as yourself.

When your pedestrian desires are perfectly gratified, return to the Assembly Rooms. Of these, the central is a large hall, some hundred and fifty feet long, and fifty broad. Around this room, in niches, are several statues, and the furniture is in a style of superior elegance. At each end is a *roulette* table ; and one for *rouge et noir* stands in an adjacent saloon. Eight Corinthian columns give a somewhat grand appearance to its portico. In its right wing are a library and one of the finest public dining-rooms in Germany. Its left is occupied as a library and reading-room, and there likewise stands the theatre. In front of this beautiful mass of buildings spreads out a green lawn of some three or four acres, bordered by flowers in full bloom. On two sides of this lawn, at right angles with the Assembly Rooms, extend rows of open shops, or boutiques, shaded by wild chestnut trees, and filled with all sorts of fancy articles. The stand for musicians is in front of the right wing, and in its vicinity are hundreds of chairs, settees, and tables, for loungers in the open air.

Gambling is one of the terrible amusements of this watering-place. The tables are open from nine until one, and from two o'clock until midnight. Old men and young, old women and fair maidens, all join in the hazards of the game. The exhibitions I have here witnessed in the course of this past day have fixed deeper than ever, and far more strongly, my feeling with regard to this vice. Frascati's, in Paris, has about it much of the secret and the forbidding. All its features continually remind you that something wrong is going on. Before you enter, a liveried servant mysteriously takes your cloak, hat, and cane, and regards you keenly for a moment, to ascertain if your age may warrant an admission. Within all is stillness ; and, if perchance an exclamation at ill-luck be accidentally raised, hisses from different quarters instantly silence it. There is a professional air about Frascati's, too, which to me is quite appalling. At Baden this mystery does not exist. All is done openly, and much in broad daylight. In the gambling hall you do not feel as if within some dangerous circle. Many of the noblest ladies and wealthiest gentlemen of Europe may every day be seen there, if not to play, at least to look on ; and perhaps to laugh or sneer at those who lose. Play seems to be one necessary part of life at Baden. A gentleman, after sipping coffee, and talking French politics, walks a few paces to the *rouge et noir* table, loses a thousand francs, and then walks back to sip coffee and talk French politics again. A lady is promenading through the hall, arm-in-arm with a gentleman, and discoursing on the pleasure of her morning's walk. A sudden whim sends her to *roulette* ; and, after parting with a good round sum, she rejoins her solitary gentleman in the promenade, and discourses again with much feeling about the majesty of *Altes Schloss*. Gambling seems thus to be intermingled with the usual every-hour thoughts of the place. Hence is it divested of the awe and startling solemnity which surround it at many places, and its insidious power to beguile, and, vortex-like, to swallow up heart and soul, is thus increased tenfold.

I am not fond of producing images of those passions which are generated around the gaming-table, still I desire to note down a little ocular experience I had this day. When I entered the hall the roulette-

table was numerously surrounded. Several were playing high, but none with agitation, except a strange man, perhaps of the age of thirty-six, whose face was flushed as if by fever. He did not indulge himself with a seat; but, taking a lot of napoleons from his pocket, he hurriedly and tremblingly tossed them down upon any number, it mattered not what. Then quickly walking off several paces from the table he awaited in most anxious agitation the pause of the ball, and the voice of the marker announcing his winnings or his loss. If the former, he returned complacently, took up all his winnings, save a single napoleon, which in superstitious gratitude he left to the number which had been so generous towards him. The next turn, he flung down four or five hundred francs. The luck was now against him; and also in the next trial, and the next. Had a galvanic battery been brought to play upon his corpse it could not have produced more hideous spasms, than those which at each announcement wrenched his visage and entire frame. Still he ventured,—and still he lost. Then, again, a single success inspired him with hope; and then again he lost. His excitement had now become so great as to attract the attention of the company. They regarded him with sober eyes; in perfect good breeding. Of their presence he seemed to be totally unconscious. Once I thought he seemed to make an effort to break away; but in vain. The eye of the serpent was on him. He continued to play. Napoleon followed napoleon into the all-swallowing maw of the table; till, at length, the gambler's pockets being probably quite emptied, he seized his hat, crushed it fiercely between his hand, uttered a deep curse in the Spanish language, and rushed out of the hall. Several eyes followed him; one curious man even went to the door. A shrewd-looking individual ran his tongue into his cheek, another shrugged his shoulders, and a third exchanged winks with the marker. The wheel, however, continued to revolve without the slightest interruption.

I was attracted again to-day by a strange countenance, which I have very frequently seen at these tables. Its freshness bespeaks the man of thirty. The grey hairs tell you of sixty winters, while enormous whiskers, and moustaches, and imperial, all intensely gray, even as the locks of that scalp, proclaim the gentleman of style, the mirror of fashion, the gallant cavaliero. He is rather a short man. He dresses with admirable taste; has one suit for the morning, another for the afternoon, and still another for the evening. As he plays you observe that his fingers are covered with costly rings. He enters the hall with a consequential air. The servant hurries to relieve him of his hat and cane; and, while he takes his seat, the markers look knowingly at each other. This is the Elector of Hesse Cassel. He takes several little rolls of gold from his pocket, breaks open one of them, and claps down two hundred francs on No. 10. He plays high. His risk is never less than forty francs. But, with what grace and self-possession does he lose! He has now been playing but five minutes, and two thousand francs have passed from his pockets into the coffers of the affectionate marker. He is not, however, in the least disconcerted. He frowns not, neither does he smile; moreover, he is never betrayed into that infernal grin which your green pretender often puts on to hide from surrounding spectators his chagrin at ill-luck. The Elector is immensely rich, and can afford to lose with grace.

But here is a lady gamester. She is quite absorbed in the passion,

and yet her deportment is certainly in the highest degree genteel. Your lady at Frascati's is present not so much to play herself, as, by her charms, to attract players thither. Here, however, the attendance is for a quite different object. "The play, the play's the thing." And most surely by that play is her conscience caught. Heart, soul, mind, affections,—all are prostrated to that one fell seducer! Her weakness will be looked upon "more in sorrow than in anger." It sends a flush to the cheek, quivering to the lips, wildness to the eyes, and desolation to the soul. Many of the ladies here seem to be professional gamblers; and those who do not station themselves deliberately at the table, with mace, and a little counting-paper and pin before them, very generally wander till midnight through the illuminated halls, every now and then pausing to venture a napoleon at *rouge et noir*.

If you would be in keeping, dress yourself at three for dinner, and repair again to the Assembly Rooms. The Germans, having enjoyed their table d'hôte at one o'clock, are now lounging in the open air, before the hall, sipping coffee, smoking pipes, and listening to music, which plays till five. At this hour you enter the grand public dining-room; and, amidst Englishmen, Frenchmen, Italians, Austrians, and Russians, and still some Germans, you enjoy a very cleverly-cooked meal. Now comes round the music-man with a little plate; into which you may, or may not, as you please, throw a few kreutzers.* Then comes round a body with leathern satchel under its arm, desiring to sell you the "Badische Blatt" for a few kreutzers more. This sheet contains the daily news of the village. Here you read the names of one hundred and nine Dukes, Counts, Earls, and Commoners, who have arrived since yesterday evening; and you moreover learn that up to this present twentieth of June, the number of arrivals for this season has been eight thousand five hundred. The leaf likewise contains an account of certain removals from No. 2, to No. 8; and how Madame Deschamps has just arrived with flowers and plumes from Paris; what is to be the opera for this evening, and when the next ball is to take place.

After dinner you may walk into the theatre. Like all those, which in summer you may visit in Germany, its performance begins early and ends before dark. Between the pieces the audience, as at Carlsruhe, quit the house, take a half-hour's promenade through the fresh gardens, with ice and conversation, and then return to enjoy the conclusion. The evening until twelve may be spent in conversation, reading foreign news, listening to music, walking through the brilliant and crowded assembly rooms, or, as I spend this, in noting down the sights and sounds of the day.

* The custom of at once addressing two senses, and through a happy intermingling of music with their banquets, of aiding digestion, is very general among the Germans. I have taken many early breakfasts at Munich, in the presence of a playing band. To the gardens of the Austrian metropolis crowds of Viennois resort each day at six o'clock, to satisfy any evening appetite, and listen to music from the orchestras of Strauss, Lanner, or Morelli. All the hotels at Baden, and several at Dresden, Berlin, and other cities of Germany, have in their dining halls an alcove or balcony constructed for the musicians, who are indispensable. The Germans do not so much seem to listen to music while taking their meals, as to enjoy their meals while listening to music.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE WIDE-AWAKE CLUB.

EDITED BY "TWIG."

TIMMINS'S CHAUNT—PHIGGINS AND THE GOLD WATCH—AIKEN DRUM OF THE
CANONGATE AND THE TOWN-COUNCIL—A CAROUSE WITH SOME
ENGLISH NOBLEMEN.

THE readers of Bentley's Miscellany must by this time have imagined that the publication of any more transactions of "THE WIDE-AWAKE CLUB" was not contemplated. The proceedings of this sapient association of convivial souls, however, whose peculiar and cherished characteristic is to keep their ogles in a state of cognoscent extension and attention to the goings on, *hic et ubique*, in this our sublunary sphere, are of too much importance to the world not to be chronicled, from the almost religious necessity that hourly exists for every man and woman, high and low, from "duke to dustman, peeress to periwinkle-seller," to preserve their precious sight, and keep their eyes "WIDE AWAKE!"

Having determined, therefore, to pay a visit to our ancient friends at the Three Pies, we quietly ensconced ourself in the parlour till the Club should assemble above stairs, and the time for the introduction of visitors arrive. At length "The messenger from the Lords" presented himself in the person of Timmins, and we received the friendly greetings of the same parties we met on our first visit, with many additions. The president, as before, occupied the head, and the other worthies previously introduced were to be found in their respective places. There was a good deal of mysterious whispering at the presidential end, and winks given ever and anon to the simpering Timmins by Mr. Jinks and Shortcut. At that the president rose, and spoke as follows:—

"Gentlemen of the WIDE AWAKE CLUB! this being an evening devoted to harmony, and as well as to the other important purposes of the society, I beg to propose that we lose no time. Mr. Timmins will, I believe, set the melodious example to-night, and therefore I knock him down for a song."

"Mr. Timmins's song!" re-echoed throughout the room.

Timmins laid down the pipe, took a pull at his glass of grog,—Lemonsqueezer was below, superintending the manufacture of a bowl of punch,—and, clearing his throat with a preliminary a-hem! struck up the following chaunt, which, it will be seen, is in celebration of the association.

TIMMINS'S WIDE AWAKE CHAUNT.

"Come fill, jolly fellows! pass the song and the joke,
While grim Death has not yet each frail *corpus* bespoken;
Let us sing, and while jovial our toddy we take,
Thank Heaven that we're happy, and all WIDE AWAKE! Tol de rol, lol de rol.

"Experience teaches both foolish and wise:
What 's the use of your sight, if you don't use your eyes.
In the deep game of life mind you watch well your stake,
Playing honest and fair, lads! but still WIDE AWAKE. Tol de rol, &c.

"To all who are single this maxim I press,
Don't be *blinded* by Love when your fair you address,

'T will save years of pain if due caution you take,
 And, though loving your wife, boys ! still keep WIDE AWAKE ! Tol de rol, &c.

"The Power of Good, we are told by the books,
 Sends us *meat*, but the Power of *Evil* the *cooks* ;
 Let's look sharp after those who our sustenance bake,
 Would we get *honest bread* we must be WIDE AWAKE ! Tol de rol, &c.

"These *habits* of life that I've *stitched* into rhyme,
 Believe me, will *wear out* a very long time ;
 And when of this world our leave we must take,
 Let's hope in a *better* we'll be WIDE AWAKE ! Fol de rol, &c."

After the applause with which the effort of Timmins had been greeted had subsided, Mr. Lemonsqueezer entered the room with a flowing bowl of punch ; which, as it was "Liberty Hall," where every man might do as he pleased, the said Lemonsqueezer, at the suggestion of Timmins, had manufactured for a few choice spirits. It certainly did justice to Mr. L.'s knowledge of the occult action of certain agents employed in convivial chemistry ; and, so high were the encomiums passed upon it, that the president requested permission to join the party, which was readily granted. A glass or two had the effect of recalling some WIDE AWAKE reminiscences, as the following will show.

"It was, as near as I can recollect, about ten years since," said Mr. Phiggins, "on a nice Sunday's afternoon in the month of May, I was taking a leisure stroll among the green lanes about Southgate. I had no companion with me but an old spaniel lady dog——"

"A what, Mr. President ?" interrupted Jinks.

"A lady dog, Mr. Jinks,—vulgarians say bitch, but I call a well-bred animal of the canine species, of the female sex, a lady-dog. Well, as I was saying, I had no one with me but Fan, and there she was, rollicking and sporting about as well as her fatness would let her. She had got some short distance a-head of me, for I had stopped to gather a bunch of sweet-smelling May from a hedge, when I heard her give the customary short bark when something strange ever met her view. On coming up what was my surprise at finding a very handsome gold watch, chain and seals lying on the footpath. 'Hollo, Fan!' said I, 'this is a fortunate find for thee!' Of course I picked up the article. The watch was going, and was not in the slightest degree injured ; neither were the chain or seals. On further inspection I discovered no mark by which I could trace out the owner ; the watch was of foreign make, and of expensive character. The seals gave no initials : one had a crest of a lion rampant ; the other had a harp, and a few words in French, as I supposed, which I could not make out. Well, I put it into my pocket, and immediately returned home.

"Next morning I left the watch in Mrs. P.'s possession, with strict injunctions to keep the matter secret ; and, to do my wife justice, she could keep a secret. Well," continued Phiggins, "when I got to town, after looking over my letters, &c. I went to Peele's Coffeehouse, and ransacked all the papers to see if there was any advertisement of a watch lost, and I could not find any. The next day I did the same, and, strange to say, again there was no notice. Well, I thought as the gentleman does not think proper to advertise he has lost a watch, I'll advertise that I have *found* one ; and so I wrote the following :—'*Found*, a valuable watch, chain, and seals. Whoever has lost the same may have them restored by describing the property, and on payment of the expenses of this advertisement. Apply to Mr. Peter Phiggins, Woodbine Cottage, Southgate,'—and inserted it in the *Times*.

"When I returned home to dinner on Wednesday, the day the advertisement appeared, I found that a person was at the Cherry Tree, where he had been waiting a couple of hours, and who, my servant said, had called about 'a watch lost,' and who, she said, she could 'not understand at all.' Luckily Mrs. Phiggins was out of the way, having gone to see our little boy at school at Highgate, and the girl not knowing of the lost and found, it stands to reason she might well be puzzled. I instantly sent her down to the inn to announce my arrival to the stranger, and shortly afterwards a very handsome, well-appointed tilbury drove up, and a tall well-dressed young man alighted. He had the look and appearance of a person who was in what is termed the higher sporting circles. On coming into my parlour, he bowed gracefully, and on motioning him to a seat, took a chair, and drew it towards the table with all the ease in the world. He commenced the conversation thus:

"You are the gentleman, I presume, who inserted the advertisement respecting the finding of a watch?"—"I am, sir."

"Society ought to be proud of such men as you, Mr.—what is your good name, sir?"—"Phiggins, at your service."

"Phiggins?—Phiggins? What, of the firm of Phiggins, Brothers, of Basinghall Street?"—"The same."

"My dear sir!" said he, offering his hand, and shaking mine cordially, "then you must know my father, Sir Jasper Woolpack, Mayor of H—, Yorkshire?"

"Very well, indeed. In trade, a more worthy man does not exist. This is indeed curious," said I.

"And fortunate too," said the stranger, "that *my* watch should be found by so worthy and honourable a man as Mr. Phiggins."

"I hope it may prove to be *your* watch, Mr. Woolpack," I replied; "but that fact has not yet been *proved*. Another person may have *lost* a watch also;" for you see I was WIDE AWAKE." And the President hit the three clinks.

"Hear, hear, hear!" responded *omnes*.

"True, true, Mr. Phiggins—I was indeed rather too premature in saying *my* watch. As a preliminary, however, to settle the point, perhaps you will tell me where you found the watch."

"Certainly," I replied; "but do not you think it would be as well first for you to tell me whereabouts you imagine you *lost* it? That stands to reason."

"He hesitated a little, and said, looking me full in the face, 'I think I must have lost it between *this* place and London. I did not miss it till I got to town.'

"On what day?"

"Sunday," he promptly replied.

"Only support this statement, Mr. Woolpack, by a description of the watch, chain, and seals lost, and I shall have great pleasure in handing you over the articles."

"I cannot give a *very* accurate description of the watch, having only purchased it about a week since, and I really do not know the maker's name. It is a gold watch, however, and cost me forty guineas."

"English or French?"

"After a little hesitation he said, 'I believe English; though French works are now sold so often in English cases, that I won't speak positively.'

“ ‘The dial?’—‘Gold.’

“ ‘The hours—in figures or Roman capitals?’—‘In figures.’

“ ‘The chain?’—‘Gold curb.’

“ ‘And now, Mr. Woolpack, be so good as to describe the seals. Had you your initials engraved on one?’—‘Yes,’ said he eagerly, ‘J. W.’

“ ‘And had you your crest on the other?’

“ ‘The very thing, my dear sir!’ said he, starting up with exultation. ‘I think I may now say it is *my* watch, Mr. Phiggins.’

“ ‘I shook my head. ‘On the contrary, Mr. Woolpack. It certainly is strange that you should have lost a gold watch, and in this neighbourhood,—that you should have lost it on Sunday,—and that I should have found a gold watch on Sunday in this neighbourhood,—but the watch, chain, and seals I found and have locked up in this drawer is not certainly, by your description, the watch, chain, and seals you lost.’

“ ‘How, sir!’ he replied in a tone of anger, ‘do you mean to say two gentlemen should lose two watches in the same day in the same neighbourhood?’

“ ‘It is possible, Mr. Woolpack, though rather improbable.’

“ ‘Yes, sir, so improbable, that I do not believe any one would give credit to the statement. I tell you what, Mr. Phiggins,’ he continued, ‘the watch you have, I believe to be *mine*; it may, however, *not* be mine. I have given, as far as my recollection serves me, the best description I could of the article for the short time I have had it in my possession; now, sir, you tell me that my description does not apply to the watch. Sir, I do not wish to impeach your probity; but allow me to say, that that answer may be made to the rightful owner, and you may remain possessor of the watch by telling one and all who may have lost such articles that *the description doesn’t answer!*

“ ‘This nettled me. ‘What, Mr. Woolpack, do you doubt my honour?’

“ ‘I would as soon doubt that of my father, Sir Jasper; but is it not possible that men may be tempted by cupidity to gain possession of a chance prize by so easy a sacrifice of conscience, Mr. Phiggins?’

“ ‘Well, sir, in a word, which must satisfy you: your initials, you say, were on one seal, and your crest on another?’—‘I do.’

“ ‘What is your crest?’

“ ‘A lamb! time out of mind the crest of the Woolpacks.’

“ ‘Then, Mr. Woolpack, on my solemn oath, neither your crest nor initials are on either of the seals! and the chain is not a gold curb!’

“ ‘Mr. Phiggins,’ said he, ‘I trust you will pardon the impetuosity of a young man; I cannot hesitate any longer to believe but that the watch is not mine—just grant me one favour; let me have ocular demonstration of the fact you have stated, and I will most earnestly beg your forgiveness for any reflection I may have made.’

“ ‘I do not know how it was, but there was so much earnestness and sincerity in his manner and looks, that I could not find it in my heart to refuse him; so I unlocked the drawer and showed him the watch. He threw a quick scrutinizing glance at the watch, chain, and seals, looking attentively at the latter, and handing them back to me, pressed my hand. I noticed his face was flushed.

“ ‘Mr. Phiggins, I entreat your pardon: it is a most extraordinary circumstance, you must admit, that two watches should have thus been lost. I know—yes! I know you will make an excuse for a gay man, anxious to regain that which had but so recently cost him so much money. I really feel ashamed to remain longer in your company after what I have said. Have I your forgiveness—tell me!’

“ Pray, say nothing about it, Mr. Woolpack.”

“ Then God bless you! Good b’ye, my worthy friend,” he said, shaking my hand; and leaving the house, drove off very quickly.

“ Mrs. Phiggins coming home shortly after this, we sat down to dinner. I had not had time to tell her what had taken place, when a loud ring at the gate-bell made me start up, and looking out of the window, I saw a dashing phaeton and pair containing a lady and gentleman, one footman in green and gold livery at the horses’ heads, and another at our garden gate. I went out myself. ‘Is this Woodbine Cottage,’ said the gentleman, ‘belonging to Mr. Phiggins?’

“ I replied in the affirmative; he alighted, and coming up stated he had called in consequence of an advertisement of the watch in ‘The Times.’ I asked him in-doors, of course, and finding we were at dinner, he apologised for disturbing us, wished with great politeness to call again in an hour, taking a drive. Of course I begged him not to mention it.

“ ‘My name,’ said he, ‘is Sir William Martingale. I was riding in this neighbourhood last Sunday afternoon, and found on my return to town that I had lost my watch and its appurtenances. It is a gold watch of English make, but very like a French manufacture; gold dial, figures on enamel, the chain a gold guard, to which two seals, small ones, are attached, bearing my crest, a lion rampant, the other a harp, with the motto in French ‘*Je responde à qui me touché*.’ Does this answer the description of the watch that you have found, sir?’

“ ‘I am happy to be able to restore you your property, Sir William,’ I replied, handing him the articles. He put the watch in his pocket and said, ‘Had it not been for your honourable conduct, Mr. Phiggins, I should have lost property to the amount of one hundred guineas: the mere expenses of the advertisement of course I defray;—he drew half a sovereign from his purse;—’ but so praiseworthy an example as you have set, sir, deserves a proportionate reward; I shall not insult you with the offer of money, sir,—had that been your object you might have kept your prize—but if Mrs. Phiggins—’ and he bowed graciously to my spouse, who was looking as sour as if she had been christened in vinegar—‘if this good lady will accept this ring,’ and he took one from off his finger, and handed it to Mrs. Phiggins, ‘she will, whenever she looks at the little grateful memento of her husband’s excellent conduct, feel how happy it is to have so honest a spouse.’

“ So saying he offered me his hand, got into his carriage, the lady alongside him gracefully bowed, the footmen touched their hats, and off dashed Sir William Martingale at a rattling trot.”

The waiter here was declared to be in the room for “orders.” After the ceremony of replenishment had been gone through, the President proceeded in his narrative:

“ When I returned to the parlour, Mrs. Phiggins came up to me in a furious rage, saying, ‘P. it’s nothing more than a Nora Mina!’

“ ‘What’s a Nora Mina, my dear?’

“ ‘This ring that the gentleman who’s gone off with the watch, gave me! It’s neither gold nor diamond, and not worth eighteenpence. Phiggins,’ she continued, ‘that fellow is a swindler!’

“ ‘Swindler or not, he was entitled to his property, and I did not ask for a reward—merely the expense of the advertisement.’

“ ‘Ay!’ said Mrs. P. ‘he left half a sovereign, and as sure as eggs

are eggs, that 's a bad one.' It was lying on the table ; she took it, and after examining it for a few minutes, threw it down again exclaiming, ' A gilt sixpence, as I 'm alive !'

" You don't mean to say *that* ?" said Timmins to the President.

" I do, Mr. Timmins."

" I smell a rat," said Pounce.

" So do I," said Jinks.

" Ditto," struck in Shortcut.

" Well !" resumed the president, " I confess the 'gilt ring and the gilt sixpence puzzled me much. My first impulse was to try to overtake the gentleman ; but which road had he taken ? Before I could have found this out, and by the time I could have despatched any one, he would have had such a start as to have rendered detection hopeless. However, I thought I would go down to the Cherry Tree, and make inquiry. When I got to the inn, two men, looking like horse-dealers, or livery-stable keepers, were smoking segars in one of the parlour-windows. My attention was instantly called to their conversation.

" — I say it *was* Bob Towers," said one of the men, with a very red face.

" ' No, Joe ! where could he find blunt to come it so strong as that ?'

" ' Oh, easy enough ; he 's on some grand *macing* dodge, that he is, I 'll bet a guinea ! and, by-the-bye, what sort of a looking swell is nimble Jem ?'

" ' Rayther a slap-up young chap ! Lots of cheek. I swapp'd a prad last week with him.

" ' Does he drive a black mare in a tilbury ?' — ' Yes.'

" ' Then, blow me tight ! *but* he *was* down here, and I *see* him speak to Bob Towers down by the turning of the lane ! This is what I call summut wery mysterious !'

" After hearing this, I went up to the window ; and, addressing myself to the last-mentioned speaker, stated that I had overheard their conversation, and related the circumstances under which I had been recently favoured with the visit of two persons bearing a strong resemblance to the individuals they had alluded to. The minute they heard my story both of them burst out into a tremendous fit of laughter ; and the man with the red face, with a degree of vulgar impertinence which I shall never forget, put his right-hand thumb up to the side of his nose, (and here Phiggins suited the action to the word,) and extending his fingers, waving them to and fro, exclaimed, ' Blow me, old swell, but you have been done !' while his companion laughed still louder.

" ' Done !' said I. ' What do you mean by being *done* ?'

" ' Vy ! you see these here chaps is pals, and seeing hof your advertisement, they tries it on to nibble the ticker.' In short," said Phiggins, " a few words more in explanation convinced me that I *was done*."

" Dead as a hammer !" said Jinks.

" I don't think !" shouted Shortcut.

The President proceeded to give the toast after the customary tales of the club, down went the hammer, and the watch-word of the association, " WIDE AWAKE !" fell sonorously from the lips of Phiggins the Done !

" Stop !" ejaculated Lemonsqueezer, rising and looking as mysterious as a new-made vestryman at the first board day. " Our President was surely winking." — " I say the same !" quoth Jinks.

" Ditto !" struck in Shortcut, while he hit the table, — an act he was

never before known to have perpetrated,—doing it with the force of an operative Demosthenes.

"Gentlemen," said the President, steadying his spectacles, and with a rare gravity, "there must be some error in this. In what, allow me to ask, am I to consider myself——"

"Done! done! done!" was the response that fitted into what poor Phiggins would have called a speech, had he not been so vociferously interrupted by a response that resounded in the banquet chamber of the *convives*.

"Gentlemen!" said Lemonsqueezer, "I rise to ask, are we to have laws, and break laws?—to make rules, and break rules?—to call ourselves the 'WIDE AWAKES,' and not *be* 'WIDE AWAKE?' I say, no! "Are we," continued Mr. L., "to admit a member of our club to the honour and the advantage of this amicable and instructive association who is not only not wide awake, but who interrupts our evenings with a story which proves he glories in telling us he *is not* wide awake—that he *never was* wide awake?—and," (he added with vehemence, his eloquence rising with the magnitude of his subject)—"I may say, after the exhibition of this evening, *never will be* wide awake?"

"Hear, hear, hear!" chorussed *omnes*.

"Well, then, gentlemen, as I do not intend to make a long speech——"

"Good!" said Shortcut.

"I propose that Mr. Phiggins has rendered himself liable to the penalty of a glass of salt and water, in order to make him 'wide awake' for the future."

It is almost unnecessary to say that the motion was carried, as they say in the House of Commons, amidst "loud and long-continued cheering." The President pleaded hard, but in vain. The *refreshing* draught was duly handed to him, and he retired to a remote corner of the room, that he might escape from the merriment of his *convives*. At this moment, while he was regarding with lack-lustre eye the poisoned cup he held, one of those gaunt and miserable beings doomed ever to witness the goodly viands and the fragrant beverage, but never to taste them, yclept waiters, in his eager anxiety to execute an order, and unmindful of obstacles, came violently against poor Phiggins, whose equilibrium being thus overthrown, he, after some pirouetting, fell, but not before he had poured out a libation on the head of the luckless wight who had been guilty of this offence. The laughter consequent on this pleasing incident was universal; and during its continuance Phiggins managed to escape to his seat unobserved.

A new member, Mr. Andrew M'Dougall, now rose with the view of diverting the general merriment at the expense of his neighbour Phiggins, and stated that it had fallen within his knowledge that a canny Scotsman, well known in Auld Reekie, on account of his generally being WIDE AWAKE, had himself, on one occasion, been found napping. He would relate the circumstance.

"Proceed! proceed!" shouted all.

"Aiken Drum," he began, "was landlord of a tavern in the Cannongate of Edinburgh. A hearty, jolly fellow as ever brewed a bowl of toddy, or helped to empty one. Aiken was in the habit of sitting down with his customers, and helping to make the spirits circulate. No one could keep a company in humour like Aiken; no one knew better when to tell an amusing story or start up a patriotic song than he; and, to crown all his excellent qualities, he was a ca-

pital speech-maker, and could propose a health with all the ease and eloquence of a Sheridan.

"Aiken was well known to all the sma' weft manufacturers of Paisley, and they generally made his tavern their house of call when on business in the metropolis. To see him surrounded by half a dozen Paisley *corks* and their Edinburgh friends, was a treat indeed. Here his genius absolutely revelled. He had all Tannahill's songs at his tongue's end, and not a few of Robin Allan's of Kelbarchan; besides, he was himself a poet and a song-writer, and when he could not please his customers with an old song, he would give them something original, which he always sung with tremendous effect.

"If Aikin had a weakness, it was to be found in the overwhelming love he cherished for his native town, of which the company shall have a specimen in his own words.

"'There was ae day, man,' (for although he spoke to a whole company, he always singled out a stranger to whom he addressed himself,)—'ae wet, nasty day, that the toon council had met to discuss some o' their affairs, and as luck wad have it the rain cam' on heavier and heavier, and it wasna like to devaul ava. Weel, some of the members o' the council were gettin' hungry, for magistrates maun eat as weel as other folk, and it was lang past the dinner hour. Weel, the rain rained on, and better rained; at length I was sent for, my house being exactly opposite the town-hall. I gaed in very respectfully, and says I, 'My lord and gentlemen, what was ye wantin' wi' me?' So Councillor Brown, he says, 'Mr. Drum,' says he, 'we want to ken what ye can gie us to eat,' says he, 'for we're storm-stead here, and we canna get hame to our denners.' Says I, 'Councillor, I can gie ye anything ye want frae a beefsteak doon to a Welch rabbit.' Weel, man, they allowed me to provide jeest what I liket mysel', and I gied them an handsome substantial denner for half-a-crown a head; no, that 'ill pay, considerin' the drink that was drank forby. At length the bowl was got in, then the loyal toasts begun. But by and bye Baillie Anderson, wha was chairman,—my auld son's his son's head clerk,—says he to me, 'Mr. Drum,' says he, 'we understand that you come from Paisley, and that it's all Paisley, Paisley, nothing but Paisley with you. Now, as you are come to Edinburgh to reside among us, and to gain your livelihood like a respectable citizen, as you are, I think you ought to sink your town of Paisley, and let us hear no more about it.' Od man, they gied him a grand ruff for this, and thinks I, I'm in the hands o' the Pheelistines, but wait awee. A glass was then haunted to me, ye see, and it was expectit that I wad sink Paisley. 'My lord and gentlemen,' says I, 'will ye alloo me to say three words before ye go any further?' 'Certainly, Mr. Drum,' says Mr. Anderson, 'we'll be happy to hear what you have to say.' 'Well, my lord and gentlemen,' says I, 'I was taking a walk the other day on the top of your Calton-hill, when a stranger gentleman tapped me on the shoulder, and inquired if I could tell him the name of that fine old building that stood to the right. 'Sir,' says I, 'that's Heriot's Hospital, and it's governed by a Paisley man.' 'And what,' says he, 'is that other fine building?' 'That,' says I, 'sir, is Watson's Hospital, and it is also governed by a Paisley man. Before you, sir,' says I, 'lies the Edinburgh College, and the principal man there is Professor Wilson, the Editor of Blackwood's Magazine, and the author of the 'Isle of Palms,' and 'The City of the Plague,' and

he too is a Paisley man."—"Bless me," says the stranger gentleman, "I think the whole city of Edinburgh is governed by Paisley men." "Not so, sir," says I; "but look down to your right, and you will see a large building; that is the Register Office, and the keys of that office are kept by a Paisley woman. She gets five Edinburgh women in to assist her in cleaning and sweeping it out, but the moment she has done with their services, she sends them about their business, and puts the keys in her pocket, and under these keys are contained the charters of all the nobility and gentry of Scotland—and that's a Paisley woman! Now, my lord and gentlemen, after all this would you have me sink Paisley? You have the wealth, but Paisley sends up her sons and her daughters to do honour to your splendid city. Sink Paisley! No!—sooner shall Edinburgh become a desert, sooner shall my right hand forget its cunning, than I shall sink my native town of Paisley." Man, if ye had seen hoo my speech was received. Councillor Black and Councillor Adams baith rose, and said I was perfectly right, and they respected me for my sentiments. But the best of a' was, that they cam a' ower to my hoose, and sat till four o'clock in the mornin', me settin' a' amang them, singin' my best sangs, and some o' them have been gude customers o' mine ever since."

"The courae' of Aiken's 'true love' for the town of his birth was not, however, destined to run smooth. Late one afternoon, a carriage and four rattled up the Canongate, and stopped exactly opposite Aiken's tavern. He happened, fortunately, to be in the way, and his wife, as fortunately, happened to be out of the way. She was ruralizing it at Gourock, laying in a week's fresh air to serve her the year through in Auld Reekie. Two young gentlemen left the carriage, and went straightway up stairs into Aiken's best room, followed most obsequiously by two smart servants in livery. These latter soon retired to the bar, and ordered dinner for their lordships.

"Their lordships!' exclaimed Drum; 'wha are they, man?'

"Young English noblemen,' said one of the footmen, 'on a visit to Scotland, to spend money and see the curiosities of the place. I believe somebody has been telling them that you sing the best song of any man in Edinburgh, and they intend to make a night of it with you.'

"This was glorious intelligence for Aiken. His heart leaped within him for pride and joy. Nobility in his house!—English nobility!—And they had heard of his talents and genius!—and they were come to spend siller! O, how he wished his wife had been present to partake of the honours, although at second hand, that were that night to be showered upon him! but he contented himself with the reflection that she would hear all about it in good time.

"Dinner was soon got ready, and soon dispatched. Their lordships then told Mr. Drum that they had a mind to taste his Scotch whiskey dissolved into toddy. They had been informed by some members of the Scotch peerage, they said, that he, Mr. Drum, was one of the few men in this kingdom who could make up toddy to perfection; they therefore requested that he would take a seat at the table, and consider himself their guest. Aiken acknowledged this unlooked-for honour in an appropriate speech, and then sat down with a splendid bowl before him. Their lordships were waited on by their own servants, so that Aiken had no excuse to rise, and thus was glued to his chair. After a few of the usual toasts, Lord Phoppington rose, and said,—

"My lud, I felicitate myself on the opportunity which I at present

enjoy of standing on my legs, and I propose, with the usual hips, the health of Mr. Aiken Drum, our facetious host and guest.'

" 'My Lord Phoppington,' replied his brother peer, 'before I drink this health, allow me to say that I cordially join you in your sentiments of respect towards Mr. Drum.'

" They then emptied their glasses, and threw them over their shoulders, one of them unfortunately smashing a handsome mirror that hung upon the wall. This circumstance had a wonderful effect upon Aiken's eloquence in his reply; for this same mirror was an especial favourite of his wife's, it having been a part of her first plenishing. A more lame, a more miserable speech, never came from his lips before, or, I believe, since. With one eye he looked at their lordships, with the other he glanced at the shattered looking-glass. Although he did not allude to the untoward accident, their lordships could not fail to see that it had made a powerful impression on his mind, and they then told him just to put it in the bill. This set matters all to rights again, and now his genius burst forth into singing. He sung all his best songs, and told all his best stories, at which their lordships were hugely delighted. At last so completely exhausted was Aiken with his exertions to please his noble customers, that he fell fast asleep on his chair. Lord Thimblerrigg then made a tour through the room, opened the family chest of drawers, and helped himself to a few unconsidered trifles which he found there,—a few old rings, a shabby-looking gold watch, and a greasy pocket-book, which contained a bunch of 'Robin Carricks.*' In the mean time, Lord Phoppington busied himself in making a pair of moustaches upon Aiken's upper lip with a burned cork, and our worthy landlord looked for all the world like a Turk after his siesta. The footmen had been no less industrious than their noble masters. They had contrived to make all the establishment drunk; and next morning when Aiken awoke, he found that his illustrious customers were gone, lacqueys and all, and that they had forgotten to ask their amount of reckoning. The room in which he had slept all night presented a lamentable sight—chairs broken, tables upset, china bowl and glasses smashed to pieces, the mirror a mere frame, the drawers rifled, everything in the most picturesque confusion. But what was perhaps worst of all, the spirit-casks in the bar had been left running all night, and poor Aiken had to send to a neighbouring publican's for a gill of whisky before he could get his 'mornin'.

" It was afterwards discovered, but not until all of them were sent abroad for the good of their country, that the Lords Phoppington and Thimblerrigg were writers' clerks from Paisley, and that their footmen were noted swindlers from the same quarter. Had Aiken been conversant with these facts and circumstances before his introduction to the members of the Town Council, it is not unlikely but he might have allowed his right hand to forget its cunning, and with all his heart have 'sunk his native town of Paisley.' In short, he might have been 'WIDE AWAKE.'"

The night had now far advanced; and after a general parting glass of toddy the club separated, having previously made an arrangement to assemble again, on an early day.

* Mr. Robert Carrick was at one time a celebrated banker in the west of Scotland; and in that part of the world, even to this day, a bank note is called a Robin Carrick.

THE HANDSOME CLEAR-STARCHER.

A LEGEND OF THE DAYS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

WE talk of the Goddess of Fashion ; but where
 Has her Goddessship deigned to be seen ?
 Though her taste is consulted each day by the fair,
 While men of all ages admiringly stare ?—
 She can be no one else than The Queen.
 So, at least, it was erst, when Eliza the Great
 Of our isle was the pride and the pet ;
 For though dress form'd small part of her right royal state,
 And she valued alike her proud foes' love and hate,
 She was once pleased a fashion to set.
 Her sole reason for choosing was what ladies give,—
 'T was her pleasure, and that was enough.
 But, when once it was seen, none without it could live,
 'T would have been all the same if 't were coarse as a sieve,
 But the "set" was a fine stiffen'd ruff.
 'T was a sort of a "*cheveux-de-frise*"-looking thing,
 Such as still in her portraits is drawn,
 Encircling her neck in an odd zig-zag ring ;
 And the model, perhaps, was a church-cherub's wing,
 Though 't was form'd of crape, muslin, or lawn.
 Or of gossamer, gauze, tissue, leno, blonde, lace,—
 If such elegant names were then known
 For those air-woven textures that aye find a place
 In the toilet of beauty, and still add a grace
 When, with taste, they o'er beauties are thrown.
 But in those days no throwing was ever allow'd,
 "*Nigligées*" wer'n't admitted at court ;
 Where, stately and formal, the fair, well-drest crowd
 Moved rustling like peacocks or turkeys so proud,
 And look'd even demure at their sport.
 Some wore gowns thickly 'broider'd like garlands of May ;
 All wore stomachers hard as a shield,
 Standing upright and stiff, as in martial array,
 (Of the march of clear-starching it then was the day ;)
 And all else but the face was conceal'd.
 But the ruff ! the white, well-stiffen'd, well clear-starch'd ruff
 More than lace, silk, or velvet was prized.
 "Its edges," they said, "like a saw should be rough ;"
 And slanderers declare they their handmaids would cuff
 If it was not well starch'd, gumm'd, or sized.
 'T is a pity when ladies so pretty allow
 Themselves to fall into a pet,
 And, in their own boudoirs to "kick up a row."
 About things they're to wear, with the what, where, or how.
 Anger ne'er made a maid pretty yet.
 But, alas ! in those days some few fair ones were frail,
 And their tempers would sometimes rebel :
 Though perhaps the great breakfasts of beef-steaks and ale*
 Might have heated the blood of the maid of our tale,
 And caused what we've now got to tell.

* The following is an extract from an order of King Henry the Eighth for a daily allowance to a maid of honour in 1522.

"First. Every morning at brekefast oon chyne of beyf at our kechyn, oon chete loff and oon maunchet at our panstrye barr, and a galone of ale at our buttrye barr.

Her name we don't mention, because it may chance
 That she yet hath relations at court :
 Suffice it, her beauty was such as romance
 For all heroines claims,—she could sing, play, and dance
A merveille,—but to dress was her forte,
 Or, say, rather her foible ; so when ruffs came in,
 And good starch rose uncommonly high,
 She assured her clear-starcher she cared not a pin
 For the price, but her ruffs must be stiff as block-tin ;
 And the clear-starcher said she would try.
 So her ruffs were well-starch'd, dried, and starch'd o'er again,
 And both cold and hot-ironed, and prest,
 And plaited, et cetera ;—but all was in vain,
 For she spake naughty words, and declared it was plain
 Her “ artiste ” was a fool like the rest.
 Then she tried many others ; but all fail'd alike
 This most whimsical fair one to please.
 Some pleaded their work-folks had “ struck up a strike ; ”
 Some swore that the ruffs' points were stiff as a pike :
 She declared they were soft as boil'd peas.
 She was sadly provoked, and yet dared not rebel
 Against fashion's imperious decree ;
 So, when next her handmaiden desired her to tell
 Where her ruffs should be sent, she cried, “ Send them to h—,
 And the d—l may starch them for me ! ”
 These were very bad words to escape from the lips
 Of a lady so handsome and young.
 But, when passion's our tyrant, morality trips,
 While the tempter keeps watch for such sad naughty slips
 As our maiden had made with her tongue.
 And, scarce had she spoken, when suddenly came
 An odd sort of “ Rat l tat ! ” at her door.
 'T was not loud enough quite for a lord or a dame,
 Nor yet for her tradesfolk sufficiently tame.
 She had ne'er heard such knocking before.
 And, of course she felt curious to know what it meant,
 So her handmaid immediately ran
 To the window ; and, when o'er the casement she 'd leant,
 Exclaim'd, with an air of exceeding content,
 “ A remarkably handsome young man ! ”
 The young man, when shewn up, bow'd and smiled with much grace,
 And soon, whispering, ventured to say,
 “ Gentle lady, excuse me, but such is my case
 That indeed we must be quite alone face to face.
 Do, pray, send your handmaiden away ! ”
 Some signal, no doubt often practised before,
 Caused her maid through the doorway to glide,
 While the lady, embarrass'd, look'd down on the floor,
 And blush'd (perhaps) for a moment, and when that was o'er,
 Found the handsome young man at her side.

“ *Item.* At dyner a pese of beyf, a stroke of roste, and a reward at our said
 kechyn, a caste of chete brede at our panatrye barr, and a galone of ale at our but-
 trye barr.

“ *Item.* At afternoone a maunchet of brede at our panatrye barr, and half a ga-
 lone of ale at our buttrye barr.

“ *Item.* At supper a messe of potage, a pese of mutten, and a reward at our said
 kechyn, a cast of chete brede at our panatrye, and a galone of ale at our buttrye.

“ *Item.* At after supper a chete loff, and a maunchet at our panatrye barr, and
 half a galone of ale at our seller barr.

The fine figure and face of that singular beau
 All comparisons seem'd to defy;
 And his dress at all points was completely "the go,"
 Yet there still was a something not quite "*comme il faut*"
 In the sly wicked glance of his eye.

But his manner was humble, and silvery the tone
 Of his voice, as, in euphonic strain,
 He said, "Pride of the palace! well worthy the throne!
 If legitimate claim were with beauty alone,
 All your rivals' pretensions were vain!"

Then (as then was the mode) he the lady compared
 To the sun, moon, and stars, and their light;
 Nor the heathen mythology's goddesses spared.
 Any maiden of our modest days would have stared,
 And some, perhaps, have run off in a fright.

But she listen'd, and aye as the flatterer spake
 Smiled and gracefully flirted her fan,
 And, much wondering what end to his speech he would make,
 Sigh'd, and thought, "Though I fear he's a bit of a rake,
 He is really a charming young man!"

The gallant's peroration at length took a turn
 That appear'd a most singular whim;
 He found fault with her ruff, and declared he could earn
 Her applause (since he'd travelled clear starching to learn)
 If she would but entrust one with him.

The request was a strange one. Yet wherefore refuse?
 "Well,—pray take one!" she said with a laugh.
 "Do your best. It may serve your waste time to amuse.
 But it's really so odd! Have you learnt to black shoes
 In your travels? or dye an old scarf?"

"I have learnt many things," was the stranger's reply,
 "And you'll soon find I know quite enough
 To fulfil your commission, for certainly I
 Can hotpress, et cetera; and so, now, good b' ye,
 Till I come back again with your ruff."

The next drawing-room day our fair maiden began
 Her court toilet; but all went so-so.
 "Ugh!" she cried, "I'm quite frightful, do all that I can!
 There's nothing so fickle and faithless as man!
 What's become of my clear-starching beau?"

"Ah! my lady!" said Abigail, plastering her hair,
 "That young fellow has play'd you a trick,
 And stole——" But her mistress cried, "Phoo! I don't care!
 If I could get but only *one* ruff fit to wear,
 I would don it, though brought by Old Nick."

There's a proverb that says, "If you speak of some folks
 They are sure very soon to appear."
 And, while Abigail call'd the beau's visit a hoax,
 And his clear-starching one of young gentlemen's jokes,
 His odd "Rat! tat!" proclaim'd he was near.

"Then he has not deceived me!" the lady exclaim'd,
 "Why don't some of 'em answer the door?
 To doubt of his honour you're much to be blamed.
 But I can't see him thus! I should feel quite ashamed.
 He must wait till I'm drest. What a bore!"

"Take this box to your mistress, and make my respects,"
 Said the starcher as fierce as a Don,
 While he strode down the hall, "and observe she neglects
 Not to put on the ruff as my paper directs,
 And I'll settle the plaits when 't is on."

What that paper contain'd is a mystery still,
 Since the chronicles only disclose
 That she said his request she would strictly fulfil,
 And then smiling, exclaim'd, "What a moderate bill?
 Well, he must see all right, I suppose."

Then—her toilet completed—her pride was immense.
 "T was "a love of a ruff!" she declared,
 As it compass'd her neck with its firm triple fence.
 Her sole feeling was self-admiration intense,
 While her handmaid admiringly stared,

And then cried, "La! I never saw nothing so nice:
 What a clever young man that must be!
 I suppose, though, he'll charge an extravagant price?"
 "No," her lady replied, "'t was a cunning device!
 And he's no common tradesman, you'll see."

"The fact is, that he mention'd his charge, and you know
 That I've now no engagement on hand.
 At least nothing—quite serious—or likely—and so—
 After all—what's a kiss from a handsome young beau?
 Well—be silent—you now understand."

"When he comes to inspect that my ruff sets all well,
 Just step out for a minute or two;
 Not much longer, because there's a proverb folks tell,
 'Give some people an inch, and they'll soon take an ell.'
 "I wish, Miss," said her maid, "I was you."

Then, with looks so demure as might Cerberus bilk,
 The young gentleman bow'd himself in.
 His dress was embroider'd rich velvet and silk,
 His point-lace and kid-gloves were as white as new milk,
 And jet-black was the tuft on his chin.

"Fairiest lady!" he said, "may I venture to hope
 That you deign to approve of my work?
 This I'll venture to say, that such clear-starch and soap
 Never stiffen'd a collar for queen, king, or pope,
 Nor his most sublime-porte-ship, the Turk."

"And I've got" (here he smiled) "a particular way,
 Which I'll show you, of finishing off.
 Just allow me! Phoo—nonsense! You promised to pay—"
 But the lady drew back, frown'd, and said, "Not now, pray!"
 And sent Abigail out by a cough.

All that afterward happen'd is dingy as night,
 Though her maiden, as maids would of old,
 Peep'd and listen'd, at first with a curious delight,
 Then grew anxious,—and then was thrown into a fright.
 And this was the story she told.

She declared the beau boasted his wonderful knack
 Of full-dressing for banquet and ball;
 And that, presently after, she heard a loud smack,
 And, immediately after, a much louder crack;
 Then a shriek that was louder than all.

To her mistress's aid she accordingly ran,
 Wondering much what the matter could be ;
 Since a simple salute from a handsome young man
 Never caused such an uproar since kissing began.
 But no mistress nor beau could she see !
 Both were gone ! where and how it was fearful to guess,
 As a sulphureous odour remain'd,
 While thick smoke still obscured the bay-window's recess,
 And, with burnt hoof-like marks, and a cindery mess,
 The best carpet was shockingly stain'd.
 What occur'd at the window the smoke might conceal,
 Though the maid often vow'd that she saw
 What was horrid enough all her blood to congeal,
 A long black thing that twisted about like an eel,
 And the tips of two horns, and a claw.
 But, more certain it is, from that day ne'er again
 Did that lady at court reappear,
 Nor amid the *beau monde*. All inquiries were vain.
 So, though how they eloped must a mystery remain,
 What the clear-starcher was, seem'd too clear.
 Now, ye ladies of England ! young, charming, and fair !
 Pray, be warn'd by this maiden's sad fate !
 And, whenever strange beaux, gay and handsome, may dare
 To approach you with flattering speeches, beware
 Lest their falsehood you rue when too late.
 Above all, while your hearts are warm, tender, and young,
 Let no art of the tempter prevail
 To extort a rash promise ; since slips of the tongue
 O'er fair prospects have often a gloomy veil flung,
 And caused ladies' disasters in rhymes to be strung,
 As hath chanced to the maid of our tale.

THE FORLORN ONE.

AH ! why those piteous sounds of woe,
 Lone Wanderer of the dreary night ?
 Thy gushing tears in torrents flow,
 Thy bosom pants in wild affright !
 And Thou, within whose iron breast
 Those frowns austere too truly tell
 Mild Pity, heaven-descended guest,
 Hath never, never deign'd to dwell,
 That rude, uncivil touch forego,
 Stern despot of a fleeting hour !
 Nor " make the angels weep " to know
 The fond " fantastic tricks " of power !
 Know'st thou not " mercy is not strain'd,
 But droppeth as the gentle dew,"
 And while it blesseth him who gain'd,
 It blesseth him who gave it too ?
 Say what art thou ?—and what is he,
 Pale victim of despair and pain,
 Whose streaming eyes and bended knee
 Sue to thee thus—and sue in vain ?
 Cold, callous man !—he scorns to yield,
 Or aught relax his felon gripe,
 But answers,—" I 'm Inspector Field !—
 And this here Warmint's prigg'd your wive !"

MR. HIPPSLEY,

THE ELECTRICAL GENTLEMAN.

"A respectable physician, in the last number of Silliman's *Journal*, gives the following very curious account of an electrical lady. He states, that on the evening of January 28th, during a somewhat extraordinary display of northern lights, the person in question became so highly charged with electricity as to give out vivid electrical sparks from the ends of her fingers to the face of each of the company present. This did not cease with the heavenly phenomenon, but continued for several months; during which time she was constantly charged, and giving off electrical sparks at every conductor she approached. This was extremely vexatious, as she could not touch any metallic utensils without first giving off an electric spark, with the consequent twinge. When seated by a stove, with her feet upon the fender, she gave sparks at the rate of three or four a minute. The lady is about thirty, of sedentary pursuits, and a delicate state of health; having for two years previous suffered from acute rheumatism and neuralgic affections." —*British Press*.

"This, then, is what I am suffering from," said Mr. Hippsley, putting down the newspaper which contained the above extraordinary account. "I am a walking electrical machine! This is why I am abandoned by my earliest acquaintance; my servants dread to come near me; and my physician no longer feels my pulse, but tells me I am hypochondriac; while, to prevent having anything more to do with such a monster, he assures me that my cure rests in my own hands. My own hands! they are electric points. Oh! this is the worst misery of all! the persecution of destiny cannot plunge me deeper into the gulf of despair. What was the inconvenience of being unable to open my right eye during the whole of last month to being a walking galvanic battery, who cannot pat a child on the head without shocking him; or shake hands with a friend without knocking him down? What was my being incapable of sitting or lying for more than three days, resting myself, like a horse in a stall, against the corner of the room, to my present misfortune? I can't touch a bell-wire without sending an electric shock through the whole lodging-house, and throwing half the members of two respectable families into convulsions. Oh! I shall make away with myself! I can't stand it!" Mr. Hippsley here attempted to draw a bottle of wine; but his hand coming in contact with the cork-screw, a severe spasm seemed to pass through his frame.

"There's a shock!" exclaimed the unhappy man. "What is to become of me? The least touch of metal brings out those cursed sparks!" and, putting down the bottle, he threw himself into a chair, looking the picture of despondency.

"I will see Mr. Hippsley!"

"You can't, ma'am; you can't! Master won't be disturbed: he is not dressed. He said that he wouldn't be shaved, anyhow, till he was made sensible whether it's really hair, or feathers, that's growing out of his chin."

"Tell Mr. Hippsley his cousin, Mrs. Martha Meddler, wants to see him," answered a loud voice to this refusal of admission on the part of Patrick, who scarcely had time to announce the importunate

visitor when she entered the room. The invalid rose to receive her.

"Keep off!" said Mr. Hipsley solemnly, as, in the perpetual bustle which marked Mrs. Martha's most unimportant actions, she approached to shake him by both hands, "keep off!"

"Charles Hipsley, for shame! What new crochet are you going crazy upon now? Oh! you shake your head! You are a China mandarin for a tea-shop; afraid of being knocked down and broken!" and the inhuman woman laughed till the room rang with her cachinnation.

"Shall I put out my hand, summon all my electrical power, and strike her senseless at my feet?" said Mr. Hipsley to himself; but he refrained from this act of summary justice to his wounded feelings. He asked her to be seated, and begged she would communicate the cause of her unceremonious visit.

"Stop, my dear soul, till I have rested a bit," said Mrs. Martha.

"Perhaps you would like a glass of wine? Patrick, decant that bottle."

Mr. Hipsley was sternly polite; but, in the excess of his misery he forgot not the duties of hospitality. The valet now left the room, which formed the front of a first floor in Jermyn-street; and the visitor, after sipping a glass of sherry, opened her communication. "You know, Charles, that you have never been happy since Miss Thornton refused you."

"Madam, you have surely not paid me this early and unexpected call to remind me of that which I would willingly forget. I am an invalid, suffering from a series of afflictions, — I should rather say a concatenation, — for I have not time to rid myself of one disease ere another possesses my unhappy frame."

"There now, there's a dear soul, don't go on with your catalogue of complaints!" interrupted Mrs. Martha. "You know there is no stopping you if you once begin to enumerate."

"Cousin Meddler, relationship can *not* excuse your taking me to task, as if I were a weak, fanciful girl, placed under your guardianship. No one need in future dread that I shall intrude the relation of my afflictions on unsympathizing hearers. My present misery, if circumstances have not already made it known, or accident does not reveal it, shall be locked within the recesses of my own bosom," and here Mr. Hipsley wiped the perspiration from his brow, and looked awfully mysterious.

"Well, you *are* a droll man, to be sure! I have a good mind to have nothing to do with you; but I can't bear to see friends mismanage their affairs, and not help them a bit. Now, if any one ever mismanaged a love-matter, it was you, Charles Hipsley! There, now, the murder's out! I am confident Kate Thornton is sincerely attached to you, and this morning I am come to tell you so."

"Kate Thornton attached to me!" exclaimed Mr. Hipsley, starting from his chair, and pacing the room. "Impossible! did she not refuse me twice? and have not disappointment and agitation of mind brought on all my unhappy diseases, until at last my frame has become a phenomenon?"

"Become a fiddlestick! — Will you sit down, and hear reason?"

The invalid sat himself down to suffer the infliction with an air of despair rather than resignation, and Mrs. Martha continued.

"Kate refused you because her mother could not bear your flighty and fidgety ways—never was there such an attached daughter. Now the old lady has been dead a twelvemonth, and yesterday, after a little cross-examination, which I put the young lady to, out of regard for your happiness, I came to a conclusion which I don't feel myself justified in explaining more fully. There is a delicacy in these little matters of the heart. I am not a novice in them. You know, cousin, it was quite my own choice that I haven't been three times a widow. There was Colonel Target, he was killed at Waterloo; poor man! he was dying for me long before he died for his country: and Professor Wiggins, who fell a victim to——"

"An electric machine! a voltaic battery! a human torpedo!"

"Good heavens, cousin, no!" exclaimed Mrs. Martha, in great surprise at the interest Mr. Hipsley seemed to take in the thrice-told tale of her admirers, for the unhappy man covered his eyes with his hand, which he had dashed wildly against his forehead. "Mr. Wiggins died of a repletion of intellect after one of the British Association meetings; the philosophical discussions, and the feasts of reason, were too much for him. But, what is the matter with you, Charles? you don't seem so delighted as you ought to be at the news I have brought you; though, remember, I have said nothing—I am not *authorized* to say anything, and would not betray a sweet girl's gentle confidence for the world. Only call at Knightsbridge; try your fortune once more. Did I ever tell you how often poor Mr. Thompson of the city put the question to *me*? I should have been a rich young widow now if I had married him. The interference of that nasty charity commission killed him. He was one of the directors of the Laying-out-subscription Institution; good, kind man!"

"My dear cousin," said Mr. Hipsley, "excuse my strange conduct. I am aware how many men you might have made happy had you so chosen, and I am grateful for your attempt to restore *my* peace of mind. You are an excellent creature!" and the invalid, in a moment of forgetfulness, held out his hand to Mrs. Martha Meddler. That lady was about to take it, when, with a shudder, it was withdrawn.

"Mr. Hipsley, sir! what do you mean? Is there anything contagious in *me*? or do you believe that you have some unfortunate disorder which renders it advisable that you should not shake hands with your friends?"

"Excuse me! excuse me!" exclaimed the wretched hypochondriac. "I know my conduct must appear inexplicable. Will you be kind enough to ring the bell, and my servant shall see you down stairs. I am unfit for company; but do not be offended. It is enough to drive me mad to hear the bliss that might be mine but for one dreadful affliction, brought on by a combination of diseases arising from the very cause which, now removed, invites me to happiness."

Mr. Hipsley strode across the room, his eyes raised to the ceiling, and arms extended; till the palms of his hands, coming in contact with the door of his bedroom, it opened at the rude assault, and he disappeared from the sight of the alarmed Mrs. Martha Meddler. Ringing the bell, under the comfortable impression that her cousin was a lunatic, and wanted a servant's care more than she required Patrick's attendance to the hall, the good lady made the best of her

way out of the house. Reconstructing a shattered resolution, which had often been made, on the failure of her kind endeavours in behalf of others, never to interfere in matters that did not immediately concern her, Mrs. Martha, in the first integrity of her resolve, had very nearly got to her own house, when an omnibus obstructed her in effecting a crossing which would have taken her directly to the street where she resided. Alas, for the mutability of human designs! the omnibus was marked Knightsbridge. If Mrs. Meddler had a weakness it was an inordinate desire to be of service to her friends. In a moment the kind-hearted lady made a fourteenth passenger in the "Accommodation," a vehicle proceeding at the rate of four miles an hour, including fifty stoppages, from the Bank to Chelsea. When our traveller reached Miss Thornton's habitation she had come to the determination of making a report of her visit to Mr. Hipsley; and, in justice to her young friend, assure her of his insanity.

The worthy maiden lady had penetrated the secret of the fair Catherine's attachment to her whimsical lover, and had in consequence lost no time in "bringing matters to bear"—her favourite phrase in such little arrangements;—but, as she had acted completely without authority, she found it difficult to explain the part she had gratuitously performed.

"My dear Miss Thornton! how happy I am to see you looking so well!" exclaimed Mrs. Martha, seizing the hand of her young friend with affectionate earnestness; "I have a great trial for you; and I am glad to perceive you will have strength to bear it—poor Mr. Hipsley!"

"Mr. Hipsley, ma'am; let me beg you to tell me what has happened to him!" said the agitated girl, losing in a moment that hue of health, the appearance of which had been so satisfactory to her visitor.

"There! I knew it! I told him so! I told him that I was certain you loved him!" continued the busy-body, so delighted at the confirmation of her suspicions as to be hardly conscious of the distress she was occasioning the object of them.

"You told Mr. Hipsley that I loved him! and, by what authority, ma'am?" demanded the indignant Catherine, the blood returning to her cheeks. "And what right have you to suppose this?—or, have you wantonly induced me to believe that harm has come to an old and esteemed friend on purpose to draw ungenerous conclusions from my agitation?"

Miss Thornton wept, and her tormentor, who was really a kind-hearted creature, felt proportionably distressed.

"My dear young lady, forgive me. I did it for the best, and I really believe the poor gentleman's flightiness is all occasioned by his attachment to you; I only hope he is not *actually* deranged; and then, if you are favourable to his suit, all will be well." Here Mrs. Martha busied herself in soothing her friend, who, having found relief in tears, was easily persuaded that, however much mischief might have been done, it was "all with the best intention in the world."

Miss Thornton's guardian, with whom she resided, was Mr. Hipsley's physician, so her lover's peculiar temperament was not unknown to her; nor was Mrs. Martha's power in colouring facts a

talent of which her acquaintance were ignorant; thus when this invaluable friend was hastened in her departure by the announcement of Mr. Hipsley, Catherine was prepared to receive an eccentric, but not alarmed at the probability of encountering a maniac.

"Don't let him come up till I go into another room, I beg. I can get from there to the staircase, can't I, my dear?" said Mrs. Martha; and, as one door closed on her hurried exit, the other opened on the unhappy invalid who gives a name to this sketch. How he had summoned sufficient nerve to attempt the present interview we are at a loss to imagine; but there he was, in the presence of the being he ardently loved, who would long since have become his wife, had not his eccentricities raised a barrier to their union.

"You have been a stranger of late, Mr. Hipsley; pray be seated."

"My unfortunate state of health has rendered me a stranger to most of my friends, Miss Thornton."

"But surely this is no reason why you should not visit your physician?"

"I should, indeed, find my best physician *here*," said the nervous man, with much satisfaction remarking that Catherine's dress, and even her gloves, were of silk, consequently non-conductors of electricity. Thus assured, he ventured to take a seat near her, and with deep interest regarded the lovely girl. "This looks all very rational," thought Miss Thornton; "how that Mrs. Martha Meddler has exaggerated, poor fellow!"

"Might I presume so far as to imagine that my absence has been a source of regret to you?"

"I always enjoy the society of old friends. I heard, too, that you had been unwell, and am now happy to be able to congratulate you on your convalescence."

"Convalescence, Catherine!" exclaimed Mr. Hipsley with a deep sigh. "Alas!" thought he, "she suspects not the monstrous phenomenon that sits beside her!"

"Yes, my dear sir; I never saw you looking better."

"I am afraid you derive your information from Dr. Mansell, who treats my disease as imaginary; and yet I conceived that the unhappy climax of my misfortunes was not unknown to him."

"Well, well," said Miss Thornton smiling, "let us not talk on a subject which so evidently distresses you. If you are not quite well yet, no one will rejoice more in your perfect recovery than myself."

"If anything could restore me to the pale of society, it would be the kind interest you express in my welfare. Oh! that I dare ask if the feelings you entertain towards me are—" Mr. Hipsley paused, and Miss Thornton looked on the floor, as though counting the colours in the kaleidoscope-pattern carpet. "I may not—I am too miserable—too unfortunate," and the wretched man hid his face in his handkerchief. "If you assured me of your attachment, if you promised to make me the most blest of mortals by becoming mine, it would only add to my misery."

"Then I have it no longer in my power to make you happy, Mr. Hipsley," said Catherine in a low faltering voice, as her extraordinary lover rose and paced the room in a state of excitement bordering on frenzy.

"To make me happy!" He turned and met a tell-tale glance

that needed no interpretation. "Would you then no longer refuse to become mine?"

At that moment of ecstasy months of disease and suffering were forgotten; he drew towards Catherine, who, in compassion for this long-attached admirer, her face covered with blushes, was about to confess that obedience to a mother's will had alone caused her former coldness. Already had his hand clasped hers, his arm passed around her waist, when, by a natural impulse, Hipsley's lips came in contact with the cheek of the fair girl—had a serpent stung him?—had the downy softness of that face changed on the instant to the leprosy of the lazaret-house, the corruption of the grave? He flung the fond Catherine from him, exclaiming,

"Never, never shalt thou be mine!"

Shaking in every limb, wildly he tore his hair, and stamped the ground in agony of spirit.

"Mr. Hipsley! I am electrified!" said the astounded object of his violence, who had with difficulty preserved herself from falling.

"I knew it! I knew it!" shouted the distracted phenomenon, and rushed from the room. "Wretch that I am!—wretch that I am!" murmured Mr. Hipsley, as he furiously drove his stanhope towards London, "had I even the privilege of a torpedo!—could I only restrain at will the unnatural power with which I am invested!—The electric eel, the ray, in their voltaic natures find the means of subsistence, of defence, and assimilating with their kind, fulfil the appointed purposes of creation; but I must for ever remain a solitary being, a man-monster!—the wonder of the learned and the curious; who will cautiously approach me, as though I were some dangerous animal, some human upas, while living; and when dead, even the grave will be made to resign my corse—again will they try to awake the dormant brain—again may that voltaic pile become instinct with its wonted mysterious energies—again may the subtle electric fluid, coursing through the muscles, give forth its power, and in some museum, amid all the abortions, the excrescences, and the monstrous of the human race, may I be condemned to become in death, as in life, a show and a marvel as the electrical man!"

"Four pence, if you please, sir."

Mr. Hipsley had come to the turnpike, and this demand of that taking personage the toll-gatherer awoke him from his reverie. He drew off his glove, and producing from his pocket a fourpenny piece, was about to give it to the man, who somewhat impatiently awaited to receive it, when the phenomenon's eye rested on the silver in actual contact with his fingers. A twinge seemed to run up his arm, and, imagining that he might communicate an electric shock, he dashed the coin on the ground.

"D—n your impudence!" said the 'pikeman, "I 'spose my hand isn't fit to be touched!" at the same time administering to Hipsley's horse a kick on the flank, which made the animal restive. The master returned the blow which had been given to the beast with the butt-end of his whip over the man's head. In this act of violence the reins slipped from his grasp; attempting to recover them he leant forward, and lost his equilibrium, which was farther discomposed by a knock on the side of the head from his assailant. Falling on the back of his horse, the animal plunged furiously, and in another moment Hipsley was on the ground, bruised and senseless.

Leaving the unfortunate gentleman to be conveyed to the nearest surgeon in a hackney-coach, and from thence to the residence indicated by the cards and letters found on his person, we will return to Miss Thornton, who was in deep conference with Dr. Mansell, her guardian.

"But is it not wretched to see one, who can be so agreeable and so gentlemanly, lost to society by these unhappy whims?" rejoined the young lady, to whom the doctor had been relating some of Hipsley's imaginary distresses.

"It is indeed, my fair ward; and, as a medical man, thoroughly worn out by his perseverance in such fantasy, I had for some time given him up; but, since your happiness is concerned, we must look a little more into the matter. You say he referred to his former proposals, and when you gave him to understand that they would no longer meet with refusal, threw himself into a state of violent excitement, said you should never be his, tore his hair, stamped on the floor, and, on your expressing astonishment at his conduct, declared that he knew it, and rushed from the room. I can make nothing out of this, my dear girl; I should be loath to come to the conclusion that hypochondriasis has terminated in confirmed madness. We must wait a while. Whatever his present fancy may be, it will not last long. This peculiarity in his case has thrown great obstacles in the way of his return to a natural and healthy state of mind. If he continued possessed of one fantastic idea till we had time to prove that he was actually wrong in his supposition, I really believe that the folly which was made evident to him would be his last; but no time has been allowed me for experiment in any one of his afflictions, as he is pleased to call them. Suffering from hydrophobia to-day, he, to use his own phrase, reads on the subject, and cures himself by eating rock-salt. Fairly recovered from his late symptoms, he has lock-jaw for a couple of days, and stumbling on the journal of some medical voyager, wherein it is asserted that cockroaches have been used with effect in such a strait, he sends for this novel remedy from the West India Docks, and what he calls conquers the disease by poulticing his face with these insects crushed into a paste. I can assure you he was only saved from taking a decoction of the same by his servant substituting a cup of India soy. This reminds me that the messenger whom I despatched for Patrick ought to have returned. If I can find out from the faithful fellow the whim which has just now taken possession of his master, we shall be better able to act."

"Dear doctor," said Miss Thornton, who had been a painfully attentive listener to her guardian's opinion of her lover's case, "is not hypochondriasis very nearly allied to madness?"

"It certainly, my dear, often assumes the character of monomania; but with our friend, so rapid are his changes from one folly to another, that his malady cannot be so designated. In great distress of mind, Mr. Hipsley found himself unwell, took to studying medical books, and confounded any superficial knowledge he might have acquired in his desultory reading, by entering with avidity into every new system he might hear of. His rooms are full of pamphlets on animal magnetism, metallic tractors, and homoeopathy, with a host of other schemes. Each complaint that particularly attracts his attention he imagines himself to have, and then gravely

sets to work *secundum artem*, till he is pleased to consider that he has effected a cure. I really believe he suffers acutely from his fancied disorders; but the wonder is to me that his remedies have not killed him. As to my attendance, it has long since been useless, I having been only required to mourn with him a while over his sufferings, and then expected to compliment him on his successful treatment; or, when he has actually injured the tone of his health, render his frame equal to bear another experiment."

At this moment a servant entered the room, and presented on a salver a dirty, curious-looking letter.

"Mr. Hipsley has had an accident, sir," said the man, "and Patrick begs pardon for not coming, but has written you a letter about his master's state of mind; and Patrick begs me to say, with his respects, that Mr. Hipsley fancies himself a—"

What portion of his written communication might have been sent in duplicate, as a message, Dr. Mansell allowed not the footman to make known. Dismissing him, he turned to his ward, who was vainly attempting to hide her agitation.

"Read the note, my dear sir—mind not me—I shall be better directly. What has happened to Mr. Hipsley?"

"Nothing, my sweet girl, which I trust need alarm you," replied her guardian, who in a few words communicated the contents of Patrick's epistle.

At a less grave moment it might have afforded amusement, being after this fashion:

"DEAR SIR,—I let you know that master is just now a 'lectrical machine according to command, and has had a great shock in tumbling out of his gig, or I should have come to tell you as much, if it hadn't happened; but now I write by master's sofa, where he has been bled, and had a composing draught: so hoping to see you as one of master's old friends, I remain

"Your honour's servant to command,

"PATRICK O'TOOLE."

"An electrical machine!" said the doctor musing. "This is a wilder fancy than ever. I wish he had broken his leg or his arm."

"Good heaven, sir! you are certainly not serious," exclaimed Miss Thornton. "Is it not enough that he is confined to his bed, and obliged to be bled? Perhaps he is severely injured already."

And here the poor girl wept bitterly, nor could the doctor for a long time console her sufficiently to make her acquainted with a plan which had just occurred to him for the restoration of her lover. It was this—that Dr. Mansell should proceed with all despatch to Jermyn-street, and, with the concurrence of Mr. Hipsley's surgeon, place the hypochondriac's arm in splints, as though it were really broken, if possible before he awoke. This effected, Miss Thornton with her guardian would await his waking; the former to convince him by actual experiment, in the kind pressure of his hand, that the fancied electric power had departed; the latter to account for the same in the derangement of his frame consequent on the fracture of a limb. In a few minutes the doctor and Catherine were driving with all speed to put their scheme into effect. They found Mr. Hipsley on his sofa, still in a profound slumber, a circumstance which was the more fortunate, as Mrs. Martha Meddler met them at the door of the invalid's lodgings: she having heard of his accident,

had hastened to be of service ; and it is doubtful but she might have disturbed their patient to inquire what she could do for him. All worked according to their most sanguine wishes. The hypochondriac was splinted and bandaged ere he awoke ; and when he opened his eyes, the welcome sight of a gathering of friends round his sick couch awaited him.

" You feel better, my dear Mr. Hipsley," said Catherine, pressing the hand she tremblingly held.

" Allow me to put your cap straight, my dear," kindly suggested Mrs. Martha, who, anxious to play her part in the affair, pulled his reading-cap over his eyes, which obliged the doctor to remove it.

" Are you not electrified?" exclaimed the invalid, turning from one to the other as their hands came in contact with him. " Do I not shock you, dear Catherine, by your hand being in mine?"

" No, Charles ; only by looking so ill and so strangely at me."

The invalid's eyes then rested on the splints which bound the limb.

" What means this, Dr. Mansell? I do not remember having broken my arm."

" You have been insensible, Hipsley, but your arm is nevertheless broken ; on which I sincerely congratulate you, as the fracture in your frame has destroyed that unity of parts, that wonderful sympathetic combination which had rendered you an electrical phenomenon."

The doctor knew he was talking nonsense, but looked wonderously grave to conceal this fact ; an art well known to some of his medical brethren.

" Then I am a broken philosophical instrument," said Hipsley, sighing heavily, as with the assistance of his friends he rose from his couch.

" Exactly so," responded Dr. Mansell, now with difficulty restraining a smile. Mrs. Martha Meddler laughed outright ; and, as Catherine's eyes met his, they were so bright with merriment, that the hypochondriac could not resist their influence ; something very like a smile stole over his features.

" Is my arm *really* broken?" inquired he.

" As really broken as you were this morning a walking electrical machine," replied the doctor, cutting the bandages, and allowing the splints to fall.

" I am afraid I have been very foolish in all this. Will you forgive me, my good friends, and you especially, dear Catherine?—have you not been shocked at my conduct?"

" Yes, a little, I must confess ; but never electrified, as I believe I once added to your distress by telling you."

" I have been in the wrong throughout."

" Master's right now for once," remarked Patrick to Mrs. Martha, a suggestion which that lady graciously answered by an assent ; for all parties were so happy at the restoration of the invalid to a natural state of mind, that the distinctions of rank were for the moment laid aside. A compromise with the turnpike man was followed by Hipsley making a compromise with his friends. His past follies were to be buried in oblivion if he eschewed new ones. In due course of time he married the fair Catherine, and in the enjoyments of wedded life forgot the sorrows of his wooing.

RICHARD JOHNS.

THE NARRATIVE OF JOHN WARD GIBSON.

CHAPTER VI.

Concluded from page 366, Vol. III.

To some natures human, perhaps I should say physical, considerations are the first that, in cases of emergency, present themselves. My nature was of this kind. What had I done? I had killed a man in self-defence—one who would have plundered, and who had attempted to murder me. It was justifiable homicide. Who, under the circumstances, could have acted otherwise? Besides, the spectacle before me could not now unnerve me. The excitement of the recent struggle between us had not altogether subsided, and I had suffered so much for years past from another event, which Steiner himself had forced upon me, that I would not permit myself to be overwhelmed by this accident. I felt also that my hatred of Steiner had only lain dormant thus long; that his murderous assault upon me on the previous night had quickened, had revived, and, if possible, had strengthened it; and I felt, ay, even as I gazed upon the lifeless body, that no time, no years passed in this world could obliterate or destroy it. I now bethought me what course was to be pursued. I must rescue myself from the imputation that might lie against me of having murdered Steiner; I must do more—I must establish the charge against the deceased, and hold up his name and his memory to execration and ignominy. No thought of Mrs. Steiner or of the boy obtruded itself upon me at the moment, or if it did, I rejected it. Justice must be done: I had always loved justice—I had practised it hitherto, and they had felt it.

Thus resolved, I sat myself down in a chair, and awaited, not calmly but callously, the arrival of the old woman who attended upon me, and who came regularly at seven o'clock. The pain in my arm was great, but that I heeded not; on the contrary, it supplied me with a motive for suppressing any regret I might be weak enough to feel (but there was little danger of that) in consequence of what had occurred.

A sudden thought flashed through my brain. Why was I seated inactive, when prudence pointed out the expediency of alarming the neighbourhood? As it was, I had tarried too long. Every moment of farther delay would materially alter the complexion of the case, as it would present itself to indifferent witnesses. Would they indeed believe the story I had to relate? I turned faint and sick when that doubt proposed itself to me. The seclusion in which I had lived was calculated to increase suspicion against me, which doubtless had been long engendered, and Steiner's vengeance would at length be fulfilled.

Were these fears reasonable? I think not; and yet having once, and in an evil moment, entertained them, they grew upon me, and altogether paralysed my faculties. I felt intensely the necessity of immediate action, but was utterly deprived of the power to act.

Hardly conscious of the motive that prompted me, I drew the body of Steiner into the back-room, and covering it with a cloak, thrust it under a sofa, before which I placed some chairs, and returning to the parlour, I set the furniture hastily in its accustomed

order, and retired to my chamber, where I dressed the wound in my arm, washed myself, and endeavoured to counterfeit a calmness which, at any rate, might impose upon my servant.

It was now too late to recede. To decide upon any course of action in trying circumstances is a relief; and the weakness of yielding to imaginary fears, and the difficulty and danger of concealing from the world all knowledge of this unfortunate occurrence, were for a time forgotten. They were too soon impressed upon me, and in a manner I had not foreseen, and could not now avert.

A knock at the door summoned me down stairs. As I proceeded along the passage, I thought I could distinguish the tones of two voices in conversation. I listened, transfixed to the spot with the hideous conviction that they—who, I knew not—were come to search the house in quest of the body which I had concealed, and which, therefore,—for that inference must be invincible,—I had murdered. It was a moment of agonizing suspense; but the voices had ceased, the knock was renewed, and I knew it to be that of my attendant.

My agitation must have been but too visible when, on opening the door, I beheld Mrs. Steiner.

"The lady wishes to speak to you, sir," said the old woman, entering.

I motioned her to retire to the kitchen, and turned in silent perplexity towards Mrs. Steiner.

"Good heavens! Mr. Gibson," she exclaimed, "how dreadfully pale you look! What is the matter?"

I might have remarked the same of her also; but I had no power to speak.

"You do not answer," she resumed. "Oh God! it is—it must be as I suspected!"

"What—what do you suspect?" I dared not look upon her, but retired in confusion into the parlour. She followed me, and sunk upon a chair.

There was a vagueness, almost a wildness in her eye, as she glanced hurriedly around the room, which disconcerted me not a little. She looked as though she had expected to see some person whom she feared to meet.

"You have nobody in the house, Mr. Gibson?" she inquired in a half whisper, pointing to the door of the back-room.

"Nobody but my servant, who entered with you," I replied, the blood rushing violently to my face. "You have brought the letter, madam, I suppose, for Frederick?"

"Frederick!"—she gazed upon me listlessly—"Oh yes, I have.—My God! what weakness is this!" and she pressed her hand upon her forehead. "Here it is—I hardly know what I have written." She drew it from her reticule and handed it to me.

"Oh, Mr. Gibson," she resumed, as I sat, my eyes bent vacantly on the superscription, "I have been so alarmed."

"Indeed! What has alarmed you, Mrs. Steiner?" The letter dropt from my hand.

"He has been here—your looks tell me so!" she exclaimed. "My husband—Steiner has been here!"

I arose suddenly—"No—no—he has not been here; I have not seen him, as Heaven is my witness. Why should you think so?"

This assurance appeared to relieve her.

"He called yesterday at my former lodging," she continued; "the woman saw him, and would not tell him where I resided."

"Compose yourself," I said; "he will not be able to discover your lodging—I am sure he will not. What motive," I added, "can induce him to seek me?"

"Oh, sir!" she replied, "he inquired your address of the woman, and she told him."

"He will not venture to see me, depend upon it," I said hastily. "Be calm, I beseech you, and go home now: you have nothing to fear from him."

Mrs. Steiner, while I was speaking, sat with her hands clasped, and her eyes raised to mine. She burst into tears when I had concluded.

"Mr. Gibson," she exclaimed, "you will think me a foolish, weak woman, but I hardly dare go home. I know I shall hear something—I am certain of it—it is horrible to think of! I had such a dream last night!"

"My dear madam," said I, interrupting her, "this is indeed weakness. Are you the slave of empty and unmeaning dreams?"

"Ha!" she cried, starting from the chair, "somebody is coming to the door!—I hear his step outside!" and she listened with an appearance of intense anxiety that almost equalled my own.

It was a double knock at the door. Who could it be? A short interval of fearful suspense succeeded.

"A Mr. Hartwell wishes to see you, sir," said the servant, entering the room.

An exclamation of terror was about to burst from the lips of Mrs. Steiner, but she checked it. She flew towards me, and held me by the arm.

"Who is this man, Hartwell?" I said. "I do not know him. Tell me, do you know him?"

She motioned me to close the door.—"He was the friend—no, no,—the companion of Mr. Steiner, and brought us to misery. It was he who led Frederick into vices that—oh, sir! I must not see him for the world! Where shall I conceal myself? Oh, yes! in here."

"Not there!—not there!" I exclaimed, seizing her hand as she was about to open the door of the back-room. "Tell the gentleman," I turned to the servant, "that I will see him directly."

"I would not he should see me *here* for the world," she cried. "Oh! Mr. Gibson, you must permit me—"

I had no strength to struggle with her. The door was opened.

"Sit there," I whispered, pointing to a chair. "Do not stir—promise me, swear you will not stir."

"My God! how strange!—my dream last night!—so like this—it *was* this!"

I fled into the parlour at these words, and threw myself into a chair. In a moment more a tall man of genteel appearance walked into the room.

"I beg pardon for the liberty I have taken, sir," said he; "my name is Hartwell. I fear I find you extremely unwell."

"I am so," I answered faintly, as I motioned him to take a seat. "What may be your business with me, Mr. Hartwell?"

"Why, sir," said he, "my friend, Steiner, called upon you last night."

"No, no, he did not," I exclaimed hastily.

Hartwell smiled, and shook his head. "Pardon me, my dear sir," he returned blandly, "I am certain that he did, because I accompanied him to the door."

"Hush! hush! do not speak so loud," and I arose from my seat; "I have an invalid in the next room. I thought," I added hesitating—(I wonder even now at the presence of mind which enabled me to hit upon that)—"I thought perhaps—for all Mr. Steiner's acquaintance are not friends—that he might not wish you to know he had been here."

"Oh, Lord bless you, no," said Hartwell; "we are very good friends, I assure you. He promised to call upon me after he had seen you, and I am surprised he should not have kept his word with me. Pray, Mr. Gibson, when did he leave you?"

"Leave me!"—I started—"oh, about two hours ago."

"Very strange!" cried Hartwell; "he was to sail for Hamburg this morning."

"He is gone, then, no doubt." This propitious intimation, unexpected as it was, eased me beyond expression. Hartwell, however, seemed greatly perplexed.

"I cannot think he would deceive me," he said at length. "Will you allow me to inquire, sir, whether Mr. Steiner had reason to be satisfied with the result of his visit to you?"

"I do not understand—"

"He came to borrow money, I think," he continued; "did he succeed, Mr. Gibson?"

"He did."

"D—the fellow! it's so like him. And yet,"—he mused,—"I cannot but believe I shall see him yet. Good morning, Mr. Gibson; I am sorry to have troubled you."

I know not how I bore my part in the foregoing conversation; not with much address or self-possession, I suspect; for I detected Hartwell gazing at me with seeming surprise upon one or two occasions. I thanked God when he was well gone. It was not likely I should see him again. Steiner had sailed for Hamburg; he would conclude so, and I should hear no more of him.

Nothing now remained but to dismiss Mrs. Steiner as speedily as possible, and afterwards to dispose of the body so secretly that it should never see the light. It would be well to treat Mrs. Steiner's vague apprehensions with levity, lest at some future time, hearing no tidings of her husband, she might be led to couple, and perhaps to connect, my extreme confusion of manner with the date of Steiner's expected appearance in London, and to infer thence, and speedily to conclude, that I was in some measure the cause of his absence. *She* never would have suspected me of having murdered him, I felt assured of that; and this conviction sufficed to fortify me against the short scene that was, as I believed, about to ensue between us.

I had opened the door softly. Oh God! what a spectacle encountered me when I was about to enter the room. She had removed the chairs from before the sofa, and was at that moment kneeling, or rather crouching, on the ground. Leaning forward, supported on one hand, every limb of her body quivering with the agony of prophetic fear, her other hand was stretched forward, and was about to

grasp the cloak that concealed the remains of her husband. Ha! she had already laid hold upon it ere I could rush forward to prevent her.

I grasped her shoulder with the fury, with the strength of a wild beast. She flung herself backward, drawing the cloak with her, towards her. The body—the face had been seen!

It was not a scream—a shriek—I shall never hear its like again in this world. The echo of it—the imitation, if such could be—of that dreadful appeal, or imprecation, would make a madman of me now. Its remembrance shuts out hope from me for ever.

And yet the instinct of self-preservation was then present to me. I threw the cloak once more over the body, replaced the chairs, and raising the senseless form from the floor, carried it into the parlour before the servant, who had been alarmed by the outcry, could make her appearance. The old woman speedily busied herself in applying those common remedies which are always at hand, but which are not always efficacious; nor were they in this instance.

“I will carry her to my own room,” said I; “she will get better presently, I dare say.”

“What is the matter with the lady?” inquired the woman. “Is she often so?”

“She is mad,” said I impressively, “Mrs. Watkins, mark me, she is mad. You must not heed what she says. She will perhaps rave, and utter strange things; you must pay no attention to them.”

So saying, I took Mrs. Steiner in my arms, and, followed by the woman, conveyed her to my chamber.

“Had not a doctor better be sent for?” suggested the woman; “she still remains insensible.”

“No; no occasion for one at present,” I replied; “she is thus sometimes for hours. Do not leave her side, and when she comes to herself call me.”

I retreated down stairs. What I suffered on that day it is past imagination to conceive: a second endurance of it no human being could withstand. I took no sustenance, but remained closed in, in frightful companionship with the body. To wring the hands, to tear the hair, to beat the bosom, were no employments of mine. I felt no remorse; I was not even sorry for what I had done, or for what it had led to; it was sheer, absolute, simple fear. The dread of detection—of conviction—of an ignominious death—it was this, and this alone.

In the afternoon Mrs. Watkins suddenly came to me, and beckoned me to follow her. I did so. She led the way to the chamber. Mrs. Steiner lay on the bed; her eyes were open now, but motionless; and her hands at intervals were convulsively clenched. I observed her in awe-stricken silence for some time.

“Has she spoken yet?” I inquired.

“No: she will never speak again,” replied the woman. “It doesn’t signify, Mr. Gibson; a doctor must be sent for; I will not permit the poor lady to die without assistance.”

I knew not what I said. “To die without assistance!—ha! ha! Doctors are good assistants to death. No—no doctors.”

“Shameful!” cried the woman; “you don’t know what you’re talking about. For heaven’s sake, sir, call in Mr. Greaves! Go for him, dear Mr. Gibson, instantly.”

"I go for him!" I thought of the body below. "She cannot speak?" The woman shook her head. "Go, then, for Greaves; tell him to come instantly."

"I cannot leave the lady—I ought not, sir," she said in a tone of remonstrance.

"You must," I exclaimed; "I myself will watch her while you are gone. Be quick—lose not a moment."

Mrs. Watkins retired in apparent dissatisfaction, but returned shortly with the doctor. He examined her with deep attention and concern for a considerable period. Turning to me at length, he said,

"Good God! sir, your servant tells me that the lady has been in this state since an early hour this morning, and that you have repeatedly resisted calling in a professional man."

"I did not think, sir—"

"You must be mad not to think."

"I am not mad, sir," said I doggedly.

"Pshaw!" cried Greaves, again returning to the bed, "if she had been bled instantly, she might have been saved," he continued; "but it is useless now."

Greaves now began to interrogate me closely as to any cause or supposed cause of Mrs. Steiner's present state. I could not satisfy him. I had only to say that she had called upon me early on that morning, and that she told me she had been much agitated by hearing that her husband had returned to England, and was now in London. I added, that she had reason to dread any farther connection with him.

The doctor heard me with evident distrust. "This can hardly account, sir," he said, "for the state in which I find her. Some sudden shock—some frightful communication—"

"Which," said I, interrupting him, "I did not make."

"Well, sir," he returned, "where are her friends? They have been sent for, of course?"

"She has none—that I am aware of."

"Good God! sir, you are a very strange person," cried Greaves in disgust. "Where does she live?"

I satisfied him.

"Now," he continued, "couldn't you easily put on your hat, and tell the good woman of the house to come hither? She perhaps knows more of her friends than you appear to do, or seem disposed to acknowledge."

Greaves uttered the last few words with an emphasis that left me in little doubt as to the construction it was intended I should put upon them. It was necessary that I should cut short this conversation, which I felt, if prolonged, was likely to involve me still deeper in suspicion.

"Mr. Greaves," said I, with a composure for which the doctor was not prepared, and which even surprised myself, forming, as it did, so perfect a contrast to my former restlessness and perturbation: "Mr. Greaves, this lady is, and has been for some years, under my protection. Her only son is also under my care, and is being educated at my expense. I owe it to him, to her, and to myself, not to leave her for one moment on so critical an occasion as the present. If I have done wrong in not applying to you before, I am sorry for it; ascribe it to excess of anxiety on my part, and you will be right

in so doing. My servant shall go for the woman of the house at which she resides."

I wrote the address on a card, and gave it to Mrs. Watkins.

"My character will bear investigation, sir," I resumed, when the woman had left the room. "I am known, and where I am known I am respected."

Greaves was deeply impressed, not more by what I had said than by my manner of saying it.

"I see now," he said; "I beg pardon if I am wrong in my conjecture why this unhappy lady should dread the sight of her husband—"

I started and turned pale. "The sight of her husband, sir?"

"I did not mean to offend," said Greaves kindly.

"Ah!" said I, "I see what you mean now." I was willing he should continue in that error.

The doctor shortly left me to prepare something for his patient, which, however, he frankly told me he did not expect would be of much avail, promising to call again at night.

It was now nearly dark; my servant could not return in less than an hour; no time was to be lost. I descended into the garden, and digging a grave in a remote corner, silently committed Steiner's remains to the ground. It was a part of the garden never frequented; and I contrived so to overlay it with old lumber and broken garden-chairs which were strewn about in its vicinity, that nobody could have perceived that any recent labour had been performed there.

Mrs. Steiner died on that night, silently, without the utterance of a word. Not a glance revealed to me what she had seen, and what had killed her. I was safe, therefore,—safe—that one assurance possessed me.

In the solitude of my own chamber, and on my knees, I thanked Heaven for that. I could not then think on the fearful and mysterious accident which had deprived me of my only friend in the world. The sole depositary of a secret, whose utterance would destroy me, had been taken hence, and I was once more secure. Could it be supposed that any joy could be extracted from such circumstances, then I did rejoice that she was no more.

CHAPTER VII.

If I have dwelt upon no event of my life since I had occasion to mention Steiner, that has not in some measure referred to or been controlled by him, it is because there was not one worthy even of the name of incident which he did not directly or obliquely influence. Oh! that I had left Bromley's service when Steiner first entered into partnership with him! How different my life must, how happy it might have been.

It was shortly after the funeral of Mrs. Steiner that I began to hear that whispers were rife in the neighbourhood respecting me. These surmises—set afloat, doubtless, by my servant—bore exclusive reference to Mrs. Steiner, and to my supposed treatment of her; some even going so far as to hint their belief that she had not come by her death fairly. Hartwell also had called upon me several times pending Mrs. Steiner's funeral; and was, and with reason, much sur-

prised and shocked to hear of her sudden death under such circumstances as I chose to detail to him. He was, if possible, still more surprised to have heard nothing of Steiner; but, as he hinted no suspicions that affected myself,—as, indeed, he expressed none at the time,—and as, moreover, he perfectly well knew the character and habits of his friend, I did not seek to conceal that he had attempted to extort money from me by threats. I added, however, that being alone and unarmed, I had been constrained to give him the money he required; and I expressed my opinion—an opinion in which Hartwell concurred—that he had set sail for Hamburg early in the morning, and that we should probably never see him again.

There was a serenity, united with perfect ease, in the manners of Hartwell, that indicated an intimate acquaintance with good society. It is true I knew little of the man, except from the hasty and confused report of Mrs. Steiner; an account which, coupled with the fact of his friendship for her husband, was not likely to predispose me much in his favour. But I knew well, at the same time, that he was the only man living whose suspicions, once excited and concentrated upon me, could bring my conduct and character in question. I was in no situation—in no mind likewise—to assist myself at present: he was, or appeared to be, perfectly satisfied with the explanations I had offered; and as he had called upon me often, and unasked on my part, and gradually dropt the name of Steiner altogether, I suffered at first, but soon began to countenance his visits.

In the mean while it became necessary, for more reasons than one, that I should change my residence. Two years had now elapsed since the death of Mrs. Steiner. The surmises in the neighbourhood had subsided: the whispers—if there were any—did not reach my ears; but, whenever I walked abroad there was a timid scrutiny of my person on the part of some, and an audacious intenceness of gaze from others, that rendered my residence at this place for any longer period inconvenient and irksome. I cannot say that I felt very acutely these indications,—for a man who lives out of the world can easily dispense with its good opinion; my private belief being, that, were not such good opinion indispensable to an individual's advancement and pleasure in life, he would be little disposed to regard it for its own sake.

My chief reason was one with which the world had nothing to do. It was not when I walked abroad, but at home—in the quietness and solitude of the house—in the silence of my own memory, and at the mercy of the harrowing scene it conjured up,—it was then that I felt, if life and reason were longer to co-exist, I must abandon, fly from the accursed place for ever. Such expiation as horror could afford had been paid long ago: and it was time that the past should be unremembered, if not forgotten.

There was yet another motive. It was a dreary abode for the boy, young Frederick Steiner, when he came home for the holidays. He was now with me; and during his stay I had been laying out plans for his future life in accordance with his own wishes,—for I passionately loved the boy. My affection for this lad, which he returned with all the warmth and freshness of a young and generous nature, was one of the inexplicable mysteries of my life. I had no cause to love him, save for his own sake; and there were reasons

why I should both hate and fear him ; and yet, strange to say, my remembrance of Steiner, as his father, transferred no bitterness to him ; or, was it that his mother's memory assuaged, destroyed it ? I know not. And yet—but it will be told in good time. But little intervenes.

Frederick had expressed a stray desire to enter the army,—a destination for him to which I was at first much opposed, until at length I was won over by his importunities. I had let the house, and was about to remove to a house in Berner's Street on the next day, at which time my nephew—for so I called him—was to depart for the Military College at Addiscombe.

Hartwell was dining with me on that day. I introduced the boy to him. He received him with great kindness ; partly, perhaps, out of friendship for his late father, partly out of complaisance to myself.

"No very perceptible likeness, I think?" he observed.

"To his father, none."

"I had not the pleasure of knowing Mrs. Steiner."

"Oh, no. I remember you had not." I should not have mentioned this trivial talk, but that it was adverted to afterwards.

After dinner Hartwell proposed that we should take our wine in the garden. We retired thither.

"After all," said he, casting his eyes around, "although you are, I dare say, quite right in leaving this house of yours, what a pleasant place might be made of it. It is just the thing for a respectable family."

"A family has taken it," I remarked.

"For instance," pursued Hartwell, "you have let the garden run to waste sadly. You're not much of a florist, Gibson. Look there, at that disgraceful hole in the corner," and he pointed to the spot where I had buried Steiner ; "that'll be dug up, and replanted in less than a month, I'll be sworn. What say you, Master Frederick?" and he turned to the boy ; "shouldn't you like to have a hand in it?"

"Indeed I should," said the boy. "What ails you, uncle? you look ill."

"The air is chilly ; the wine has not agreed with me!" I stammered. "Let us go in."

How incredible it seems to me now, that I should never have thought of that. I almost felt grateful to Hartwell that he had unwittingly reminded me of it. It seemed as though some special Providence interfered in my behalf, and would not suffer me to meet detection. Suffice it to say, I effectually removed—a frightful employment!—all that could betray me.

I must now pass over several years ; merely touching upon one or two points, the omission of which would render this portion of my narrative unintelligible.

Frederick Steiner returned from India at the conclusion of the Burmese war, on a leave of absence for three years. He was grown a very fine young man, of impetuous temper, but of warm affections, and with a noble heart. During the period of his absence I had mixed much in society of a certain class,—of that class into which a man is almost necessarily thrown who can find no pleasure in domestic life. An intimacy—it cannot be termed friendship—had sub-

sisted all along between Hartwell and myself, founded upon and cemented by the similarity of our tastes and habits. Among other vices he had imbued me with a passion for gaming,—a passion which, like that of love, is often stimulated rather than destroyed by ill success. I was now in comparatively reduced circumstances; but I had done nothing hitherto to impair my credit, or to compromise my character. Sometimes, indeed, desperate with my bad fortune, I would unadvisedly throw out strange things, which were forgotten the next day by myself; but which, it would seem, had deeply impressed themselves upon Hartwell. They were nothing more than denunciations of human nature in the mass, and doubts as to the wisdom of permitting one's-self to be trammelled by moral obligations,—phrases which, I doubt not, every losing gamester relieves himself by uttering.

On Frederick's arrival in England, Hartwell attached himself to him with a closeness almost amounting to pertinacity. He had formerly been in the army; had seen a great deal of the world in all its various and shifting forms; his manners were prepossessing; and his conversation just such as easiest recommends itself to the attention of a young man of spirit and feeling, being free, without grossness; sometimes, although not often, grave, and never dull. I never could exactly account for the great pains Hartwell was at to secure this young man's friendship. He could not hope to gain much money from him; indeed, he never attempted it: could it be that he was the son of his former friend? No. Hartwell had himself often confessed to me that his intimacy with Steiner had been held together merely by a community of interest.

Be this as it may, I hardly wonder that Frederick should have preferred Hartwell's company to mine. There was little in me to attract to myself the time of a vivacious young man, whose sole pursuit was pleasure; and I had too much affection for him to wish to do so. I had, besides, so full a belief of his affection for me, that the notion of Hartwell's supplanting me was altogether out of the question. They grew, however, more intimate daily; and thus matters went on for some months.

One morning Hartwell called upon me, and solicited my attention to a business, as he called it, of very great importance.

"Have you a mind to make your fortune, Gibson?" said he, with a confident, and a confidential smile, that argued some proposition of a novel nature.

I answered in the affirmative.

"You are a man of the world," he resumed; "and, therefore, few words will suffice. I know, also, you are not over particular."

"What do you mean, Mr. Hartwell?" I replied.

"As to the means whereby—" he rejoined.

"So long as those means are—"

"Safe," cried Hartwell: "I understand. They are so."

He now opened to me a scheme of villany—a system of plunder, so well laid down, so exquisitely arranged; and entered into the *minutiae*, the *pros.* and *cons.*, all that could be urged for and against, so earnestly, and, at the same time with so much coolness and deliberation, that I was unable, when he concluded, to consider him in jest.

I took the precaution, however, of putting that question to him.

"In jest? no!" cried Hartwell, in extreme astonishment. "Look ye, Gibson. You have lost large sums of late: you are crippled, I know. I put you in the way of retrieving yourself; and, instead of thanking me, as you ought—"

He paused, in perfect bewilderment at my prolonged gravity.

"You do not seem to understand me," he continued after a while. "Our accomplices—agents, I mean,—will manage the whole under my superintendence. You will have nothing to do but to furnish the cash, and that but for a short time."

"I do not know what you have hitherto mistaken me for, Mr. Hartwell," I said at length, "or what, in my recent conduct, has led you to infer that I could be brought into a conspiracy like this."

"How?" cried Hartwell.

"For instance," I resumed, "you yourself are under many pecuniary obligations to me, for which I have never troubled you, and which I now only mention to prove to you that money cannot tempt me to commit dishonourable actions."

Hartwell sat silent for some time, and bit his lips with vexation.

"You have betrayed me, Mr. Gibson," he said at length.

"How so? Rather, you have betrayed yourself, Mr. Hartwell."

"It's true, by G—! I have so;" and he arose. "But, who could have thought that you—I never would have spoken of it, but you compel me to do so,—that you, who have committed crimes that should have hanged you, could have sported a conscience, even in jest, or in your cups."

I was about to speak.

"Pshaw!" he continued in disgust. "Steiner told me,—and I know it,—that you—"

"Set fire to his house," said I, interrupting him. "It is well he could get one to believe that, not including himself. He could hardly expect that."

"What could he hardly expect?" retorted Hartwell; "to be murdered for it? Perhaps not. And his wife—that tale was well told, Mr. Gibson. Do not turn pale: blush now, and look white at the—elsewhere, I mean. Good morning, sir!"

I let him go in silence. These were empty threats, which he would repent in due time. He waited upon me again in the afternoon, and, expressing some regret for his former warmth, sounded me once more respecting his project. I resisted entertaining it, even more strongly than before.

Hartwell was wrought to a pitch of fury by my obstinacy, which appeared to him perfectly incomprehensible. He repeated the same charges, with the addition of others; one, for instance, involving a doubt of the paternity of young Steiner; and left me with threats, as before,—threats which I despised. He had now committed himself. I was assured he *knew* nothing, which his language of the morning, conveying so much truth, spoken at random, had for a moment led me to fear.

I was not mistaken when I foresaw that Hartwell would not dare to bring charges against me publicly which he had no means whatever of substantiating. I had not, however, conceived the possibility of his tampering,—of his disposition to do so I was well aware, but of his being permitted to tamper—with young Steiner. A few days, nevertheless, convinced me that he had done so; and a watch-

ful scrutiny of the manners and behaviour of the young man taught me to believe that he had done so successfully; that he had rendered him suspicious, distrustful of me; that, by means of an incongruous collection of charges—for they were so, and would so have appeared to the world at large,—he had made himself the too easy instrument of utterly alienating Frederick's affections from his friend, his guardian, and his benefactor.

I watched the young man closely, I have said, and I was confirmed in my suspicions. He knows but little of my nature who supposes I could bear that certainty with patience. His constraint in my presence became more and more manifest; I could see that he felt it more. He was uneasy, embarrassed in my company: I, on my part, was taciturn, gloomy, and morose. I had collected materials on which to act; it was now my purpose to put them into shape.

That he—the only being in the world for whom I cared a rush—against whom the whole world would have weighed as lightly,—that he, who had been indebted to me, as an infant, for his life; as a boy, for his maintenance and protection; as a man, for his station and prospects in the world; who owed me more affection than he could have repaid by gratitude, if he did not repay it, as I had hoped, with affection; that he should have turned against me—silently, without inquiry, without scruple: this was more than I could bear. It stung me; no, no—it maddened me! And yet, what was to be done? No more wild justice,—no more revenge. I could execute that no longer. I strove, for once in my life, to think and to act calmly and dispassionately, and to be directed by the result of sober reflection, and the result of my reflections was madness,—and yet I pondered deeply, too.

Hartwell I despised too much to hate: I contemned and forgave him. Steiner was yet very young. I had hitherto given him credit for generosity of nature: inexperienced as he was, the subtle plausibility of a villain might have misled him. I had suffered so much from falsehood heretofore, I would now see what effect truth might have,—the whole truth.

Frederick was too young when his father left England to remember him, and, consequently, he would not regret his loss. His mother had been dead many years. He should know all; the physical calamity that, when injured, converted me into a madman; the injuries I had endured; all—he should know all. If, after hearing, he hated me, could he respect Hartwell?—I had no longer a wish to live. If he was generous he would pity me; if otherwise, he might, if he so pleased, betray me. I made myself up for that, and I was pleased with it.

I met him early on the following morning. He entered the room hastily, looking wild and haggard.

"You were late last night, sir," I remarked.

"I did not come home," he answered vaguely.

"With Hartwell, I presume? He has told you something new respecting me."

"He will tell me no more," said he: "I have heard too much already."

"Not enough," I replied, smiling bitterly: "I also have something for your private ear. Sit down, sir!" and I seized him by the arm.

"Let me go!—I must not stay here!" he exclaimed, striving to break from me; but I held him fast.

"Nay, but, Frederick Steiner, you must stay. Promise me that you will hear me patiently: I will not detain you long."

He sat down, covering his face with his hands. "I obey you, sir."

"You must not interrupt me," I said.

Calmly,—for madness is sometimes calm,—and with a studied emphasis,—for I had rehearsed it on the previous night,—I confessed everything, and paused, awaiting his answer.

I noted well the gaze, the immovable gaze, which was lifted up to me when I detailed the circumstances of my first crime; that gaze, which continued without intermission, without alteration, without meaning. I awaited his answer. Some minutes elapsed. I became alarmed; and, rising, took him by the shoulder.

He shook me from him as though I had been a reptile, and bounded to his feet.

"What have I done?" he exclaimed, suddenly recollecting himself. "My great God! what have I done?—Come not near me! come not near me!"

I approached to pacify him. He seized me by the shoulders, and, dashing me violently to the ground, rushed from the room. I had scarcely risen from the floor when he returned, and, falling at my feet, clasped my knees.

"Oh, my benefactor, my friend, my father, forgive me!" he exclaimed. "I knew not what I did! What a dreadful, miserable mistake is this! I see it all now. You suspected me of having listened to Hartwell, of having believed him, which I never did. I thought from your manner you felt aggrieved by his calumnies—for calumnies, yes, by Heaven, they were! I met him this morning."

There was a knocking at the door. "Rise! for God's sake, rise!" I exclaimed. "No one should see you thus!"

A young gentleman entered the room.

"Well, Harris?" cried Frederick, and he sprang towards him.

"You must fly!" cried the other. "Hartwell is dead!"

He staggered backward, and fell heavily to the earth.

"What does this mean?" said I wildly.

"Has not your nephew told you, sir," said Harris, raising his friend, "of the duel between Hartwell and himself this morning? The man is dead. Prevail upon your nephew to fly."

"Yes, I must fly!" cried Frederick, breaking from him; "I must fly; but whither, and from whom? Oh, sir!" and he cast an imploring gaze towards me, "I am a murderer—a murderer!"

I was affected. He perceived it, and fell upon my neck; and, taking my hands between his own, he raised and kissed them.

"Oh, my best, my only friend, forgive me! as I shall pray, as I do *now* pray—what did I say?—for forgiveness for you."

He said no more, but hastened up stairs.

"Is he not rather long gone, sir?" said Harris. "He need make no preparation under circumstances like these."

"Gone?—where?" said I. I had not been heeding the time.

A thought, almost a conviction, flashed across me.

"Run up stairs instantly!" I exclaimed, "or you will be too late."

The words were scarce spoken ere the report of a pistol was heard. Harris had come too late. He had shot himself through the heart! What followed I cannot tell. I knew not — I felt not that he was dead for months afterwards.

Need I add more? What I have been the reader will conclude. What I am it were needless and profitless to tell. What I feel—if I feel aught now—may be best expressed in the words of an obscure author, whose name I have forgotten, but whose lines I remember.

“ But we are strong, as we have need of strength,
 Even in our own default, and linger on,
 Enduring and forbearing, till, at length,
 The very staple of our griefs is gone,
 And we grow hard by custom—'t is all one.
 Our joys, deep laid in earth, our hopes above,
 Nor hope nor joy disturbs the heart's dull tone ;
 One stirs it not, nor can the other move,
 While woe keeps tearless watch upon the grave of love.”

LINES WRITTEN IN A BALL-ROOM.

How gay is this scene! where the music is breathing,
 And light fairy footsteps re-echo the sound,
 Where Pleasure her exquisite garland is wreathing,
 And Flattery's soft-utter'd whisper is found ;
 While the dance's wild measure so gaily is flowing,
 And Beauty her dearest attraction is showing,
 With blushes and smiles in their witchery glowing,
 And eyes which are glaucing like starlight around.

Yet still, though the dance has such power in beguiling
 The long dreary silence of midnight away,
 And bright are those eyes which, unsettled and smiling,
 To all that behold them distribute their ray,—
 If even a world should unite to caress thee,
 And scatter its roses of pleasure to bless thee,
 Though no transient cloud should arise to distress thee,
 The joy of such feelings must early decay.

And sweeter it is when the night-flowers are weeping
 At midnight, in silence, their tears of perfume,
 To wander 'mid scenes where the moon-beams are sleeping
 Enamour'd, on beds of the hyacinth's bloom ;
 And with one whose affections to thine are united,
 To whom thy young heart its devotion has plighted,
 To turn to the landscape so brilliantly lighted
 Those eyes, which the purest of feelings illumine ;

And to know that the heart which beside thee is beating,
 For thee would the joy of existence resign,
 That the lover whose eloquent glance thou art meeting
 Can gaze on no beauty so cherish'd as thine.
 And thus with the bright stars glittering o'er thee,
 An Eden of Nature all smiling before thee,
 And one faithful heart which exists to adore thee,
 To find the deep stillness of midnight—divine.



William Pitt the Younger

MARCEL'S LAST MINUET.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

ANY person who was in the habit of passing through the Rue Richelieu in the year 1746, would be sure of witnessing a crowd of gay equipages drawn up before the gate of a rather handsome hotel. This line of carriages generally maintained its position from eleven in the morning until an hour after noon. Young noblemen *en chennille*, their hair half powdered, and carelessly turned up with the comb only, jumped out lightly from their elegant phaetons, while footmen in gorgeous liveries opened the carriage doors, and held out their arms respectfully to ladies attired in morning dresses, and who were all young, if they were not beautiful. The carriages succeeded one another with extraordinary rapidity, and but few of the visitors prolonged their stay beyond five minutes. If any stranger, who was surprised at this incessant but always regular bustle, inquired the reason, he would be told that the hotel belonged to Monsieur Marcel; or else his inquiry would be answered by a question, and he would be asked if he were a gentleman, or wished to be presented at court.

"If so," they would add, "all you have to do is to go up stairs; it will only cost you twelve francs." If the singularity of this piece of information induced the stranger to go through with the adventure, he crossed the threshold of the carriage-gate without being stopped by a Swiss's impertinent interrogatory of "Where are you going, sir?" The door was open to everybody; and on entering, you stood in a court neatly paved in mosaic, and surrounded by orange-trees in boxes, and a profusion of foreign shrubs. In the depth of winter a verdant and ever-smiling landscape might be seen on the walls, which were painted in that fashion. On the right hand, between two pillars, was a wide staircase, over which was spread a rich and thick carpet; and the angles of the landing-places were ornamented with pedestals, on which were placed nymphs, graces, and doves, in plaster, after the designs of Bouchardon.

This staircase led to the ante-room of the first floor. A half-opened door faced you, and seemed to invite you to enter. Through it there was a passage into a withdrawing-room, where two footmen received you with much ceremony, and took charge of your hat and cane. A respectful but expressive sign indicated your place to you, next to the person who had arrived last before you, on a low bench covered with red velvet, unless you preferred to stand, but always in the position assigned to you by priority of time; for, gentleman or lady alike, each individual was bound to maintain his post, and it was very rarely that gallantry prevailed against etiquette. What was most surprising was to notice the silence and decorum observed by the harebrained youths of fashion *en déshabillé*, and the bright-eyed and coquettishly-looking dames and damsels; the most lively only hazarded a few whispered words, which were answered by a slight smile. It seemed as if they were all apprehensive of disturbing the progress of some mystery or sacred rite.

In fact something extraordinary was actually transpiring in the

next apartment, the folding-doors of which opened every minute to give egress to one person, and to admit his successor. It was a spacious and magnificent saloon, lighted by three windows with red damask curtains trimmed with gold fringe. The walls were covered with hangings of blue silk, and, at intervals, lofty glasses, doubled by repetition, the glitter of the gilding which ornamented the rich *consoles* and the exquisitely sculptured tables. A copy of the *Hours* of Guido was painted on the ceiling, and the variety of colours harmonized well with a sky-blue ground. On the floor, which shone like a mirror, were traced two parallel lines in chalk, commencing at the entrance-door, and ending at a semicircular line in the form of a crescent.

At that spot, seated in a large arm-chair, like a divinity, at the centre of a table, was a grave-looking man, in a graceful, although somewhat theatrical attitude;—it was Marcel, the celebrated dancer. His undoubted talent, and, still more, his solemn enthusiasm for his art, had obtained him a reputation which, although it might appear absurd to some persons, was not the less widely extended on that account. He excelled more especially in the minuet; and that dance was his passion, his glory, his universe. “Ah! sir,” said he to a stranger who expressed astonishment at his enthusiasm, “the minuet is the encyclopedia of every art, grace, and science.” He had reason in his respect for it, for he had acquired thereby a considerable fortune. He had the *entrée* of the first society in France: no lady who pretended to refinement of manners, no gentleman of rank, elegance, or fashion, could presume to present himself or herself in the *beau-monde* without having taken lessons of Marcel how to carry the hat or fan properly, or to manage the hoop or sword gracefully.

At the period of which we are speaking, Marcel was about sixty years of age, and was in all the *éclat* of his renown. He was tall, and rather coarsely built, but his face was striking. Time had not robbed him of the uprightness of his figure, or diminished the elasticity of his movements; but he had discontinued his lessons in dancing, as the demands for his instruction were more than he could possibly attend to. All his thoughts were now devoted to a branch of his art, which he correctly deemed the most elevated and the most useful of all. He gave lessons in bowing, and in the whole class of salutations. And let it not be supposed that this science was a trivial and unimportant one. In those times of etiquette, when ranks and conditions were so strongly defined, the bow was a most important and integral feature in the proper, and necessary, and indispensable knowledge of life. Marcel reckoned in his category of bows and curtsies two hundred and thirty-six for each sex, each one of which expressed the station, and frequently the thoughts of the person who made it, modified by the position of the individual to whom it was addressed. There was the court bow, the city bow, the bow of the great nobleman to the financier, and that of the financier to the courtier; the bow of the latter when asking a favour of a minister, and that of a statesman when bowing out a suppliant; the bow of two rivals when disputing about precedence; the obeisance of a young lady to whom a suitor is introduced, with that of a flirt to a favoured lover, &c. The imagination would be lost in the labyrinth of bows and obeisances of which Marcel held the clue, without ever entangling it.

As it was not convenient, nor even practicable, for him to wait upon all the great personages who summoned him to their presence, he had established the custom of giving lessons in the saloon into which we have introduced the reader. It will be readily conceived that the company that attended there was a select one; the ceremonial, therefore, was the same for everybody. A lackey opened the door, and announced each arrival. The party on entering proceeded along the line chalked on the floor, which led to the front of Marcel's arm-chair. When this was reached, the visitor made the required bow, according to the professor's direction, after which he returned again to the door, and repeated the form. Then, making the accustomed bow of leave-taking, he walked down the parallel line to depart, taking care to deposit two crowns, of six francs each, in a silver urn placed for this purpose in a niche by the side of the door. In this manner people were taught to walk and bow, to enter and retire from an apartment, at twelve francs the lesson; and, as about forty francs' worth of lessons was generally sufficient, we can see how little it cost to give the last polish to a good education.

It is true that all the bows were not rated at the same tariff. Those which were entitled *presentation bows at court* cost twenty louis d'ors; but we must remember how many things were comprised in a lesson of this kind, and such a treasury of knowledge, with all its accessories, will not be considered exorbitant at six hundred livres. On these great occasions Marcel exhibited all the delicacy of his science without reserve. He bestowed the most rigid attention upon the minutest movement; he demonstrated all the suppleness necessary to make an inclination with grace and expression; how to recede two steps to make a second bow; and to step backward again to prepare for the third obeisance, in which the party bent himself within a short distance of the ground; after which he raised himself slowly, until, still almost forming the figure of a crescent, and stepping backwards, he mixed in the surrounding crowd. At these times Marcel represented the King, and he never failed to assume all the dignity suited to the character, in order, as he said, to train his pupils to meet without discomposure and embarrassment the imposing aspect of royal majesty.

The ladies were instructed with still greater care and solicitude; for they, he said, had still more need of all the assistance of his art than the other sex. In fact it was no easy task to give a graceful motion to these tall dolls, imprisoned in their long corsets of steel, surrounded by a circunvallation of immense hoops, and almost bending under the elaborate construction of a head-dress two feet high. These obstacles, while they inspired Marcel's genius, frequently put his patience to severe tests. On such occasions words of singular energy and strange idiom fell from his lips, and, as faithful narrators of the manners of the day, we are compelled to admit that the dialect of Marcel did not always correspond with the elegance of his pantomime. It was by no means uncommon for him to say to a duchess, "For heaven's sake, madame, hold yourself straight;—you waddle like a goose;"—"try and walk a little better than that, or you will be taken for a cook," with other similar compliments, which the great ladies took all in good part. His reputation, his age, and his familiarity with the nobility, made Marcel a privileged man, so that he could say what he pleased without giving

offence. When he overstepped the limits of decorum, no notice was taken of it, or the young courtiers contented themselves with replying, "There, there, Father Marcel! Will your majesty deign to forgive us?" and that ended all.

One unlucky day, evil chance would have it that the young Duke de Caraman, one of the most brilliant noblemen of the court, took it into his head to go and make his bow to Marcel. He set out from his *petite maison* in the Fauxbourg du Temple, with the Chevalier d'Origny, the Marquis d'Escar, and two of the mousquetaires, whose names are not recorded. Their morning had been passed in much hilarity; and although the fumes of champagne were somewhat dissipated by the fresh air, there still remained that degree of excitement which the young nobles of that day held to be a point of *bon ton*. We do not get drunk now-a-days; we only stupify ourselves with cigars. Every generation has some anomaly, which it elevates into good manners.

The young gentlemen burst into the ante-room simultaneously, and walked into the saloon without announcing themselves: to the great scandal of Marcel's noble visitors, who had always hitherto scrupulously observed the programme of ceremony established by him. When Marcel saw them thus abruptly intrude into his sanctuary, he rose hastily from his arm-chair, filled with indignation, like a high priest of Isis when the mysteries are troubled by profane or uninitiated footsteps. Addressing himself to the duke, who was in advance of his noisy comrades, he said,

"Monsieur le Duc, you are not ignorant that it is the usage not to enter this apartment without being previously announced. I have the greatest respect for your rank, but, without withholding anything which is your due, I conceive myself entitled to remind you that I have frequently princes waiting their turn in my ante-chamber, and that the reign of equality is recognised in the temple of the arts."

"Do not be angry, father Jupiter," responded the duke, slapping him familiarly on the shoulder: "what you have just said is superbly true. I am conscious that I am obnoxious to the severity of your indignation; but your sacred majesty must learn that I do not come here to make my lowest reverence; and the urgency of the occasion has impelled me to omit the ceremonial of usage. The Princess de Guéménée gives a grand ball this evening, at which my friends here and myself are to be present: you have invented some new minuet steps, which are said to be requisite, and we are come to entreat you to oblige us with a short lesson."

"This is not the proper time and place, Monsieur le Duc," rejoined Marcel. "You must have perceived that there are several ladies and gentlemen in the next room; and——"

"The ladies and gentlemen can wait," interrupted the duke: "it will not occasion two minutes' delay. Besides, if you like, they can be invited in with us; they will be amused, and bear their detention with more good humour."

"Not so, Monsieur le Duc; I do not desire them to be witnesses of——"

"Then let us begin, for we are extremely hurried."

Marcel considered for a moment; then, with perfect calmness, but with a determined accent, he replied,

"I am anxious to meet your wishes, Monsieur le Duc; but the thing is altogether impossible."

"How, impossible!—You forget whom you are speaking to."

"You cannot dance without a violin, and there is none here."

"That's right," remarked one of the mousquetaires, as he drew a small pocket-violin, a child's toy, from beneath his cloak, and commenced tuning it with all the gravity imaginable. "It is indubitably correct that we can't get on without a violin; and, lo and behold! here is one. You see, kind and gracious master, that we have provided for everything. I am not a virtuoso, I admit, and you will perhaps soon find out that I have not the delicacy of Bordien's touch, nor the strength of Prevot; but we shall get on very well by ear, and by your assistance. If you don't approve of my violin, we can easily procure a trumpet, on which I play indifferently well. Come, Caraman, give your hand to Monsieur Marcel; D'Origny, you must act as cavalier to D'Escar. We will dance a minuet of two couples, so that the lesson will do for all. Take your places; sirs, to your places!"

Marcel was wild with rage; but what could he do? He perceived, by the rapid and vehement utterance and heightened colour of his visitors, that they were not in a condition to listen to reason. He thought, besides, that he owed it to his own dignity not to compromise himself with hot-headed young men, who were restrained by no considerations of self-respect, and that the only means of preventing the unpleasant results of such an adventure would be to smooth it over as quietly as possible. In consequence, he yielded; but, while he prepared to comply with their demand, he heaved a deep sigh, and raised his eyes as if to call heaven to witness the unworthy violence of which he was the victim.

The Duke de Caraman offered him his hand with unexceptionable elegance, and the lesson began.

We ought here to remark that the duke's figure was anything but a fine one, although he was colonel of a regiment *d'élite*, in which not one of the privates was less than six feet high. His legs were thin and weak, and, when he was closely examined, a slight protuberance might be perceived between his shoulders, which caused his head to protrude a little. The ladies of the court, by whom he was well received, spoke of his person as charming and *distingué*; while those to whom he had given offence called him a hump-back. With this exception, he was decidedly a handsome cavalier, witty, brilliant, and very brave, but vain, and exceedingly captious about any allusion to his figure, which he held in the highest esteem, or the antiquity of his family, for which he had the most religious veneration. Thus much premised, we will proceed with our narration.

Marcel began his forced lesson with a good grace, although it was easy to perceive, by his knit brow and the convulsive motion of his lips, that he was under the most rigid self-constraint. In his eyes it was an unheard-of atrocity, a sort of martyrdom, that he, Marcel, the god of the minuet, should be compelled to submit to the caprices of young coxcombs, who had no other merits than that of being born in such a position as to be thenceforward called dukes and marquises! The soul of the accomplished artist was agonized by the deepest mortification, and nothing but the consciousness of his utter helplessness prevented his breaking into open resistance, and

energetically speaking his sentiments. But it was out of the power of human nature to bear beyond a certain point. The discordant sounds of the vile fiddle, on which the mousquetaire scraped most outrageously, pierced through his ears to his heart; so that, after a minute or two, he called out impatiently:

"It is impossible to dance, sir, to such an awful *charivari*!"

"For all that," replied the mousquetaire, "I have taken lessons of Grosbois."

"And of little Mademoiselle Garsin of the opera," added the Marquis d'Escar, "who charged him a thousand francs each time."

"He paid dearly then," observed Marcel with a cynical smile, "for what every one else gets for nothing. But could not you contrive to play something like a minuet?"

"Why, what else am I doing?" asked the performer.

"What are you doing? *Mon Dieu!* you are crucifying *La belle Bourbonnaise*."

"That's true!" they all exclaimed.

"Oh! oh! ho!" screamed one, "I thought it was the saraband of the *Nocos de Thetis et Pelée*."

"And I," roared out another, "took it for Rameau's *Danse des Sauvages*."

Here they all laughed so that they could scarcely stand. The other mousquetaire then took the violin from his comrade, and handed it to Marcel.

"You are drunk," said he; "let Marcel play."

"What do you mean, sir?" asked Marcel. "Do you take me for a country dancing-master? Have the goodness to remember that Marcel has never touched a violin."

"He is right!" exclaimed the Chevalier d'Origny; "you insult him. It is just as if you should order a mousquetaire to mount a donkey. Monsieur Marcel, compose yourself; I will put all to rights. I flatter myself I have a good voice. I will sing your favourite minuet step, while these gentlemen go through the figure with you."

Again Marcel did violence to his feelings, impatient as he was to put an end to so scandalous a scene; but it was in vain that he exhibited all those demonstrations which were generally listened to with so much deference and respect. It was easy to perceive by the affected awkwardness and smothered laughter of the gentlemen that they had only come to amuse themselves. The old blood of the artist burned in his veins, and, soon forgetting the prudence he had hitherto exercised, he gave way to the impetuosity of his wrath, which on this occasion had something of burlesque in it; but it was all thrown away. His exasperated features, and the comparisons he adduced, which were frequently rude and gross enough, only increased the hilarity of his pupils, who seemed determined to take it all in good part.

The Duke de Caraman was the one who tried his patience the most severely. For upwards of five minutes Marcel had been doing his best, but without success, to make him hold his hat in a proper manner.

"Who ever before held a hat in that way?" asked Marcel. "You look as if you were asking for charity, and were ashamed of what you were doing. Turn out the great toe of your right foot, and

stretch your leg forward—that's right; it would be better if there were some calf to it. Keep yourself upright now—more, more. Hold your chest out, and your head well up."

So saying, he pushed up the duke's head, and pressed his shoulders forward. The duke, who did not like this rough tuition, called out,

"That's enough, Monsieur Marcel; that will do. You will dislocate my neck!"

"I am only making you straight," answered Marcel.

"You will never succeed in that," observed the Chevalier d'Origny, laughing heartily at the martyrdom of the little duke.

"You are right, Monsieur le Chevalier," added Marcel; "I quite forgot—no one can straighten a hump—"

He did not finish his sentence, or rather its conclusion was drowned in a loud burst of laughter from the duke's friends, who were delighted with the coarse pleasantry which seemed to have petrified their friend and leader.

In fact, the duke had been hit in his most vulnerable spot. He would willingly have borne any raillery upon the other members of his body, as he had too good an opinion of their beauty to dread any criticism thereupon; but to be attacked in his hump!—and before his friends too!—who would instantly go and circulate the remark through every saloon in Paris! This was too much for his pride and self-love. Trembling with rage, he put his hand to his sword; but a fresh shout of laughter made him pause, while it served to augment his indignation. He struck his sword's hilt violently, as he returned it half-drawn into its sheath, and, taking off one of his gloves, he said to Marcel, who was looking at him steadily and seriously,

"If you were a gentleman, I would answer you with this sword; but as you are only a low conceited fellow, this is the only notice I can take of you."

So saying, he struck each of his cheeks with his glove, which he then threw in his face.

This action, which passed with the rapidity of lightning, instantly put an end to the merriment of his friends. They admired Marcel as an accomplished artist, while they respected him as an excellent man, and they were hurt when they saw him treated in this manner.

"You have done wrong," said the Marquis d'Escar to the duke. "A joke should not be retorted by so cruel an insult, particularly to an old man."

"I have only chastised impertinence. If any one is displeased at it, he has only to say so, and I will give him immediate explanation."

"Then it must be to me," exclaimed each of his friends advancing upon him, while his rage was only increased by the disapprobation of his companions.

While this was passing, Marcel stood motionless, his eyes fixed, his lips pale, as if he had been stricken by a thunderbolt. His features underwent an entire change, and his silence indicated an inward grief that no language had power to express. Two large tears at length ran down his cheeks, and his head fell upon his breast.

The young noblemen came to him, and took him by the hand.

They said everything they could imagine to heal the wound his pride had suffered, and to soothe his feelings. But Marcel heard not a word; his bosom swelled as if with spasms, and his knees shook under him. They led him to his arm-chair, into which he fell exhausted, and worn out with emotion. His distress was so vehement, that even the duke was softened by it. He saw that he had gone too far, and, stepping towards Marcel with a mingled feeling of shame and regret, he tried to repair his wrong by confessing it.

"No, Monsieur le Duc," replied Marcel, in answer to his apologies, "the fault is with me alone in forgetting the immense distance which separates a man of your rank from a miserable creature like me. You have killed Marcel—but he has deserved his fate."

He remained a few minutes without making any reply to the kind and anxious observations of the youths who thronged around him; then rising with the air and manner of a person who has just come to an irrevocable decision, he stepped firmly to the folding-doors of his saloon, which he flung open, and invited all the company in the outer room to enter, and then ordered his musician to be sent for. When the latter made his appearance, Marcel bowed gracefully and respectfully to the youngest and handsomest lady of the circle, and requested she would do him the honour of dancing with him.

This unexpected proposition was received with a gratified murmur of applause; for it was a long time since any one had seen Marcel dance, and no one could guess the cause of this sudden caprice. The musician, by his direction, played the first bars of Rameau's famous minuet in *Les Indes Galantes*; Marcel made the grand salute to his partner with that grace which was peculiar to him alone, and the minuet commenced.

Never before had this celebrated dancer displayed such talent; never had the elegance of his attitudes and the elasticity of his movement excited such sincere admiration. His feet traced the most beautiful figures on the floor; the spectators held their breath, while their eyes devoured his steps, which were followed by a slight buzz of surprise and pleasure; for they feared to interrupt their enjoyment by giving utterance to it. It was not till the conclusion, when Marcel had made his last salute, that the hall rung with the most enthusiastic and heartfelt plaudits; they crowded round him, and almost suffocated him with the warmth of their congratulations. The great Condé, after the battle of Rocroy, was not surrounded with more homage.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Marcel, when the first burst of enthusiasm had somewhat subsided, "glory is a sweet sensation, and I wished to taste it once again. I was too happy, and too proud of my art; but my old age has been tarnished by disgrace—my career is now over. Adieu, ladies! gentlemen, adieu! Marcel has danced his last minuet!"

A week after this scene Marcel was no more!

AMERICAN LIONS.

SCARCITY invariably has the effect of enhancing the value of an article in the general market,—and thus it is as respects “lions” in the United States of America. No people under the sun have a stronger partiality for lions than the Americans have, which may be attributed, in some measure, to their scarcity. They have bears, panthers, (*painters*, as the Yankees call them,) and wolves in abundance; but these are all “tarnation little set by,” in comparison with their lions. To be sure there is a government bounty on the heads of wolves and panthers; and as government bounties are always paid in “hard,” or “Jackson” money, and as dollars are “getting considerable scarce in the settlements,” I presume that these “critters” will be rather more looked after, and better thought of, than they were formerly. As for bears,—why, honest Bruin cares very little about r’umptions in the currency, or the long faces pulled by the commercial gentlemen of Wall Street; for, so long as he can manage to get a dinner of nice young pork once a week during the summer, and a snug berth in a hollow pine-tree, with a fat paw to suck, during the winter, “I calculate” that he never bothers his head about Martin Buren, the present president;—but there is no accounting for the absence of family affection! Since the States first “toddled without leading strings,” they have never been wholly destitute of lions, although the individual number at any period has been but few, and their “locations” far between.

The first and most renowned of all their lions, and, politically speaking, the father of all the rest, was General Washington. He was more renowned in his day than any one that has inhabited the royal Tower of London for the last century (even including “Old Glory”); and although his admirers have not been so barbarous as to stuff his hide with straw, they have hung him up in effigy before the door of many a road-side “beer and cider house” in every section of the country. Though so long dead and gone, his exploits are fresh in the recollection of every patriotic American citizen; and when all the other lions that have appeared within the limits of the Union since its earliest existence shall be “gone and forgotten,” the name of Washington will remain to be honoured and revered by unborn generations. I hardly ever gazed upon the benign and placid countenance of this great hero, that I did not bethink me of the noble lion Nero that was exhibited through my own country; for who ever gazed upon a milder countenance than Nero’s? And yet there was a savageness in his nature when roused, that bespoke him a veritable lion! Washington, too, on peculiar occasions, showed similar symptoms. A single instance will suffice to illustrate this—the fate of poor Major André. But at that period Washington’s nature had been roused; he had been teased, taunted, foiled, and irritated,—and in the rage of the moment he pounced upon his victim. André was trying the experiment of other fool-hardy showmen. He thrust his head within the lion’s jaws, and got it “scrunched.”

There is scarcely another lion upon record, that is a fighting lion, among all the heroes of the Revolution; for even including Gates, M’Kean, Montgomery, Warren, Wayne, and several others, their

names already are nearly forgotten, except in the page of their country's history. A foreign cub of the revolutionary war grew up, and became a lion of the first magnitude: I refer to the French general Lafayette. Poor noble fellow! in his old age he became somewhat imbecile, and had an itching to visit his early haunts; and never, sure, was a fine old animal so pestered and annoyed by being dragged through the country, from one end of it to the other, to have his paw shaken, and to be "beslavered with fulsome praise," by wild unmannered hordes of raw republicans. They paraded him, and gave him public feeds in every town and city in the Union; and all this they modestly called "national gratitude to the general."

Half a century hence, and probably they may sport some naval lions; but these days of peace and quiet are unfavourable to such a growth. During the last little scratch America had with this country, they had a few burly cubs in their naval establishment, amongst which by far their greatest favourite was Decatur. But one unlucky day he happened to quarrel with an older whelp than himself, and thereby got his quietus! Several of them fought like "blasted catamounts;" and Lawrence, who fought bravely, and fell, is considered a sort of martyr by the Yankees.

The Americans have on record a whole string of what they consider "regular lions," whose names are appended to an instrument of great national importance, called their "Declaration of Independence;" and although these may properly be termed historical lions, (since many of the names would have been buried in oblivion had it not been for this document,) yet it must be admitted there was something lionish in their characters, or they never would have dared to beard their lawful sovereign by putting their paws to such a rebellious paper. In the whole batch of "signers" there may be individual exceptions,—a few that stepped out from the mass; and first and foremost of these is that blunt old printer's devil, Benjamin Franklin. There can be little doubt respecting Ben's claim, living or dead, to the distinction of lion, although his outward man was not so sleek and polished as those that commonly belong to that noble genus; and I believe the Yankee folks themselves admit, that though he was sent abroad, he was of too rough a grain to take a "French polish." But Franklin, to do him justice, was no ordinary character; and I think that his nation very properly consider him the second lion of his day. He was a shrewd, home-spun genius, but withal a sensible fellow; and has left many wise "saws and sayings" behind him, for the use and benefit of those who are not "past improvement."

The next of the "Declarationists," who may be considered as having a claim to the honour of lionship, is the first of the American Adams. (I wonder if Old Father Adam was a lion in his day?) John cut some figure (not with his sword) in "the days that tried men's souls;" for he was one of the principal godfathers to the baby Republic. The expression which I have just quoted is a mighty favourite one amongst the Americans; but, to use another specimen of Yankee declamation, it seems to me to be "considerable inobvious what it was intended to inculcate." I am aware that it is thought "immortally sublime," which seems quite evident, from its being lugged in on all occasions, and by all classes and grades of speechifiers; while it is known to pass current in every section of the

Union, and always bears a premium in election contests. Well, John Adams,—that is *old* John,—for there has been and *is* a young John, who is, I believe, the only living specimen of regularly descended lionage (lineage?) in the country. John (the older), however, never did anything “immensely extra-ordinary,” except that he lived longer than any other American lion was ever known to do before his time,—and then died! But how did he die? Why, he closed his eyes upon all sublunary things while the cannon on the neighbouring heights were thunderingly proclaiming “the glorious anniversary of ’76,” or more popularly, “Yankee Independence.” It certainly is a remarkable fact that this patriarch was gathered to his kindred on the identical day of the identical month, (July 4th.) just half a century after he had put his name to that document which called into existence the Americans as a nation! He succeeded Washington in the presidency, and was “a full-blooded federalist.”

Thomas Jefferson’s is probably the only other name amongst the “signers” that can, with propriety, have lion attached to it. Not that Adams and he were superior in many respects to some of their contemporaries; but events occurred by which they were called into more prominent situations. They belonged not, however, to the same political party; for while Adams was closely allied with the federalists,—the more respectable and intelligent position of the community,—Jefferson leagued himself with ultra-democracy, and became the chosen of “the people.” He was a philosopher of the school of the French Revolution, and his religious principles have been suspected. He lived to a good old age; and the most wonderful act of his life was that of breathing his last (like Adams, as before narrated) on the day of the celebration of American Independence! Yes! strange it was indeed! that these two “signers of the Declaration,” old patriots of “the days that tried men’s souls,” and ex-presidents, should have been called to their final account on the great American anniversary.

I will now pass unnoticed whole swarms of mongrels, several jackals, and a few asses in lions’ skins; none of which, however, have the slightest claim to be enrolled in this brief chronicle of “American lions.”

The president’s chair was next filled by John Quincy Adams; a man, like our own William Pitt, educated as it were with an eye to the high and honourable situation that he was afterwards destined to fill. But of John Q. Adams I will only stop to observe, that in attempting to conciliate the good opinion of the ultra-democrats, he completely disgusted the party that had been mainly instrumental in raising him to power. He *was* the chief governor of the people of the United States,—he *is* now an insignificant unit of the lowest branch of their popular assembly. To gratify the ears of a democratic rabble, I heard him, many years ago, traduce and scandalize England in the most ribald and scurrilous manner. It must not be asserted that he is an ass in lion’s uniform; but it must be admitted that, although he was born a lion, he has occasionally practised the contemptible braying of an ass.

Some notice must now be taken of a “downright, full-blooded” Yankee lion, another ex-president, namely, Andrew Jackson, or, more popularly, “Old Hickory.” He, like unto him of Quincy, is a “living specimen.” But Old Hickory is none of your smooth-

haired, meek-visaged gentry, but as rough and grizzly as any Kentucky old bear, and in the heyday of his career was as stubborn and mulish as if he had been of asinine parentage. He is now somewhat old and infirm; but on state occasions he may be made to growl and roar in a most terrific manner. To be sure he is now kennelled ("finally, I guess") at his hermitage in Tennessee; but while he remained in Washington city, his ravings were of the most hideous and melancholy character. His constitution seemed to be so peculiarly formed, that the mere naming of certain State matters would affect him strangely. The bare mentioning of the United States' Bank was gall and wormwood to his soul; and if Nicholas Biddle's name happened therewith to be coupled, his paroxysms were of the most distressing nature. I have been favoured occasionally with these exhibitions of old Andrew, and I must honestly confess that he far outdid all that I had ever witnessed in his peculiar line of raving. But for a fortuitous circumstance, Old Hickory would have been permitted to remain in his utter obscurity and insignificance on the western side of the mountains. Some British regiments were so foolish as to post themselves upon a plain near to the town of New Orleans; and a parcel of militia from some of the neighbouring states, with Jackson as leader, happening to be in the town, which was defended with a wall of cotton bags,—these fellows (having no turkeys to practise at) kept poking and poaching away at "the British rig'lars" with their long rifles from behind the wall of cotton, for I know not how many days, during which the English troops appeared to have no other aim than that of showing their bravery, (just like as many young crows, that have not sense enough to retreat to their nests,) for there they stood for "illigant marks for the general's riflemen." This the Americans called an "impossible great victory;" and upon this incident hinged all the future popularity of plain Andrew Jackson; for the Americans, already frightened nearly out of their senses at the little scratches they had had with the British troops along the frontiers, were literally beside themselves with joy when they became acquainted with the result of the New Orleans affair. Jackson, who had previously been known in his own vicinity as a country attorney, and nowhere else by name or otherwise, henceforth became the tutelar "guardian of the West!"—the humble instrument in the hands of Divine Providence to snatch his country from the very brink of perdition! If Andrew had died in the blaze of his popularity, there can be little doubt but that his worshippers would have canonized him, and very probably his old wife Rachel into the bargain. In the convulsions of the monetary systems of America he has already lived to witness the disastrous consequences of some of his own obstinate measures; and, if it shall please Providence to spare him a few years longer, it is more than probable that he will have an opportunity of witnessing many more. In him has been demonstrated, to the conviction of every impartial observer, the dangerous and improper degree of power vested in the person of the executive chief magistrate. No sovereign potentate of Europe, whose authority is not unlimited and absolute, would have dared to act in open defiance to the will and opinions of his own councillors, and the constituent national assemblies. Veto, veto, veto! was Old Hickory's plan, whenever any legislative act did not chime in with his whims

and prejudices ; and the rabble-rout hailed him as " a mighty considerable smart man," for acts for which he ought to have been impeached for treason before the senate of the United States. Never was that seemingly paradoxical aphorism, that extremes meet, more nearly proved than in Jackson and his supporters. While he was known to be as great a tyrant as ever sat on the throne of the Russian autocrats, he was raised to power solely by the ultra-democrats, the mobocracy of the country ! Men of weak intellects, when elevated to situations of governing power, are apt to become tyrants ; but, notwithstanding the many absurd, foolish, and arbitrary things done by General Jackson, it cannot be pleaded in his behalf that he is devoid of common understanding. It is discretion, and a control over his own impetuous temper, that he unfortunately lacks.

It must be exceedingly annoying to such characters as General Jackson to be completely thrown into the shade by greater lions than themselves. In one instance this occurred to him where I happened to be an eye-witness. Andrew's political party was likely to be put to a pinch at the approaching elections ; so, in order to gain proselytes to the cause of *Jacksonism*, a plan was arranged by a few of the leaders, to exhibit " the Old General " gratis, to the wondering gaze of the people in the distant towns and villages. It may appear strange, since all men are born equal, (so says the Yankee Declaration of Independence,) that such a grizzly, porcupinish-looking personage as Andrew Jackson, Esquire, should have been considered worth going ten paces out of the direct path to look at by any staunch republican of the United States ; and yet there was such a helter-skelter in many of the places to get a peep at him as I never elsewhere witnessed. This continued for some portion of " the Old General's tour of popularity,"—that is, until a greater lion than himself was brought into the arena. This was the notorious, Indian chief—Black Hawk ! recently imported from the banks of the Upper Mississippi. But, no sooner had this rival competitor reached the civilized (so called) cities of the Union, than the vulgar curiosity of the admiring multitude was no longer bestowed upon " the General," but lavished upon the Indian. Their respective leaders paraded them through the streets of New York ; but " the Old General " was left in a contemptible minority, — he was actually left all but without a tail ! The consequence was that his keepers deemed it prudent to take him back to Washington until Black Hawk should either be hanged, or else loaded with presents, and sent back to his own tribe, (which was actually the case !) ready to take advantage of the amnesty granted to him. Clay, Calhoun, and Webster,—nay, Nicholas Biddle and the Monster Bank to boot,—might have all been cast into the scale together, and, against " Old Hickory," they would have been but as " dust in the balance ;" but when Black Hawk and he were fairly pitted, the " Hero of New Orleans " was " forced to kick the beam !"

Two or three years ago the French tried one of their manœuvres upon the government of the United States, thus. France agreed to pay a certain sum in a certain time as an indemnity for losses sustained by American citizens during the continental war. The matter was long canvassed ; but, finally it was diplomatically arranged and settled. When the first instalment became due, France, without even a pretext for doing so, refused to fulfil the

agreement. America received this intelligence in high dudgeon; and old Jackson very properly (always give the devil his due) took steps, or rather threatened to make reprisals upon ships belonging to France; and spoke out very plainly, "that Jonathan was not going to be diddled by a parcel of darned Frenchmen."

I hardly know why, but I must confess that I never could bring myself to consider the present president, Martin Van Buren, as belonging to the family of lions. He is constitutionally too deep and calculating for that noble race; and I know that his own party looks for no great achievement at his hands. The ultra-republican party, which hoisted his predecessor into the chair of the executive, has, for want of a fitter leader, chosen him to rule over them. But it has long since been proved that fitness, or capacity, is wholly lost sight of in selecting candidates to fill high and responsible situations even in vaunting, republican America. Absolute monarchs frequently appoint tyrannical governors over the people; so do tyrannical democratic majorities appoint absolute rulers, as has been instanced in the case of ex-President Jackson and some others. One of the leading traits in the character of Van Buren is what his supporters have been pleased to call his *firmness*; but now that they have placed him for a period beyond their power or control, they are beginning to surmise that this virtue may, possibly, turn out—Dutch obstinacy!

Fulton, of steam-boat notoriety, is amongst the names consecrated in American history; but, how far he merits all which is claimed for him, is a matter I am not going to discuss. Livingston, De Witt Clinton, Patrick Henry, and Hamilton stand forth conspicuously in the pages referred to; the last of which was a name of high promise; but, unfortunately for his country, he fell in a duel with Colonel Burr. They are all gone to reap the reward of their mortal labours.

"I guess we have reason to be mighty considerably proud of our lengthy list of authors," said an American one day to me, and he proceeded to enumerate a long list of names that I had never heard of. I confessed my ignorance of more than nine-tenths of the names he mentioned, and begged to be enlightened upon the subject. He informed me that he had his information from the "Village Record," (the name of a provincial newspaper); and, although the editor was "a downright smart man," he certainly had omitted to say which of them (the authors) had made books, which had composed 4th of July orations, and which of them had written their two days' speeches, that they had subsequently read from their desks in the Hall of Congress. I think it probable that the list referred to had contained all those who had ever seen their names in print, whether appended to doggerel verses, or to prose run mad.

Positively, however, they have "lions" in literature too; the greatest of these are Washington Irving and J. Fenimore Cooper.

The great literary lion is Washington Irving; he is a favourite everywhere in America. Like Mr. Cooper, he has written a good deal about England and the English. He is much esteemed and valued by his countrymen, and most of all by those who have had the good fortune to make his personal acquaintance. At one period (I think it was in the summer of 1833) I anticipated that pleasure; but, unfortunately for both Washington Irving and myself (as will be hereafter ex-

plained), I was doomed to be disappointed. An American gentleman, a neighbour of mine,—a lover of literature, and one of the most gifted individuals I ever met with in America,—having spent a portion of the preceding winter in one of the cities, had had the good fortune to share frequently the society of the author of Knickerbocker. Pleased with each other, my neighbour gave the author an invitation to spend a few days, or weeks, or months, during the summer, at his secluded but splendid residence in the back woods; and the literary lion was pleased to accept the invitation. Soon after my neighbour's return home, I was made acquainted with the anticipated visit; and, at that early period, received an invitation "to meet the lion at dinner." I had previously known sundry governors, and generals, and rulers of the land, paying visits to my neighbour and acquaintance; but never on any previous occasion had I witnessed anything like the preparations which this expected visit called forth. Workmen of all orders and descriptions were employed for I know not how long; some in repairing old buildings, others in constructing new ones; some in mending roads, beautifying gardens and shrubberies; and others in cutting out winding paths and vistas through the wild forests. A new summer-pavilion was erected in a romantic situation, overhanging "the deep blue waters of the slumbering lake;" while a beautiful turret was seen springing up amidst a grove of blooming acacias, which was intended for the visitor's study;—"for it was quite probable that he might be induced to write a romance during his sojourn in the wilderness." The new winding walk in the woods was named "Washington Labyrinth;" a pretty new shallop was launched upon the lake, and christened "The Irving;" and, when the turret was completed and beautified, it was dignified with the appellation of "Washington Irving's Tower." An antiquated chariot, which had been colonised by spiders during the many years it had remained shut up in the corner of a large old barn, was once more trundled into daylight, the springs rubbed and oiled, and the axletrees anointed with bear-grease; while the colony of spiders, like a tribe of aboriginal Indians, were inhumanly driven from possessions that they had long considered their own, in order to make room for Washington Irving. Then there arose a consultation respecting which *two*, out of the fifty or sixty horses, that roamed about the large farm in a half-wild state, should be selected for the high honour of dragging the lumbering old carriage and the expected stranger. Old, and brown, and broken harness was looked up, and sent off to a distant country town, "to be blacked, and put in order;" and new equipments for a saddle-horse were also provided. Miss, and Miss E. (two marriageable daughters,) and mamma, all wrote post-haste to a city-acquaintance, praying and beseeching her that she would forthwith procure for them befitting and becoming dresses for the approaching grand occasion. The old jingling pianoforte would have been retuned, if anybody in the back woods had known how to manage it; while their whole stock of old tunes was replayed, until the performers laid all the blame upon the instrument for their succeeding no better. Mamma consulted and studied her cookery and receipt-book, and wondered if Washington Irving was fond of curds and home-made wines. The two young girls that waited at table were drilled and scolded; their bare feet were occasionally placed in confinement; and on Sun-

days they practised walking in shoes. The good lady, for the first time in her life, wished she had known something more of the History of England, in order that she might have been able to converse about that country with her expected guest, and of all the ladies and gentlemen whom he met at Bracebridge Hall. The young ladies conned incessantly everything that Washington Irving had published, and discovered new beauties in almost every sentence. The elder of the sisters—a pretty, laughing brunette—the younger, a sentimental and delicate blush-rose, thought, and pondered, and would have given worlds to discover the style of beauty the most likely to reach the heart of the literary bachelor. His age was canvassed by them; and they came to the conclusion that he must still be young—comparatively—his writings were so vigorous and lively. In their young hearts they were already determined rivals; but they endeavoured to keep this a secret from each other. Papa's library was ransacked for an old "Red Book," or "Court Calendar;" but, alas! it contained nothing to lead the young folks to become better acquainted with the titles of the English nobility. They had the temerity almost to wish that they had not been the daughters of a plain, republican American; and were sadly afraid that the author of the History of New York might have met with their equals elsewhere. In short, they were delighted with the thoughts of the approaching visit, and yet afraid lest it might not lead to the result they could have wished. In lieu of a Court Calendar they consulted a host of fashionable novels and romances; taking every high-sounding name and title which they found in the context of each as veritably belonging to the British aristocracy. But their knowledge in these matters was not tested, and therefore their ignorance was not doomed to be exposed.

But preparations were not exclusively confined to my neighbour's establishment. I had been invited to meet the lion on his arrival in the back woods; and, humble as my domestic condition was, I felt that it would be expected of me to invite my neighbours and their guest to return the visit. We accordingly amused ourselves with making some slight improvements around our wood-built cottage; and every little performance of this sort we jocularly attributed to the expected honour of a visit from Washington Irving.

Communications passed from time to time between my neighbour and the literary lion; and at length the day was finally fixed for his arrival, and I was invited to meet him "at the first dinner." However, before that day arrived, another letter brought the distressing intelligence that he, Washington Irving, having been travelling, in company with another gentleman in a Dearborn waggon, had had the misfortune to be overset; and, although not dangerously hurt, yet the injuries he had received were of such a nature that they would prevent him from fulfilling his anticipated visit to the back-woods for that season.

Alas! even in the back woods of America, mortals are born to suffer disappointments!

SONG OF THE BAYADERE.

PARIS, 1838.

THEY have borne me far from the distant strand,
 Where my God's bright fanes in the sun-light gleam,
 And the Ganges pours through the happy land
 The clear cool depths of its sacred stream—
 They have borne me here to this cloudy France,
 Where day is as dim as an Eastern night,
 And in cruel mockery bid me dance
 By the lamp's fierce glare in the stranger's sight.

I would I had been like the campack flower
 In the blessed gardens of Indra found,
 That withers and dies in a single hour,
 If its blossom but touches less holy ground !
 When the tinkling ring of my girdle-bells
 Keeps gentlest time to my footsteps' play,
 And the voice of applause around me swells,
 I could weep, and shrink from the crowd away.

For those golden bells were my joy and pride,
 And sweetly they sounded at Indra's shrine
 When dancing as priestess—the idol's bride !
 My homage honour'd the powers divine.
 When I bathed in the Ganges, I smiled to trace
 How bright was the image reflected there,
 And sprang like a flower from the wave's embrace,
 While the hot winds dried my musky hair.

We can sometimes beneath our Eastern skies
 Allure with the juice of the nutmeg tree
 To our cages the birds of paradise.—
 All the treasures of earth have tempted me
 In this stranger-land ! yet, oh ! could I fly
 With my happy wings o'er the troubled main,
 They should bear me far, till our sapphire sky
 And my own dear temple appear'd again.

The shafts in Camdeo's, our love-god's quiver,
 Are tipp'd with the petals of Indian flowers ;
 And I swore by the Ganges, our sacred river,
 Till I home return'd to my native bowers,
 No passion should over my heart have sway,
 No love-strains should trouble my bosom's peace,
 But think how I long for the blissful day
 That shall bid my vow and my exile cease !

M. T. H.

A CHAPTER ON SOME VERY CELEBRATED AUTHORS.

It is gratifying to be able to name those authors whose writings first taught us that "books are a substantial world, both pure and good, round which, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood, our pastime and our happiness may grow:" but the names of some of the greatest, the most dearly cherished, the most deservedly popular, are totally unknown to us; and all the gratitude we can display towards their memories must be summed up in a pleasant recollection of their works, and of the impressions which these left upon our young minds. The names of Blind Harry, Cervantes, De Foe, Fielding, Smollett, Richardson, we can easily associate with the productions of their separate minds; but who can tell us of the authors of the *Life and Death of Little Cock Robin*, *Jack the Giant Killer*, *Jack and the Bean-stalk*, *Cinderella*, *Little Red Riding Hood*, *Tom Thumb*, *Fortunatus*, *Wise Willie* and *Witty Eppie*, the *Merry Tricks of Leper the Tailor*, *Paddy from Cork*, and a hundred other imperishable productions, the perusal of which in boyhood lent a luxurious charm to that period of existence which we can never know again? What is fame, and what is authorship, when the names of these great benefactors of the human race are, and ever were, unknown?

Ample justice has no doubt been done to these anonymous masters by the voice of common fame: their works are familiar to our minds as household gods: but, strange to say, their unquestionable excellences have never yet been lectured upon in philosophical and literary institutions, and our periodical literature has hitherto left them to stand upon their own merit. There is a deep injustice in all this, which the growing intelligence of the age must speedily dispel.

Of these masters it is not too much to say that they were the fathers of circulating libraries, and of that multitudinous race of authors whose imagination is never obscured by the judgment. The productions of their imitators, however, are not to be compared, in any respect, with the things imitated. True, they both address themselves to our credulity, and our love of the marvellous; but the one attains its object, and something more, while the other falls short of it. There is a greater polish about the one, to the sacrifice of improbability; while there is a greater strength about the other, and a bold fearlessness, that displays true genius unfettered, untrammelled, uncontrolled. In short, we are inclined to claim for these great anonymous authors a high niche in the temple of fame, and we challenge the most rigid investigation of those pretensions which we mean to urge in their favour.

Our authors may be classified as tragic and comic, or pathetic and humorous, and biographical. To the first class belong the authors of *Little Red Riding Hood*, and the *Life and Death of Little Cock Robin*. *Riding Hood* has been the model of an entire school of literature by itself. We may trace some of our most popular novels and successful melodramas to this source. The story is unexceptionable; and the heroine is as perfect a creation of innocence and true charity as *Pamela* herself. As for the rascal who gobbles her up, it is a well-known fact that he is the bastard son of *Glo'ster*, in *King Lear*; and, although *Steevens* does not acknowledge this in his notes upon *Shakspeare*, he evidently suspects something of the sort. *Cock Robin*, again, has been the foundation of what is now called

the Thurtell and Weare school of literature. It is a tale of wilful, cold-blooded murder. The principal actor in this awful tragedy, with a truth to nature which could scarcely have been expected of him, boasts of his crime, and even mentions the weapons with which he accomplished his diabolical purpose, in language that conveys to the ear of the hearer a perfect picture of the innate depravity of the murderer's heart:—

“ ‘ Who killed Cock Robin ?’
 ‘ I,’ says the Sparrow, ‘ with my bow and arrow,
 And I killed Cock Robin.’ ”

We have nothing equal to this in the Newgate Calendar.

Cock Robin, indeed, is deeply calculated to rivet the attention, and to raise in the human mind a detestation of sanguinary and gratuitous crime. The whole affair, as Lord Brougham ably and justly remarks, “ smells of blood.” Every circumstance connected with the murder is powerfully brought forward. The fly, with her little eye, saw Cock Robin die ; the fish, with her little dish, caught Cock Robin's blood ; the bull, who could pull, rung his passing bell ; and he was carried to his grave amid weeping, and lamentation, and mourning, and woe. Such, indeed, has been the effect of this powerful production on the popular mind, that the sparrow has for centuries been regarded as another Cain : and, before we question the injustice of this, let us take into consideration the fact that Cock Robin was one of the most amiable and praiseworthy characters that we know of in history. He it was who “ happed the bonnie babes wi' leaves frae head to feet ;” and that is a circumstance that can never be erased from our most tender recollections.

Of the tragic or pathetic in our anonymous masters we are inclined to speak in terms of the highest praise. In them there is no overstraining for effect, no superfluous and merely wordy matter ; nothing is introduced but what is absolutely necessary to be known. In them, too, there is a generous disdain of the probabilities, which makes them outstrip the romances of faëry land. Whatever is proper to be known they make us acquainted with ; whatever ought to be observed, or kept in the background, gets no patronage from them. As artists, and as great artists, their delineations belong to the highest rank of art. There is no mistaking them. They work with a bold, broad pencil ; and the effect produced is graphic and great. We see the fish with her little dish, and the fly with his little eye, and the bull with his mighty pull, staring vividly from the canvass, as if there were no other objects in nature. This is the true triumph of art.

We have been led insensibly to speak of the pictorial art, and this reminds us that these authors have filled the world with pictures. To them, unquestionably, we are indebted for that noble assemblage of portraits, the Crooked Family, better, and more endeared to our imaginations and our memories than any royal family in the world. They also brought under the burin Mr. Punch and Mrs. Judy, and their whole progeny—worthy of their progenitors. Riding Hood is a stereotyped portrait in every modern exhibition, and Edwin Landseer thinks of immortalizing Little Cock Robin in the very next season.

But genius does not always exhibit itself in gigantic efforts : Shakspeare enjoyed himself in a tavern, and Milton on a swing. So our authors condescended occasionally to be less than men—only that they might be more than men. The author of Jack the Giant Killer is supposed to have been a member of the Anti-Duellist So-

ciety; and the author of the *Merry Tricks of Leper the Tailor* amused his leisure hours by ringing a hand-bell, and announcing sales and losses at the cross of Glasgow. It is idle and useless to lament over the vagaries of genius, for, however absurd these may seem to the fastidious or the profane vulgar, they are only indices that the beings who practise them belong to our common humanity.

One feature that distinguishes these authors from all others is their creative power, as exhibited in their separate works. It was only necessary for them to conceive, to create and execute. Their imaginations were fertile even to pruriency. The finest example we have of this, perhaps, is *Jack and the Bean-stalk*. The hero plants his bean in the luxurious soil, and in a single night it grows up until it penetrates the clouds; and, as if this were not sufficient, it penetrates that precise spot of vapour in which is the commencement of a turnpike road leading to a goodly castle,—which, we presume, was one of those beautiful castles in the air which are sometimes sneeringly spoken of by the unbelieving and the incredulous. This piece is indeed a great effort of human genius, although it “seems like lies disdained in the reporting.” The author never pauses or hesitates in his romantic tale. His hero whisks in and out of a keyhole, and performs the most marvellous actions in the same spirit of breathless rapidity exhibited by the bean itself in its growth. This same spirit is amply displayed in the works of all these unknown masters. The classic reader will recal many instances for himself; but we may barely mention the seven league boots; the wishing-cap and purse of the thrice fortunate *Fortunatus*; and the coat of darkness, the shoes of swiftness, and the sword of sharpness of the valiant *Jack the Giant-Killer*.

We have hitherto spoken of these authors and of their works with that respect which has been inspired by a careful and critical consideration of their real merits; but we would be wanting in common gratitude could we close the subject without expressing somewhat of the pleasure we have enjoyed from the bare recollection of that period of our existence which was sweetened by the anxious perusal of such things. Well do we remember the time when we first got acquainted with *Cinderella* and her little glass-slippers; and we can yet fancy the dropping pearls from the lips of that young lady who, in graciously dispensing water to a disguised fairy at a well, was endowed with this miraculous and not unpleasing power, while her ill-natured sister was rewarded with a perpetual gush of toads and serpents. *Bluebeard* comes also across our imagination, and the fatal chamber we see in all its horrors. We still listen to that distressing and oft-repeated question, “*Anne, sister Anne, dost thou see anybody coming?*” we know its tone, and can recognize it above the rustling of the winds. *Aladdin*, with his wonderful lamp, carries us to the rich and gorgeous east; and that serves to recal to us the treasures contained in the *Arabian Nights’ Entertainments*.

The books of boyhood are the best dreams of life: they realize to our young imaginations all the happiness that *Don Quixote* ever enjoyed from his dream of knight-errantry,—from which it was a cruelty to attempt ever to awaken him. We have learned few better things since, for they made us walk as if in a world of bright imaginings, peopled with everything that could excite the mind to entertain high and romantic and generous and noble thoughts; they were the prompters to fine feelings, and to gallant deeds of daring.

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Among the Engravings which have lately appeared, is one which claims attention, no less from its extreme delicacy and finish, than from the peculiar nature of its design. It is entitled "**THE NATURAL AND SPIRITUAL MAN**." The heart, in its various stages, is given at one glance in a manner worthy the pen of old John Bunyan. Considered merely as a work of art, it is highly deserving of patronage.

BENTLEY'S

M I S C E L L A N Y.

DECEMBER, 1838.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Editor cannot avail himself of contributions by "Gwyddones;" "M. R. A.;" "Gwent;" "A. O.;" "C. E. O.;" "X.;" "R. D.;" "Marcus;" "W. P. T.;" (This paper only reached us a fortnight since); "Theophrastes Redivivus;" "Benjamin Blunder;" "J. D. C.;" "P. L.;" "M.;" "W. D. H.;" "Jeremiah Fig-gins." They will be found at the Publisher's, inclosed to their respective authors.

The undermentioned papers (which have no signature attached,) are also respectfully declined, and will be found at Mr. Bentley's. "Maternal Affection;" "Maxwell Banks and Colonel Napier;" "The Biography of J. A. Dorking;" "German Students." "Lines on the Meeting at Newcastle;" "Stanzas on Byron;" "Postures in connection with Literature;" "The Fisher's Ring;" "Lewellyn's Bride;" "The Marriage Contract."

"Ebenezer Maye, or the Bewitched," has not been received. The proposed papers on Shakspeare would not suit us.

The Historical Sketches, we regret to say, are not adapted to our pages.

The Poem entitled "A Sketch" has not reached the Editor's hands.

"The Heir's Chamber" has been returned to Mr. Bentley. A second note was addressed to its author, many weeks ago.

We do not recollect to have received any note from "M. C. H." Will she favour us with another, and pardon our having forgotten—in the course of a most complicated correspondence with all the letters of the alphabet—who M. C. H. is?

We are utterly at a loss to understand on what ground of justice or common sense "A Constant Subscriber" prefers his complaint. He has the story in the same portions, and at the same intervals, as he always has had it—and has it moreover down to the very last word. He is the most unreasonable subscriber we have ever had the honour to hear from.

"A Subscriber" is informed that for the present such a proceeding is wholly out of our power, but that ultimately we have little doubt the course he recommends will be adopted.



N O T I C E.

The Readers of Bentley's Miscellany are respectfully informed, that immediately on the completion of OLIVER TWIST in this Miscellany, Mr. Charles Dickens will commence a New Story, to be entitled

BARNABY RUDGE.

*New Burlington Street,
Dec. 1, 1838.*

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MISCELLANY.

VOL. IV.

LONDON:
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1838.

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OLIVER TWIST;

OR, THE PARISH BOY'S PROGRESS.

BY BOZ.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK



BOOK THE THIRD.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

THE TIME ARRIVES FOR NANCY TO REDEEM HER PLEDGE TO ROSE MAYHEW. SHE FAILS. NOAH CLAYPOLE IS EMPLOYED BY FAGIN ON A SECRET MISSION.

ADEPT as she was in all the arts of cunning and dissimulation, the girl Nancy could not wholly conceal the effect which the knowledge of the step she had taken, worked upon her mind. She remembered that both the crafty Jew and the brutal Sikes had confided to her schemes, which had been hidden from all others, in the full confidence that she was trustworthy, and beyond the reach of their suspicion; and vile as those schemes were, desperate as were their originators, and bitter as were her feelings towards the Jew, who had led her step by step deeper and deeper down into an abyss of crime and misery, whence was no escape, still there were times when even towards him she felt some relenting, lest her disclosure should bring him within the iron grasp he had so long eluded, and he should fall at last—richly as he merited such a fate—by her hand.

But these were the mere wanderings of a mind unable wholly to detach itself from old companions and associations, though enabled to fix itself steadily on one object, and resolved not to be turned aside by any consideration. Her fears for Sikes would have been more powerful inducements to recoil while there was yet time; but she had stipulated that her secret should be rigidly kept—she had dropped no clue which could lead to his discovery—she had refused, even for his sake, a refuge from all the guilt and wretchedness that encompassed her—and what more could she do? She was resolved.

Though every mental struggle terminated in this conclusion, they forced themselves upon her again and again, and left their traces too. She grew pale and thin even within a few days. At times she took no heed of what was passing before her, or no part in conversations where once she would have been the loudest. At others she laughed without merriment, and was noisy without cause or meaning. At others—often within a moment afterwards—she sat silent and dejected, brooding with her head upon her hands, while the very effort by which she roused herself told more forcibly than even these indications that she was ill at ease, and that her thoughts were occupied with matters very different and distant from those in course of discussion by her companions.

It was Sunday night, and the bell of the nearest church

struck the hour. Sikes and the Jew were talking, but they paused to listen. The girl looked up from the low seat on which she crouched, and listened too, intently. Eleven.

"An hour this side of midnight," said Sikes, raising the blind to look out, and returning to his seat. "Dark and heavy it is too. A good night for business this."

"Ah!" replied the Jew. "What a pity, Bill, my dear, that there's none quite ready to be done."

"You're right for once," replied Sikes gruffly. "It is a pity, for I'm in the humour too."

The Jew sighed and shook his head despondingly.

"We must make up for lost time when we've got things into a good train; that's all I know," said Sikes.

"That's the way to talk, my dear," replied the Jew, venturing to pat him on the shoulder. "It does me good to hear you."

"Does you good, does it!" cried Sikes. "Well, so be it."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the Jew, as if he were relieved by even this concession. "You're like yourself to-night, Bill—quite like yourself."

"I don't feel like myself when you lay that withered old claw on my shoulder, so take it away," said Sikes, casting off the Jew's hand.

"It makes you nervous, Bill,—reminds you of being nabbed, does it?" said the Jew, determined not to be offended.

"Reminds me of being nabbed by the devil," returned Sikes, "not by a trap. There never was another man with such a face as yours, unless it was your father, and I suppose *he* is singeing his grizzled red beard by this time, unless you came straight from the old 'un without any father at all betwixt you, which I shouldn't wonder at a bit."

Fagin offered no reply to this compliment; but, pulling Sikes by the sleeve, pointed his finger towards Nancy, who had taken advantage of the foregoing conversation to put on her bonnet, and was now leaving the room.

"Hallo!" cried Sikes. "Nance. Where's the gal going at this time of night?"

"Not far."

"What answer's that!" returned Sikes. "Where are you going?"

"I say, not far."

"And I say where?" retorted Sikes in a loud voice. "Do you hear me?"

"I don't know where," replied the girl.

"Then I do," said Sikes, more in the spirit of obstinacy than because he had any real objection to the girl going where she listed. "Nowhere. Sit down."

"I'm not well. I told you that before," rejoined the girl. "I want a breath of air."

"Put your head out of the winder, and take it there," replied Sikes.

"There's not enough there," said the girl. "I want it in the street."

"Then you won't have it," replied Sikes; with which assurance he rose, locked the door, took the key out, and, pulling her bonnet from her head, flung it up to the top of an old press. "There," said the robber. "Now stop quietly where you are, will you?"

"It's not such a matter as a bonnet would keep me," said the girl, turning very pale. "What do you mean, Bill? Do you know what you're doing?"

"Know what I'm—Oh!" cried Sikes, turning to Fagin, "she's out of her senses, you know, or she daren't talk to me in that way."

"You'll drive me on to something desperate," muttered the girl, placing both hands upon her breast, as though to keep down by force some violent outbreak. "Let me go, will you,—this minute—this instant—"

"No!" roared Sikes.

"Tell him to let me go, Fagin. He had better. It'll be better for him. Do you hear me?" cried Nancy, stamping her foot upon the ground.

"Hear you!" repeated Sikes, turning round in his chair to confront her. "Ay, and if I hear you for half a minute longer, the dog shall have such a grip on your throat as 'll tear some of that screaming voice out. Wot has come over you, you jade—wot is it?"

"Let me go," said the girl with great earnestness; then, sitting herself down on the floor before the door, she said,—“Bill, let me go; you don't know what you're doing—you don't, indeed. For only one hour—do—do!”

"Cut my limbs off one by one!" cried Sikes, seizing her roughly by the arm—"if I don't think the gal's stark raving mad. Get up!"

"Not till you let me go—not till you let me go.—Never—never!" screamed the girl. Sikes looked on for a minute, watching his opportunity, and, suddenly pinioning her hands, dragged her, struggling and wrestling with him by the way, into a small room adjoining, where he sat himself on a bench, and thrusting her into a chair, held her down by force. She struggled and implored by turns until twelve o'clock had struck, and then, wearied and exhausted, ceased to contest the point any further. With a caution, backed by many oaths, to make no more efforts to go out that night, Sikes left her to recover at leisure, and rejoined the Jew.

"Phew!" said the housebreaker, wiping the perspiration from his face. "Wot a precious strange gal that is!"

"You may say that, Bill," replied the Jew thoughtfully. "You may say that."

"Wot did she take it into her head to go out to-night for, do you think?" asked Sikes. "Come; you should know her better than me—wot does it mean?"

"Obstinacy—woman's obstinacy, I suppose, my dear," replied the Jew, shrugging his shoulders.

"Well, I suppose it is," growled Sikes. "I thought I had tamed her, but she's as bad as ever."

"Worse," said the Jew thoughtfully. "I never knew her like this, for such a little cause."

"Nor I," said Sikes. "I think she's got a touch of that fever in her blood yet, and it won't come out—eh?"

"Like enough," replied the Jew.

"I'll let her a little blood without troubling the doctor, if she's took that way again," said Sikes.

The Jew nodded an expressive approval of this mode of treatment.

"She was hanging about me all day and night too when I was stretched on my back; and you, like a black-hearted wolf as you are, kept yourself aloof," said Sikes. "We was very poor too all the time, and I think one way or other it's worried and fretted her, and that being shut up here so long has made her restless—eh?"

"That's it, my dear," replied the Jew in a whisper.—"Hush!"

As he uttered these words, the girl herself appeared and resumed her former seat. Her eyes were swollen and red; she rocked herself to and fro, tossed her head, and after a little time burst out laughing.

"Why, now she's on the other tack!" exclaimed Sikes, turning a look of excessive surprise upon his companion.

The Jew nodded to him to take no further notice just then, and in a few minutes the girl subsided into her accustomed demeanour. Whispering Sikes that there was no fear of her relapsing, Fagin took up his hat and bade him good-night. He paused when he reached the door, and looking round, asked if somebody would light him down the dark stairs.

"Light him down," said Sikes, who was filling his pipe. "It's a pity he should break his neck himself, and disappoint the sight-seers. There; show him a light."

Nancy followed the old man down stairs with the candle. When they reached the passage he laid his finger on his lip, and drawing close to the girl, said in a whisper,

"What is it, Nancy, dear?"

"What do you mean?" replied the girl in the same tone.

"The reason of all this," replied Fagin. "If *he*"—he pointed with his skinny fore-finger up the stairs—"is so hard with you, (he's a brute, Nance, a brute-beast) why dont you——"

"Well!" said the girl, as Fagin paused, with his mouth almost touching her ear, and his eyes looking into hers.

"No matter just now," said the Jew; "we'll talk of this again. You have a friend in me, Nance; a staunch friend. I have the means at hand, quiet and close. If you want revenge on those that treat you like a dog—like a dog! worse than his dog, for he humours him sometimes—come to me. I say, come to me. He is the mere hound of a day; but you know me of old, Nance—of old."

"I know you well," replied the girl, without manifesting the least emotion. "Good night."

She shrunk back as Fagin offered to lay his hand on hers, but said good night again in a steady voice, and, answering his parting look with a nod of intelligence, closed the door between them.

Fagin walked towards his own home, intent upon the thoughts that were working within his brain. He had conceived the idea—not from what had just passed, though that had tended to confirm him, but slowly and by degrees—that Nancy, wearied of the housebreaker's brutality, had conceived an attachment for some new friend. Her altered manner, her repeated absences from home alone, her comparative indifference to the interests of the gang for which she had once been so zealous, and, added to these, her desperate impatience to leave home that night at a particular hour, all favoured the supposition, and rendered it, to him at least, almost a matter of certainty. The object of this new liking was not among his myrmidons. He would be a valuable acquisition with such an assistant as Nancy, and must (thus Fagin argued) be secured without delay.

There was another and a darker object to be gained. Sikes knew too much, and his ruffian taunts had not galled the Jew the less because the wounds were hidden. The girl must know well that if she shook him off, she could never be safe from his fury, and that it would be surely wreaked—to the maiming of limbs, or perhaps the loss of life—on the object of her more recent fancy. "With a little persuasion," thought Fagin, "what more likely than that she would consent to poison him? Women have done such things, and worse, to secure the same object before now. There would be the dangerous villain—the man I hate—gone; another secured in his place; and my influence over the girl, with the knowledge of this crime to back it, unlimited."

These things passed through the mind of Fagin during the short time he sat alone in the housebreaker's room; and with them uppermost in his thoughts, he had taken the opportunity afterwards afforded him of sounding the girl in the broken hints he threw out at parting. There was no expression of surprise, no assumption of an inability to understand his meaning. The girl clearly comprehended it. Her glance at parting showed *that*.

But perhaps she would recoil from a plot to take the life of Sikes, and that was one of the chief ends to be attained. "How," thought the Jew, as he crept homewards, "can I increase my influence with her? what new power can I acquire?"

Such brains are fertile in expedients. If, without extracting a confession from herself, he laid a watch, discovered the object of her altered regard, and threatened to reveal the whole history to Sikes (of whom she stood in no common fear) unless she entered into his designs, could he not secure her compliance?

"I can," said Fagin almost aloud. "She durst not refuse me then—not for her life, not for her life! I have it all. The means are ready, and shall be set to work. I shall have you yet."

He cast back a dark look and a threatening motion of the hand towards the spot where he had left the bolder villain, and went on his way, busying his bony hands in the folds of his tattered garment, which he wrenched tightly in his grasp as though there were a hated enemy crushed with every motion of his fingers.

He rose betimes next morning, and waited impatiently for the appearance of his new associate, who, after a delay which seemed interminable, at length presented himself, and commenced a voracious assault upon the breakfast.

"Bolter," said the Jew, drawing up a chair and seating himself opposite to him.

"Well, here I am," returned Noah. "What's the matter? Don't yer ask me to do anything till I have done eating. That's a great fault in this place. Yer never get time enough over yer meals."

"You can talk as you eat, can't you?" said Fagin, cursing his dear young friend's greediness from the very bottom of his heart.

"Oh yes, I can talk; I get on better when I talk," said Noah, cutting a monstrous slice of bread. "Where's Charlotte?"

"Out," said Fagin. "I sent her out this morning with the other young woman, because I wanted us to be alone."

"Oh!" said Noah, "I wish yer'd ordered her to make some buttered toast first. Well. Talk away. Yer won't interrupt me."

There seemed indeed no great fear of anything interrupting him, as he had evidently sat down with a determination to do a great deal of business.

"You did well yesterday, my dear," said the Jew, "beautiful! Six shillings and ninepence halfpenny on the very first day! The kinchin lay will be a fortune to you."

"Don't yer forget to add three pint-pots and a milk-can," said Mr. Bolter.

"No, no, my dear," replied the Jew. "The pint-pots were great strokes of genius, but the milk-can was a perfect masterpiece."

"Pretty well, I think, for a beginner," remarked Mr. Bolter complacently. "The pots I took off airy railings, and the milk-can was standing by itself outside a public-house, so I thought it might get rusty with the rain, or catch cold, yer know. Ha! ha! ha!"

The Jew affected to laugh very heartily; and Mr. Bolter, having had his laugh out, took a series of large bites which finished his first hunk of bread and butter, and assisted himself to a second.

"I want you, Bolter," said Fagin, leaning over the table, "to do a piece of work for me, my dear, that needs great care and caution."

"I say," rejoined Bolter, "don't yer go shoving me into danger, or sending me to any more police-offices. That don't suit me, that don't; and so I tell yer."

"There's not the smallest danger in it—not the very smallest," said the Jew; "it's only to dodge a woman."

"An old woman?" demanded Mr. Bolter.

"A young one," replied Fagin.

"I can do that pretty well, I know," said Bolter. "I was a regular cunning sneak when I was at school. What am I to dodge her for? not to——"

"Not to do anything," interrupted the Jew, "but to tell me where she goes to, who she sees, and, if possible, what she says; to remember the street, if it is a street, or the house, if it is a house, and to bring me back all the information you can."

"What'll yer give me?" asked Noah, setting down his cup, and looking his employer cagerly in the face.

"If you do it well, a pound, my dear—one pound," said Fagin, wishing to interest him in the scent as much as possible. "And that's what I never gave yet for any job of work where there wasn't valuable consideration to be gained."

"Who is she?" inquired Noah.

"One of us."

"Oh Lor!" cried Noah, curling up his nose. "Yer doubtful of her, are yer?"

"She has found out some new friends, my dear, and I must know who they are," replied the Jew.

"I see," said Noah. "Just to have the pleasure of knowing them, if they're respectable people, eh?—Ha! ha! ha! I'm your man."

"I knew you would be," cried Fagin, elated by the success of his proposal.

"Of course, of course," replied Noah. "Where is she? Where am I to wait for her? When am I to go?"

"All that, my dear, you shall hear from me. I'll point her out at the proper time," said Fagin. "You keep ready, and leave the rest to me."

That night, and the next, and the next again, the spy sat booted and equipped in his carter's dress, ready to turn out at a word from Fagin. Six nights passed,—six long weary nights,—and on each Fagin came home with a disappointed face, and briefly intimated that it was not yet time. On the seventh he returned earlier, and with an exultation he could not conceal. It was Sunday.

"She goes abroad to-night," said Fagin, "and on the right errand, I'm sure; for she has been alone all day, and the man she is afraid of will not be back much before daybreak. Come with me. Quick."

Noah started up without saying a word, for the Jew was in a state of such intense excitement that it infected him. They left the house stealthily, and, hurrying through a labyrinth of streets, arrived at length before a public-house, which Noah recognised as the same in which he had slept on the night of his arrival in London.

It was past eleven o'clock, and the door was closed. It opened softly on its hinges as the Jew gave a low whistle. They entered without noise, and the door was closed behind them.

Scarcely venturing to whisper, but substituting dumb show for words, Fagin and the young Jew who had admitted them pointed out the pane of glass to Noah, and signed to him to climb up and observe the person in the adjoining room.

"Is that the woman?" he asked, scarcely above his breath.

The Jew nodded yes.

"I can't see her face well," whispered Noah. "She is looking down, and the candle is behind her."

"Stay there," whispered Fagin. He signed to Barney, who withdrew. In an instant the lad entered the room adjoining, and, under pretence of snuffing the candle, moved it into the required position, and, speaking to the girl, caused her to raise her face.

"I see her now," cried the spy.

"Plainly?" asked the Jew.

"I should know her among a thousand."

He hastily descended as the room-door opened, and the girl came out. Fagin drew him behind a small partition which was curtained off, and they held their breaths as she passed within a few feet of their place of concealment, and emerged by the door at which they had entered.

"Hist!" cried the lad who held the door. "Now."

Noah exchanged a look with Fagin, and darted out.

"To the left," whispered the lad; "take the left hand, and keep on the other side."

He did so, and by the light of the lamps saw the girl's retreating figure already at some distance before him. He advanced as near as he considered prudent, and kept on the opposite side of the street, the better to observe her motions. She looked nervously round twice or thrice, and once stopped to let two men, who were following close behind her, pass on. She seemed to gather courage as she advanced, and to walk with a steadier and firmer step. The spy preserved the same relative distance between them, and followed with his eye upon her.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

THE APPOINTMENT KEPT.

The church clocks chimed three quarters past eleven as two figures emerged on London Bridge. One, which advanced with a swift and rapid step, was that of a woman, who looked eagerly about her as though in quest of some expected object; the other figure was that of a man, who slunk along in the deepest shadow he could find, and at some distance, accommodated his pace to hers, stopping when she stopped, and, as she moved again, creeping stealthily on, but never allowing himself, in the ardour of his pursuit, to gain upon her footsteps. Thus they crossed the bridge from the Middlesex to the Surrey shore, when the woman, apparently disappointed in her anxious scrutiny of the foot-passengers, turned back. The movement was sudden, but he who watched her was not thrown off his guard by it, for shrinking into one of the recesses which surmount the piers of the bridge, and leaning over the parapet the better to conceal his figure, he suffered her to pass by on the opposite pavement, and when she was about the same distance in advance as she had been before, he slipped quietly down and followed her again. At nearly the centre of the bridge she stopped. The man stopped too.

It was a very dark night. The day had been unfavourable, and at that hour and place there were few people stirring. Such as there were hurried quickly past, very possibly without seeing, but certainly without noticing, either the woman or the man who kept her in view. Their appearance was not calculated to attract the importunate regards of such of London's destitute population as chanced to take their way over the bridge that night in search of some cold arch or doorless hovel wherein to lay their heads; they stood there in silence, neither speaking nor spoken to by any one who passed.

A mist hung over the river, deepening the red glare of the fires that burnt upon the small craft moored off the different wharfs, and rendering darker and more indistinct the mirky buildings on the banks. The old smoked-stained store-houses on either side rose heavy and dull from the dense mass of roofs and gables, and frowned sternly upon water too black

to reflect even their lumbering shapes. The tower of old Saint Saviour's church, and the spire of Saint Magnus, so long the giant-warders of the ancient bridge, were visible in the gloom; but the forest of shipping below bridge, and the thickly scattered spires of churches above, were nearly all hidden from the sight.

The girl had taken a few restless turns to and fro—closely watched meanwhile by her hidden observer—when the heavy bell of St. Paul's tolled for the death of another day. Midnight had come upon the crowded city. The palace, the night-cellar, the jail, the madhouse; the chambers of birth and death, of health and sickness; the rigid face of the corpse and the calm sleep of the child—midnight was upon them all.

The hour had not struck two minutes, when a young lady, accompanied by a grey-haired gentleman, alighted from a hackney-carriage within a short distance of the bridge, and, having dismissed the vehicle, walked straight towards it. They had scarcely set foot upon its pavement when the girl started, and immediately made towards them.

They walked onwards, looking about them with the air of persons who entertained some very slight expectation which had little chance of being realised, when they were suddenly joined by this new associate. They halted with an exclamation of surprise, but suppressed it immediately, for a man in the garments of a countryman came close up—brushed against them, indeed—at the precise moment.

"Not here," said Nancy hurriedly. "I am afraid to speak to you here. Come away—out of the public road—down the steps yonder."

As she uttered these words, and indicated with her hand the direction in which she wished them to proceed, the countryman looked round, and roughly asking what they took up the whole pavement for, passed on.

The steps to which the girl had pointed were those which, on the Surrey bank, and on the same side of the bridge as Saint Saviour's church, form a landing-stairs from the river. To this spot the man bearing the appearance of a countryman hastened unobserved; and after a moment's survey of the place, he began to descend.

The stairs are a part of the bridge; they consist of three flights. Just below the end of the second, going down, the stone wall on the left terminates in an ornamental pier or pedestal facing towards the Thames. At this point the lower steps widen, so that a person turning that angle of the wall is necessarily unseen by any others on the stairs who chance to be above him, if only a step. The countryman looked hastily round when he reached this point, and as there seemed no better place of concealment, and the tide being out there was plenty of room, he slipped aside, with his back to the pier, and there waited,

pretty certain that they would come no lower, and that even if he could not hear what was said, he could follow them again with safety.

So tardily stole the time in this lonely place, and so eager was the spy to penetrate the motives of an interview so different from what he had been led to expect, that he more than once gave the matter up for lost, and persuaded himself either that they had stopped far above, or resorted to some entirely different spot to hold their mysterious conversation. He was on the very point of emerging from his hiding-place, and regaining the road above, when he heard the sound of footsteps, and directly afterwards of voices, almost close at his ear.

He drew himself straight upright against the wall, and, scarcely breathing, listened attentively.

"'This is far enough,'" said a voice, which was evidently that of the gentleman. "I will not suffer this young lady to go any further. Many people would have distrusted you too much to have come even so far, but you see I am willing to humour you."

"To humour me!" cried the voice of the girl whom he had followed. "You're considerate, indeed, sir. 'To humour me! Well, well, it's no matter."

"Why, for what," said the gentleman in a kinder tone, "for what purpose can you have brought us to this strange place? Why not have let me speak to you above there, where it is light, and there is something stirring, instead of bringing us to this dark and dismal hole?"

"I told you before," replied Nancy, "that I was afraid to speak to you there. I don't know why it is," said the girl, shuddering, "but I have such a fear and dread upon me to-night that I can hardly stand."

"A fear of what?" asked the gentleman, who seemed to pity her.

"I scarcely know of what," replied the girl. "I wish I did. Horrible thoughts of death, and shrouds with blood upon them, and a fear that has made me burn as if I were on fire, have been upon me all day. I was reading a book to-night to wile the time away, and the same things came into the print."

"Imagination," said the gentleman, soothing her.

"No imagination," replied the girl in a hoarse voice. "I'll swear I saw 'coffin' written in every page of the book in large black letters,—ay, and they carried one close to me in the streets to-night."

"There is nothing unusual in that," said the gentleman.

"They have passed me often."

"*Real ones*," rejoined the girl. "This was not."

There was something so uncommon in her manner that the flesh of the concealed listener crept as he heard the girl utter these words, and the blood chilled within him. He had never

experienced a greater relief than hearing the sweet voice of the young lady as she begged her to be calm, and not allow herself to become the prey of such fearful fancies.

"Speak to her kindly," said the young lady to her companion. "Poor creature! She seems to need it."

"Your haughty religious people would have held their heads up to see me as I am to-night, and preached of flames and vengeance," cried the girl. "Oh, dear lady, why ar'n't those, who claim to be God's own folks, as gentle and as kind to us poor wretches as you, who, having youth and beauty and all that they have lost, might be a little proud, instead of so much humbler!"

"Ah!" said the gentleman, "a Turk turns his face, after washing it well, to the East when he says his prayers; these good people, after giving their faces such a rub with the World as takes the smiles off, turn with no less regularity to the darkest side of Heaven. Between the Mussulman and the Pharisee, commend me to the first."

These words appeared to be addressed to the young lady, and were perhaps uttered with the view of affording Nancy time to recover herself. The gentleman shortly afterwards addressed himself to her.

"You were not here last Sunday night," he said.

I couldn't come," replied Nancy; "I was kept by force."

"By whom?"

"Bill—him that I told the young lady of before."

"You were not suspected of holding any communication with anybody on the subject which has brought us here to-night, I hope?" asked the old gentleman anxiously.

"No," replied the girl, shaking her head. "It's not very easy for me to leave him unless he knows why; I couldn't have seen the lady when I did, but that I gave him a drink of laudanum before I came away."

"Did he awake before you returned?" inquired the gentleman.

"No; and neither he nor any of them suspect me."

"Good," said the gentleman. "Now listen to me."

"I am ready," replied the girl, as he paused for a moment.

"This young lady," the gentleman began, "has communicated to me and some other friends who can be safely trusted, what you told her nearly a fortnight since. I confess to you that I had doubts at first whether you were to be implicitly relied upon, but now I firmly believe you are."

"I am," said the girl earnestly.

"I repeat that I firmly believe it. To prove to you that I am disposed to trust you, I tell you without reserve, that we propose to extort the secret, whatever it may be, from the fears of this man Monks. But if—if—" said the gentleman, "he cannot be secured, or, if secured, cannot be acted upon as we wish, you must deliver up the Jew."

"Fagin!" cried the girl, recoiling.

"That man must be delivered up by you," said the gentleman.

"I will not do it—I will never do it," replied the girl. "Devil that he is, and worse than devil as he has been to me, I will never do that."

"You will not?" said the gentleman, who seemed fully prepared for this answer.

"Never!" returned the girl.

"Tell me why?"

"For one reason," rejoined the girl firmly, "for one reason, that the lady knows and will stand by me in, I know she will, for I have her promise; and for this other reason besides, that, bad life as he has led, I have led a bad life too; there are many of us who have kept the same courses together, and I'll not turn upon them, who might—any of them—have turned upon me, but didn't, bad as they are."

"Then," said the gentleman quickly, as if this had been the point he had been aiming to attain—"put Monks into my hands, and leave him to me to deal with."

"What if he turns against the others?"

"I promise you that in that case, if the truth is forced from him, there the matter will rest; there must be circumstances in Oliver's little history which it would be painful to drag before the public eye, and if the truth is once elicited, they shall go scot free."

"And if it is not?" suggested the girl.

"Then," pursued the gentleman, "this Jew shall not be brought to justice without your consent. In such a case I could show you reasons, I think, which would induce you to yield it."

"Have I the lady's promise for that?" asked the girl eagerly.

"You have," replied Rose. "My true and faithful pledge."

"Monks would never learn how you knew what you do?" said the girl, after a short pause.

"Never," replied the gentleman. "The intelligence should be so brought to bear upon him, that he could never even guess."

"I have been a liar, and among liars, from a little child," said the girl after another interval of silence, "but I will take your words."

After receiving an assurance from both that she might safely do so, she proceeded in a voice so low that it was often difficult for the listener to discover even the purport of what she said, to describe by name and situation the public-house whence she had been followed that night. From the manner in which she occasionally paused, it appeared as if the gentleman were making some hasty notes of the information she communicated. When she had thoroughly explained the localities of the place, the

best position from which to watch it without exciting observation, and the night and hour on which Monks was most in the habit of frequenting it, she seemed to consider a few moments for the purpose of recalling his features and appearance more forcibly to her recollection.

"He is tall," said the girl, "and a strongly made man, but not stout; he has a lurking walk, and as he walks, constantly looks over his shoulder, first on one side and then on the other. Don't forget that, for his eyes are sunk in his head so much deeper than any other man's, that you might almost tell him by that alone. His face is dark, like his hair and eyes, but, although he can't be more than six or eight and twenty, withered and haggard. His lips are often discoloured and disfigured with the marks of teeth, for he has desperate fits, and sometimes even bites his hands and covers them with wounds—why did you start?" said the girl, stopping suddenly.

The gentleman replied in a hurried manner that he was not conscious of having done so, and begged her to proceed.

"Part of this," said the girl, "I've drawn out from other people at the house I tell you of, for I have only seen him twice, and both times he was covered up in a large cloak. I think that's all I can give you to know him by. Stay though," she added. "Upon his throat, so high that you can see a part of it below his neckerchief when he turns his face, there is—"

"A broad red mark, like a burn or scald," cried the gentleman.

"How's this?" said the girl. "You know him!"

The young lady uttered a cry of extreme surprise, and for a few moments they were so still that the listener could distinctly hear them breathe.

"I think I do," said the gentleman, breaking silence. "I should, by your description. We shall see. Many people are singularly like each other though,—it may not be the same."

As he expressed himself to this effect with assumed carelessness, he took a step or two nearer the concealed spy, as the latter could tell from the distinctness with which he heard him mutter, "It must be he!"

"Now," he said, returning, so it seemed by the sound, to the spot where he had stood before, "you have given us most valuable assistance, young woman, and I wish you to be the better for it. What can I do to serve you?"

"Nothing," replied Nancy.

"You will not persist in saying that," rejoined the gentleman with a voice and emphasis of kindness that might have touched a much harder and more obdurate heart. "Think now. Tell me."

"Nothing, sir," rejoined the girl, weeping. "You can do nothing to help me. I am past all hope, indeed."

"You put yourself beyond its pale," said the gentleman:

"the past has been a dreary waste with you, of youthful energies mis-spent, and such priceless treasures lavished as the Creator bestows but once, and never grants again, but for the future you may hope. I do not say that it is in our power to offer you peace of heart and mind, for that must come as you seek it; but a quiet asylum, either in England, or, if you fear to remain here, in some foreign country, it is not only within the compass of our ability but our most anxious wish to secure to you. Before the dawn of morning, before this river wakes to the first glimpse of daylight, you shall be placed as entirely beyond the reach of your former associates, and leave as utter an absence of all traces behind you, as if you were to disappear from the earth this moment. Come. I would not have you go back to exchange one word with any old companion, or take one look at any old haunt, or breathe the very air which is pestilence and death to you. Quit them all, while there is time and opportunity.

"She will be persuaded now," cried the young lady. "She hesitates, I am sure."

"I fear not, my dear," said the gentleman.

"No, sir, I do not," replied the girl after a short struggle. "I am chained to my old life. I loathe and hate it now, but I cannot leave it. I must have gone too far to turn back,—and yet I don't know, for if you had spoken to me so, some time ago, I should have laughed it off. But," she said, looking hastily round, "this fear comes over me again. I must go home."

"Home!" repeated the young lady, with great stress upon the word.

"Home, lady," rejoined the girl. "To such a home as I have raised for myself with the work of my whole life. Let us part. I shall be watched or seen. Go, go. If I have done you any service, all I ask is, that you leave me and let me go my way alone."

"It is useless," said the gentleman with a sigh. "We compromise her safety perhaps by staying here. We may have detained her longer than she expected already."

"Yes, yes," urged the girl. "You have."

"What," cried the young lady, "can be the end of this poor creature's life!"

"What!" repeated the girl. "Look before you, lady. Look at that dark water. How many times do you read of such as me who spring into the tide, and leave no living thing to care for or bewail them. It may be years hence, or it may be only months, but I shall come to that at last."

"Do not speak thus, pray," returned the young lady, sobbing.

"It will never reach your ears, dear lady, and God forbid such horrors should—" replied the girl. "Good night, good night."

The gentleman turned away.

"This purse," cried the young lady. "Take it for my sake, that you may have some resource in an hour of need and trouble."

"No, no," replied the girl. "I have not done this for money. Let me have that to think of. And yet—give me something that you have worn : I should like to have something—no, no, not a ring—your gloves or handkerchief—anything that I can keep as having belonged to you, sweet lady. There. Bless you—God bless you ! Good night, good night !"

The violent agitation of the girl, and the apprehension of some discovery which would subject her to ill-usage and violence, seemed to determine the gentleman to leave her as she requested. The sound of retreating footsteps was audible, and the voices ceased.

The two figures of the young lady and her companion soon afterwards appeared upon the bridge. They stopped at the summit of the stairs.

"Hark !" cried the young lady, listening. "Did she call ! I thought I heard her voice."

"No, my love," replied Mr. Brownlow, looking sadly back. "She has not moved, and will not till we are gone."

Rose Maylie lingered, but the old gentleman drew her arm through his, and led her with gentle force away. As they disappeared, the girl sunk down nearly at her full length upon one of the stone stairs, and vented the anguish of her heart in bitter tears.

After a time she rose, and with feeble and tottering steps ascended to the street. The astonished listener remained motionless on his post for some minutes afterwards, and having ascertained with many cautious glances round him that he was again alone, crept slowly from his hiding-place, and returned, stealthily and in the shade of the wall, in the same manner as he had descended.

Peeping out more than once when he reached the top, to make sure that he was unobserved, Noah Claypole darted away at his utmost speed, and made for the Jew's house as fast as his legs would carry him.

A QUESTION.

To ask me "how I do," you won't !
Then let me ask you "*how* you don't?"

ANSWERED.

Why, sure, that you're an arrant cheat ;
And having once been *done* by you,
'Twere really useless when we meet
For me to ask you "*how* you do."

JOYCE JOYUND.

WALTER CHILDE.

BY MR. BULLER OF BRAZEN NOSSE.

CANTO VI.

MEANTIME, suppose them safely housed and dress'd
 For Lady Poyntz's entertainment grand,
 Whereto at this set time were bid the best
 And choicest company of Berkshire land.
 Poor Walter had, though for time sorely press'd,
 Ten thousand interrogatories to stand
 From good Dame Alice, which his speed delay'd,
 And took him full ten minutes to evade.

Scarce was he usher'd, when a friendly gripe
 Took his hand captive. "My good fellow Wat!
 Delighted—got your note. So all was ripe
 For near ten years, till Catherine Seymour's plot
 Brought it to bear? Your visage is a type
 Of your supreme good fortune, which is not
 More than I wish'd, Heav'n knows! but past my hope
 You're one of us now—'Gad, you'll have full scope.

"And such a creature! all you could desire—
 A little termagant till six years old:
 I knew the chit; all Spanish dash and fire,
 But well brought up; a heart of first-rate mould:
 Not that she'd suit a common-place esquire;
 But for a man of mettle, true and bold
 Of word and action, she'd face fire and water—
 Just what you'd look for in a soldier's daughter

"None know on't but my mother, Forde, and I.
 I put Jack Shirley on another scent.
 There's dancing here, and so forth, by and by;
 And our coach, by the time your things are sent,
 Will take you home whene'er you wish to try
 A change from all this county botherment.
 We dine with you to-morrow; Forde, a cousin
 Or two, and our three selves; just half a dozen.

"How d'ye like Catherine?—quite off-hand and arch;
 Don't mind her nonsense—she is sound at heart.
 And so she told you all?—you stole a march
 On us, Sir Benedict:—decisive, smart,
 As in your o'er-sea project (devil starch
 Th' old fellow's hide who drove you to that start,
 And tan his hide for pettifogger's vellum!
 He dines no more at our house, I can tell him.)

"Forde is a gentleman; and, by the by,
 He's here, on the *qui vive*, to wish you joy;
 Oh! and about your client. Forde and I
 Had settled to remove Webb's cause, my boy,
 Up to the London courts, that you might try
 Your hand again—'twould have ensured employ.
 But that you want not now. I wrote you word,
 But you had started. How betimes you stirr'd!

"Now for my mother; it is nearly three,
 And we are starving. Dinner quickly, John.
 Oh, there she is besieged; e'en let her be.
 That fool the mayor!—Shirley and I push'd on
 To warn you, for poor Alice Ward, you see,
 Ran frantic to his office, and the son
 Of an old owl—There, don't you see him now?
 What do you think of his bedizen'd frow?"

"You don't mind meeting Barebone here, poor devil?
 He got most terribly set down to-day
 By th' foreman, so I wish'd to make the civil
 For once; the fellow 's harmless in his way;
 The old man is a pest, a public evil;
 But he can scarce last long: the son, they say,
 Has his good point, though weak. Forde, here 's your man;
 Now ask him how he likes his back-wood plan."

"Don't wring his hand off. So it seems we both
 Fought upon different sides at Roundway Down?
 I knew it not last night, I'll take my oath.
 Forde, you kept snug our friend's by-gone renown.
 Our standard, too—I well remember, troth,
 That desperate mée,—I with a crack'd crown
 Was left for—Dinner! truce to our debate:
 Forde hands your wife, my boy; look you for Kate."

What Walter's answers were, I quite forget;
 And, if I recollected, time slips fast.
 There was old armour and a buhl beauffet
 In the great dining-hall to which they pass'd;
 But how the party look'd, or what they ate,
 Things of the knife-and-fork-and-needle cast,
 The milliners and cooks could tell, no doubt,
 Who drest the dinner and the diners-out.

The ladies gone, and drank with cordial cheer.
 Up rose Sir Henry Poyntz. "John, more Bordeaux.
 Mr. High Sheriff, friends and gentles dear,
 And comrades whom I served with years ago,
 Charge glasses;—I won't say, when emptied clear,
 Discharge them o'er your heads; none here, I know,
 Are roysterers, and in mercy we must spare
 Poor Lady Poyntz's curious Venice ware."

"Pledge me, I pray, as neighbours, to the health
 Of my friend Counsellor and Captain Childe.
 He was (I smuggle no one here by stealth.)
 A tough King Charles's man; but these his wild
 And fighting days are over, and by wealth
 And station we may find him reconciled
 To the existing state of matters, such
 As Heaven decrees—they have not served us much."

"Some may think otherwise; whoe'er they be,
 They'll find a right good neighbour in my friend.
 His health, then, and I thank your courtesy,
 That hath borne this my prosing to an end."
 The toast was echo'd as we hear and see
 When men in social intercourse unb-
 With wine and chat:—thought Walter
 Now! and this same time four-and-two!

No time for thought, though; there not often is,
 When summon'd by the tacit requisition
 Of silence. Reader, whether sage or quiz,
 If you stood never yet in this position,
 I pity you in prospect;—what a whiz
 Of crude ideas, all struggling for admission,
 Rush to your pate, defying all arrangement!
 Bolt something out you must, to 'scape derangement.

But he, well-grounded in forensic art,
 And feeling his own self-esteem touch'd nearly,
 Spoke, as he always acted, from his heart,
 And said his short say manfully and clearly.
 He added, "It is now my bounden part,
 As on due thought I purposed most sincerely,
 To make one person reparation due.
 Sir," (turning to poor Barebone,) "it is you.

"I fancied it my duty yesterday
 To state what roused your spirit as a son;
 What I say now, I was prepared to say
 When, last night's converse hardly yet begun,
 Some other subject drew your thoughts away;
 In fact, first brief, whether lost or won,
 Tempters to o'erstep the strict propriety
 Which should prevail in business and society.

"Observe, however, for I'll not deny it,
 I hold our father, jury, judge, and all,
 Clean wrong in law, and mean, please God, to try it
 With a good speed, in Westminster's old hall.
 But that's no cause, at least I can't espy it,
 That need occasion—I'll not say a brawl
 Between us, but a single angry thought.
 I beg your pardon, for I feel I ought."

I need not give the bravos which ensued
 From guests, mayor, sheriff, host; nor need I say
 Hands were exchanged. Poor Barebone, who had stew'd
 And fretted with vexation half the day,
 Mumbled acknowledgment and gratitude,
 And really felt most anxious to repay
 The generous tact which colour'd his own case,
 And brought him off with unexpected grace.

Anon he clear'd his throat, and pledged his word,
 Both in his own and in his father's name,
 The case and costs should be forthwith referr'd
 To any two friends there,—'twas all the same.
 This tit-for-tat proceeding, simply stirr'd
 By impulse, and a sense of honest shame,
 Gain'd him, he quickly found, much estimation,
 And turn'd out worth his whole past education

The tables were removed a whit perchance
 Earlier than usual in that jovial day,
 As the great hall was wanted for the dance;
 And on the bowling-green the gentles stray
 By twos and threes; the time did now advance
 To six, and Walter long'd to get away
 To—not his own home, surely; yet the force
 Of Poyntz's words implied it so, of course.

A tap aroused him. "Childe, you made that youth
 Respectable for life by one white lie."—
 "Why, Forde, what would you?—Not a viper's tooth
 Is sharper than the stings of raillery
 I saw him suffer at the ball; in truth,
 I care not for my p's and q's, not I,
 In helping out a youngster; 'twere but reason
 To show fair play by an odd word in season.

"I'll tell you what, Forde, I assume no merit,
 For if my birth and parentage be known—
 Come, there's a brag!—my character will bear it."
 "Perhaps so: ere I found you here alone,
 I met the general, a known man of spirit,
 Conversing with our host in his bluff tone.
 'Z—ds! Harry Poyntz!' said he, 'my heart is won;
 I'll wager that's old Lutzen's fighting son.'

"Your father's nom-de-guerre;—not know it, boy?
 Thou art not a wise child in that one sense.
 'Name me to him,' he said; 'I should enjoy
 His friendship;—he's a don of consequence
 In this your district, and in high employ.
 Cromwell, who cannot prudently dispense
 With his tried parts, still calls him a seceder,
 And talks of Meshech and the tents of Kedar.

"Wait for the introduction, which our friend
 Much wishes; then you both may steal away
 Without adieux; the carriage shall attend:
 This Lady Poyntz commissions me to say.
 Now to our lady-loves; they recommend
 We should taste this new-fangled drink, which may
 Prove a good hit; coffee I think they style it,
 And promise me the true receipt to boil it.

"Stay; one more turn,—we've time for 't. Walter Childe,
 You used th' old cynic scurvily, I trow,—
 Much worse than when, bit by some crotchet wild,
 You would decline my loan a year ago.
 I hoped to get you stuff'd, and reconciled
 To reason, at my breakfast. Don't you know
 I wrote a note you should have got by eight?
 But you were gone; my clerk arrived too late.

"Well, Walter, as you know, I am right sparing
 Of words, which my vocation is to sell;
 Advice to hair-brain'd youngsters is past bearing,
 And in most cases stinks; they say: too well
 Th' unsavory adage paints such proffer'd fairing,
 As most didactic volunteers can tell.
 Now you're a county man—thank God for that!—
 And have to think for others—Verbum sat."

"My good true friend."—"Nay, come, I bear no spite:
 You've borne ill fortune well; now you have shown
 You can bear good. Friend Wat, you acted right
 In that poor boy's affair; I liked your tone
 And manner; persevere; so use your might
 Of mind and body, that before Heaven's throne
 You may stand straight, when Death shall drop the curtain;
 Remember, man, like fortune, is uncertain.



THE PARISIAN CAFÉS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PARISIAN SABBATH."

* THE traveller may search Europe over, and he will find nothing to correspond throughout with the estaminets, the restaurants, and the cafés of Paris. The general distinctions between them are these:—an estaminet is a place where tobacco is smoked, various sorts of beverages are drunk, and generally cards and billiards played. A restaurant is one where breakfasts and dinners are eaten. A café is another, where breakfasts are taken, dominos played, and where coffee, ices, and all refreshing drinks may, at any hour, be enjoyed.

In Paris there are more than four hundred cafés. Of these the most ancient is the Café Procope, which may still be seen in the Faubourg St. Germain. It was established by an Italian named Zoppa. Opposite to it once stood the Comédie Française. This theatre gave place to the studio of Gros, the famous painter; that studio vanished, and now a paper magazine is on its site. The Café Procope still survives. It has, however, somewhat changed in the character of its frequenters. Formerly the resort of Rousseau, Fréron, Voltaire, and the epigrammatic Piron, it is now chiefly patronized by students of law, medicine, and literature. There do they assemble in their lofty, sugar-loafed hats, republican locks hanging over their shoulders, unwashed beards, and negligent attire, to chat with the *dame-du-comptoir*, joke about the Pandects, and play at dominos. For this last sport they seem to have a perfect passion. The custom is to play for breakfast. The losers then play among themselves, and it is not unusual for him who at ten o'clock entered, and merely called for his *petit pain*, and *café au lait*, to retire at the hour of four, having first deposited some fifty francs with the divinity of the place, or at least obtained from her a *tick* for that small sum. This is the genuine frequenter of the Café Procope. Sometimes, however, you will there see authors and artists, as Gustave Planche, Gigoux, the young painter, Henri Fournier, Eugene Renduel, and others, but no dramatists. The theatre has abandoned St. Germain-des-Prés. The other noted cafés on this side the Seine, are the Voltaire, the Moliere, and lastly the Desmares, an aristocratical resort, where silent and stern deputies from the *extreme droit* often congregate.

But if you would see the Parisian cafés in all their peculiarities and magnificence, go over the Seine into the vicinity of the Palais Royal, or walk along the Boulevards. There is a café,—peculiar, though not very magnificent,—in a little dark street near the Halle au blé, I mean the Café Touchard. At a certain season of the year, all the provincial actors and actresses, who, coming up to this wide theatre of human exhibition, desire to engage their professional abilities for the winter, assemble at this café. It is then a sort of *foire aux comédiens*. The directors of operas and theatres, in huge white cravats folded consequentially about their chins and mouths, here meet, and converse with them in significant and majestic mode. They scan them up and down, listen attentively to their pronunciation, read over their recommendations, and, if the adventurer be a female, scrutinize carefully her teeth, gait, and smile. If in these

last three items she be unexceptionable, you will see her, a fortnight hence, at the Variétés. If she have a strong arm, a stentorian voice, and can look the terribler, the director of the Théâtre Porte St. Martin is sealing an engagement with her. If she have a *spirituel* face, and a polished, lady-like bearing, she stands a chance for a place among the third and fourth-rate artists at the Théâtre Français.

In the Place du Palais Royal is the Café de la Régence. This is the great resort of chess-players. Formerly it was much frequented by Jean Jacques, and other distinguished men. Here was likewise the scene of Philidor's triumphs. The garçon, if you ask, will show you the very spot where that world-renowned player was wont to sit, and marshal kings, bishops, and knights. Enter the café at mid-day—there are some fifteen or twenty matches playing. What universal silence!—what intent expression! The automaton of Maelzel himself could not look more gravely or ponderingly. Observe that venerable man in the corner, his bald head protected by a black day-cap; his face reposes between his two hands, resting on his elbows. There does not seem to be much significance in his gaze upon the board before him. He is indeed a picture of abstraction; he has actually forgotten with whom he is playing. In vain the garçon reminds him of the *bavaroise* he ordered. Before his fleshly eye is that small battle-ground, with those stationary armies; but in his mental vision these ranks are all in motion. Look—those pawns have now been swept from the field. That knight is in possession of your castle. The queen, dashing to the right and to the left, has cried havoc; and those fearless old bishops with a single pawn have checked and then checkmated the king. His design now springs into the hand of the player, and quick as a flash it is embodied in his move. There are still good players at the Café de la Régence, but its grand players have passed away; and, with many a once-famed but now deserted favourite in Paris, may it exclaim, in the words of Charles V. at his convent,—“Ah, mes beaux jours, où êtes vous?”

At one end of the Palais Royal is the Café des Aveugles et du Sauvage. It is subterranean. You descend, too, in more senses than one, when you visit it. Its name is derived from the fact that its orchestra is composed of half a dozen blind men, thither every evening led from the Hôpital des Quinze-Vingts, to accompany with their instruments a man costumed like a savage, while, rolling horribly his eyes, and still horribly grinning, he plays the battle of Wagram on a *drum*. This is evidently a low resort. Nothing is demanded for admission; but when you have entered, you are expected to take something, and, on paying for it, you find your coffee costing twenty sous, instead of eight. The scene of youths, and even old men, with arms in loving proximity to certain necks, may not be strictly evangelical; but yet you who wish to study every phase of Parisian life, will hardly pass under the Arch of the Columns without for a few moments dropping in to see the blind musicians, and hear the battle of Wagram.

In the Place de la Bourse, and immediately behind the Exchange, is the little Café du Report. It is the Exchange for women. From the grand Bourse they are excluded by a decree of the Tribunal of Commerce. Their passion for speculation, however, is not to be thus quenched. They gamble away fortunes, sipping *orgat* in the

Café du Report. Mademoiselle Mars has furnished one sad chapter in the history of that little room. It is now three o'clock in the afternoon. Let us walk into it. Pretending to read the *Cours Authentique*, you may hear this conversation:—"Tiens, bonjour, ma'me Fricard, comment que ça vous va?"—"Pas trop bien, ma'me Chaffarou. Mes Espagnols me donnent bien du tintouin. Vingt-et-un et demie, moi, qu'avais acheté à trente-trois! It appears that Don Gomes has gone into the Asturias. The rascal, he has ruined me."—"C'est bien fait, ma'me Fricard, pourquoi que vous n'avez pas des ducats. J'ai revendu à bénéfice, maintenant je vais acheter de l'Haiti, c'est fini. Je ne prends plus de cinq,—vous ne savez, ma chère, on va le rembourser le cinq, on donnera du trois."—"Le rembourser! quelle horreur! ma'me Chaffarou. Comme si l'on ne ferait pas mieux de rembourser les assignats. J'en ai encore pour six cent mille francs, dans mon secrétaire. V'là bien les gouvernements." A third woman now rushes in, all business-like. "Don't you know, ladies, Don Carlos has just gained a battle over the *Christinos*,—has killed thirty thousand men and taken one cannon. Telegraphic despatch—the Cortes are going into just nothing at all."—"What a simple thing you are, Madame Potard, for an old midwife," interrupts the Chaffarou; "don't you see it's all a *trick*. Gardez vos coupons. Il-y-aura hausse fin courant,—le report ira bien—demandez plutôt à Monsieur Auguste." M. Auguste, a sort of *courtier de marrons* of the place, has just come in. "Que voulez vous, mesdames, des *différés*, ou des *perpétuelles*;—des *Belges*, ou des *Romains*. Il-y-a long temps que nous n'avons rien fait ensemble. Oserai-je vous offrir un petit verre de Kerch?"—"Oh, c'est trop fort, Monsieur Auguste, du *doux* s'il vous plaît."—"Garçon," says Auguste, "trois verres d'huile de rose."—Madame Potard changing her mind, shouts out, "Garçon, décidément, j'aimerais mieux du cognac." There would be much to amuse in this, were it not for the disastrous impoverishments to which such chat is often but the prologue.

A few steps from the Café du Report bring you to where *was*, until lately, the Café Mozart, for a short time one of the most magnificent and best-frequented in all Paris. It had the great disadvantage of being in the second story. No Frenchman wishes to ascend stairs in search of coffee. It had, however, this advantage,—its *dame-du-comptoir* was a heroine. It was Nina Lassave, the mistress of Fieschi, who so gracefully bowed to every gentleman as he entered or left the room. While she presided, that café was in high glory. Thousands on thousands flocked thither, first, to look at her; secondly, to talk with her; and thirdly, to enjoy moka in her presence. Nina sustained her fame with noble self-possession. A little circumstance, however, quite beyond her control, required an absence of *nine* days into what we should call *the country*. Alas! she never returned; and the Café Mozart, with its mirrors and music, joined the past.

Every theatre has in its vicinity a café. At these cafés, and likewise those of the Boulevard du Temple, the actors, the actresses, and the dramatic authors of the time principally congregate. You may see them most frequently between ten and twelve at night. There they gather, some to discuss the performances, and some to estimate the applause of the evening. Those who have received the latter

call importantly for kirch or eau-de-vie. Those who have not, merely sip sugared water, and vent their disappointment in repetitions of "*quel public!—sacré!*" The authors sometimes mingle with them, and sometimes sit apart; there they ruminate and combine. That gentleman, with eye resting on vacancy, and who but rarely tastes his cool *sorbet*, is conceiving a dramatic plot. You perceive that he has now called for a *bavaroise*; he sips it gently. Be assured he has advanced to intrigues and tenderest colloquies. Has he at length taken to *Café noir*? 'Tis no small proof that his plot is growing thick and romantic,—that he wants the inspiration of its aroma, and the images which its strength and hues may perchance call up. Has he finally become restless, and demanded a *carafe of cognac*? You are safe in the remark, that he is at last dealing with the darker passions, that he is composing for the theatre of the Porte St. Martin, and that a catastrophe of revenge and blood is on the eve of developement. The *dame-du-comptoir* notices nothing of all this. She little dreams that, before one week shall have elapsed, she may be applauding or condemning the very work of art, the elements of which have just now been half derived out of dispensations from her own unconscious hand.

The literary patronage of cafés is not always their only one: many are distinguished for their political frequenters. The *Café Valois* and the *Café de Foy* have been renowned resorts for men of the Restoration, as the *Café Lemblin* has been frequented peculiarly by the Liberals; but it must be acknowledged that these distinctions are not now very strongly maintained. Legitimists, Doctrinaires, and Republicans, the Dynastiques, and the Anti-dynastiques, may find themselves on any evening glancing at each other from different tables of the same café. Merchants and stock-jobbers meet in great numbers, between twelve and two, before Tortoni's; and in the evening, as you lounge in to melt an ice, you will frequently observe individuals conversing in a style, conclusive to any but the superficial, that their theme is ducats. One of the first steps in Parisian business is decidedly to strut daily up and down before Tortoni's. If you would have the earliest intelligence from any part of the earth, go to Tortoni's. Moreover, if you would enjoy chocolate and ices, such as no other parts of the earth can equal, go likewise to Tortoni's. Tortoni's ices are as far beyond all other ices as Taglioni's dancing is beyond all other dancing. Taking your seat, the garçon presents you a little *carte*, in the two columns of which, under the words "*crème*" and "*fruits*," you read, among other things, *citron*, *vanille*, *framboise*. You select a *framboise*; in a few moments the garçon deposits before you a silver plate, whereon stands a goblet holding a spoon, a glass bottle miraculously half filled with frozen water, a little basket of wafer cake, and the *framboise*, ascending, cone-like, six inches above the glass which sustains it. Different persons have different modes of taking an ice. At Tortoni's, I know of no one in particular preferable to any other. If you be not advanced, however, it may perhaps be well to secure such a position that, while each gelid *morceau* is vanishing away upon the palate, your eye may rest upon one of the fairest *dames-du-comptoir* near the Boulevards. Tortoni's ices, moreover, should be taken with extreme slowness, and with little or no conversation. Nothing should be permitted to interfere with the legitimate delight

which these delicious combinations are intended to create. For a framboise you pay one franc, likewise leaving two sous on the table for the garçon. Nothing can surpass the brilliancy, and beauty, and vivacity of the scene around Tortoni's on a pleasant summer's evening.

Of the magnificent cafés there are eight or ten, between which I know not how to choose. At the Café de Foy one never hears the clatter of dominos; the game is there forbidden. At the Café du Caveau and the Café d'Orleans the finest moka in the metropolis may be enjoyed. At the Café of the Opera Comique, you drink it from cups of greatest magnitude and weight. At the Café Vivienne it is placed before you on tables of the most beautiful white marble. At the Café des Variétés it is served up in the midst of Oriental splendour, and also at Veron's. Suppose we walk into Veron's; you pronounce it instantly more richly ornamented than any other mere café in Paris. The gilding of various parts is in a gorgeous profusion, that recalls whatever you may have read of the golden house of Nero. The ceiling and walls are wrought here and there into the most lovely frescoes of birds and flowers; fauns, nymphs, graces, and images in every fantastic form; four immense and gilded chandeliers hang from the ceiling; a tall candelabra rises in the centre of the room, and two beautiful lamps stand on the comptoir. These lights illuminating these colours and this gilding, make the scene brilliant beyond all description. Then the mirrors, so disposed as to double and redouble, nay, twenty times to reflect what has been described. Here is not merely *one* Café Veron to dazzle and enchant, but a *score* of them. There is not a café, nor hardly anything else in Paris, which is not abundantly supplied with looking-glasses. The French of Louis Philippe can no more live without them than could the French of Louis XIV. They are not indeed now, as formerly, carried about by ladies as they promenade the streets; but walking through any street or any passage, you may, if you please, pause at every moment to adjust your locks in a mirror. There are mirrors in every street, mirrors walling the rooms of every dwelling-house, mirrors multiplying every boutique; there are mirrors in the diligences, and mirrors in the omnibuses; there is no place too high nor none too low for them; they line the Hall of Diana in the Tuilleries, and reflect the boot-black half a dozen times, as he polishes your nether-self beneath the sign of "On cire les bottes." Paris itself is one of the largest cities of Europe; but Paris in all its mirrors is twenty times larger than the largest city in the world. "It cometh often to pass," says Bacon, "that mean and small things discover great, better than great can discover small." If I were now on those themes, I might detect in their mirrors, not merely ungenerous evidences of their vanity, but one vast school wherein the polished manners of the French have been educated. But here comes the *café noir*.

Coffee is to the Frenchman what tea is to the Englishman, beer to the German, eau-de-vie to the Russian, opium to the Turk, or chocolate to the Spaniard. Men, women, and children, of all grades and professions, drink coffee in Paris. In the morning, it is served up under the aromatic name of *café au lait*; in the evening, it is universally taken as *café noir*. After one of Vefour's magnificent repasts, it enters your stomach in the character of a *settler*. It leaves

you volatile, nimble, and quick; and over it might be justly poured those pleasant compliments which Falstaff bestowed on sherris sack. The garçon, at your call for a *demi-tasse*, has placed before you a snowy cup and saucer, three lumps of sugar, and a *petit verre*. He ventured the *petit verre*, inferring from your ruddy English face that you liked *liqueur*. Another garçon now appears; in his right hand is a huge silver pot covered, and in his left another of the same material, uncovered: the former contains coffee, the latter cream. You reject cream, and thereupon the garçon pours out of the former in strange abundance, until your cup, ay, and almost the saucer, actually overflow. There is hardly space for the three lumps; and yet you must contrive somehow to insert them, or that *café noir*—*black* it may indeed be called—will in its concentrated strength be quite unmanageable; but, when thus sweetly tempered, it becomes the finest beverage in the whole world. It agreeably affects several senses. Its liquid pleases all the gustatory nerves, its savour ascends to rejoice the olfactory, and even your eye is delighted with those dark, transparent, and sparkling hues, through which your silver spoon perpetually shines. You pronounce French coffee the only coffee. In a few moments its miracles begin to be wrought; you feel *spirituel*, amiable, and conversational. Delille's fine lines rush into your memory:—

“ Et je crois du génie éprouvant le reveil,
Boire dans chaque goutte, un rayon du soleil.”

You almost express aloud your gratitude to the garçon. In his sphere he seems to you a beau-ideal. His hair is polished into ebony. His face has a balmy expression, that enchants you. His cravat is of intensest white. His shirt-bosom is equally elegant. His round-about is neat and significant. Upon his left arm hangs a clean napkin, and his lower extremities are quite wrapped about in a snowy apron. His stockings are white, and he glides about in noiseless pumps. At your slightest intimation he is at your elbow. He is a physiognomist of the quickest perception. He now marks the entrance of yonder aged gentleman with a cane. Calmly he moves for a *demi-tasse*. That aged gentleman is an *habitué*. He glances his eye at the titles of half-a-dozen Gazettes, and having found that which he desired, lays it aside, carefully, upon his table. Having divested himself of gloves and hat, he sits down to *café noir*, and the gazette. That man patronizes only Veron's. He is not its *habitué* of ten or twenty years, but of forty. It has changed proprietors five times; but, even as Mademoiselle Mars has performed under the Directory, the Consulate, the Empire, the Restoration, and the Revolution, and is still fresh, and true to her vocation, so has this *habitué* survived those five proprietary regimes; still continuing true to Veron's. With several others he is now considered, as it were, a part of the establishment, and when it exchanges hands its inventory is made out somewhat thus:—

12 marble tables	400 francs.
24 stools, nearly new	125 „
7 <i>habitués</i> , nearly used up, but capable of enduring, say five years	600 „

That individual has no physical or moral type out of Paris.

Tapping your cup with a five-franc piece, the *garçon* approaches, and, taking the coin, advances with it towards the *dame-du-comptoir*, saying at the same time, "huit—cent." The *dame-du-comptoir*—

And where out of France will you find a *dame-du-comptoir*? Some of our cockney travellers sometimes call her by the blowsy name of barmaid. But there is a wide ocean tolling between that graceful, elegantly dressed, and universally-recognising divinity, and her to whom that abominable name may be applied,—a name reeking with exhalations from mugs, and beer-bottles, and stable-boys. This lady sits stately behind her *comptoir*. Two large silver vases stand in front of her, filled with spoons. At her right hand are several elegant decanters, and at her left a score of silver cups piled up with sugar. There is moreover a little bell within reach to summon the *garçon*, and wide open before her are the treasury-boxes of the café. Her business is to superintend the *garçons*, and receive the money. Her influence is, by her graceful presence, to refine the whole scene.

You may remark that such public vocation is out of woman's sphere. I can hardly coincide with you. I must say, however, that after some European travel, my ideas with regard to what is woman's legitimate sphere, have become somewhat confounded.

In every country, from Turkey upwards, woman has her certain place. In Italy, in Switzerland, in Germany, in England, in Scotland, and more than all in civilized and woman-adoring France, I have seen her, in instances without number, performing offices of hardship and notoriety, with which her heaven-given, womanly nature seemed to me totally incompatible.

That the age of chivalry has passed from Europe needs not the meagre evidence that no thousand swords leaped from their scabbards to save the beautiful Marie Antoinette. Travel over Europe, the proofs shall stare you in the face wherever you go. In Munich a woman does the work of printer's devil. In Vienna I have seen her making mortar, carrying hods, digging cellars, and wheeling forth the clay; and there have I also seen females harnessed with a man, nay with a dog, and once with even a jackass, to a cart, dragging the same through the most public streets of the metropolis. In Dresden she saws and splits wood, drags coal about the city in a little waggon, and wheels eatables for miles through the highways to the market, in a huge barrow. In all these places, in France and Italy, may you note her with basket and scraper, hastening to monopolize the filth just fallen upon the public routes.

In France females do vastly more degrading and out-of-door work than in England, and in Paris they are in as great request as the mirrors themselves. A woman harnesses diligence horses. A woman cleans your boots as you rest them on her little stand at the Pont Neuf. At the theatres it is a woman who sells you your ticket, and other women who take charge of the boxes. At many mere business-offices it is a woman who does the business. Would you bargain at a *Chauffier* for a load of wood, you bargain with a woman. Would you be conveyed publicly to the south of France, you receive your right to a place in the *Coupée* from a woman. There is no shop, of whatever description, in which a woman is not concerned. There is indeed hardly a department in which she does not seem to be *chief*

manager. The greatest hotel in Paris is kept by a woman. You see women superintending everywhere ; — in the reading-rooms, in the restaurants, in the estaminets, in the Cafés ; — selling tobacco in the thronged Tabacs ; tending *cabinets inodorés* on the Boulevard Montmartre ; lending newspapers in the Palais Royal, and writing out accounts in the Rue de la Paix ; — and when, alas ! her vocation must needs render her form invisible, you shall still on canvass see her image, large as life, in fifty streets of Paris, under these pregnant words ; — “ À la Maternité. Madame Messenger, — sage-femme, 9 jours, l'accouchement compris. 50 francs et au dessus.”

One might infer from most of these instances that woman had changed occupations with the other sex. So far as cooking is concerned this is the fact. But I know not if the remark can be extended farther. While the women are thus active, the men are too generally lounging. Ten thousand brilliant shops in Paris are each day and evening presided over by ten thousand brilliant women. Here is certainly no unattractive spectacle. Therein is revealed the ingenuity of the French ; since many a green one, and many a knowing one, is thus beguiled into jewellery and kid-gloves, to say no worse, merely because it is pleasant to higgler about their price with such gentle cheaters. As to the beauty of these divinities, you shall hear many a sigh from ancient veterans of the Consulate and the Empire. They will tell you that the young loveliness of those times has vanished. The present is an old and ugly generation. So far as specimens in Cafés are concerned, the remark may be true. I have been surprised to find with so much grace, and so much courtliness, and so much gentleness, so little personal beauty combined. I hardly know an example that may be safely recommended, and yet he who should often walk through the Palais Royal, without ever looking into the Café Corazza, might be justly charged, in traveller's phrase, with “ having seen nothing.”

Returning from this episode, I go on to say that as soon as the garçon cries “ huit—cent,” and deposits the coin before her, the dame-du-comptoir abstracts *eight* sous from the *hundred*. The garçon, returning your change, invariably looks forward to a small *pour-boire* for himself. If you leave *one* sous, he merely inclines his head. If you leave *two*, he adds to the inclination a “ *mercie*.” Finally, if you generously abandon *three*, he not only bows profoundly, whispering *mercie*, but respectfully opens the door to you on departing. As you leave you will always look at the lady, and raise your hat. The quiet self-possession with which she responds to your civility informs you that she has bowed to half the coffee-drinkers of Europe.

Having taken our *demi-tasse*, suppose that to vary the scene we visit an estaminet. Guided by the words : “ Estaminet, 4 billiards, on joue le ” — “ for “ poule ” you see the figure of a *chicken*, — let us ascend these stairs behind the Italian Opera. At the top of these a door is opened ; what is the prospect ? Dimly through dense tobacco-clouds are seen groups of smokers and drinkers, chatting at their stands, — billiard-tables, and men in shirt-sleeves flourishing *quemes*, garçons gliding here and there, some with bundles of pipes, some with bottles of Strasburgh beer, and some with eau-de-vie. In the corner you discover a white-capped dame-du-comptoir, looming up through the fog, her left flanked by pipes of every length, and her right by jugs and bottles without number. A garçon, — alas !

not the clean and polished beau-ideal of the Café Veron, — advances and looks into your face with so emphatic an expression, that you are constrained to call for a cigar and a petit-verre. On observing more closely, you now perceive in one wall of the room a large case half filled with ordinary pipes, and in another still another case with pipes of rarest make from the rarest material, the veritable *écume-de-mer*. Among the thirty or forty persons here assembled there is a great deal of motion, and a great deal of talk; and, before half an hour has passed, you recognise four or five different languages. In the midst of the variety there is one thing common,—smoke is rolling from every mouth. Here are five gentlemen, of whom two are in uniform of the National Guard. They have called for cards. A little green square, with cards, is placed upon the marble table before them. They sip coffee, smoke ordinary pipes, and play at vingt-et-un. They are Frenchmen. Yonder dark individual, in those warlike moustaches, which extend and twine about his ears, and who smokes that delicate lady's finger, as with folded arms he seriously observes the players, is a Spaniard. You observe the old gentleman sitting near him. Upon his table is a large bottle of Strasburg. His right hand half embraces a goblet of the beverage, his left is around the huge bowl of his pipe, and as with half-closed eyes he puffs those careless volumes from his mouth, you cannot mistake the German. The players at one of the billiard-tables you discover from their language to be Italians. Those at the other are Frenchmen, and he with the short pipe is Eugene, the finest player in Paris.

That Eugene does nothing but play billiards. He is autocrat of the *queue*. Professor of his art, he will tell you that he has just come from giving lessons to the Marquis of A. or the Baron B. For such as take any interest in this elegant game, the play of Eugene is a source of much delight. Indeed parties and engagements are frequently made for the express purpose of witnessing his style. He plays the French game of three balls, counting *carams* and *doubled-pocketings*. Mark his elegant and easy position. With what graceful freedom does he manage his queue; and as its elastic point salutes the ball, the sound is half musical! How complicated are his combinations, and with what swiftness are they conceived! He has unquestionably a genius for the game; some natural capacities that way, to himself mysterious, and for which he claims no praise. You deem those balls in an unaccountable position. Eugene hardly surveys the table. Swiftly his thought passes out through his queue into the *white*; the white takes the *red*, and cushioning, spins for an instant, and then starts off in a miraculous curve towards the left, tapping gently the *blue*. The red has been doubled into the middle pocket. There is from every observer an exclamation of delight. Eugene notices it not. What to them was mystery is to him the simplest intellectual combination. He has moreover left the balls in the best possible position. He almost always leaves them so. Hence, when he gets the run he is a very dangerous competitor. With him the question is not so much how he shall count, as how, after counting, he shall leave the balls. Nothing I know of in its way is more charming than to watch the various developements of Eugene's design. There is not a single direction of the balls whereof, previously to his stroke, Eugene is not aware. Of course Eugene never

scratches. Those providential interferences which aimless players call far-seeing of their own are not within his scope. The idea of *being in luck* is an abstraction whereof he never dreams. Fortune is never for him nor against him. *Pocketing himself* would be a phenomenon. He never makes a *miss-queue*. There is, moreover, no *kissing* in his play. His strokes are firm and gentle, and graceful, and full of thought. His *spread* is the most magnificent thing I have ever seen, and his *straight-hazards* are, beyond all expression, marvellous. The style of Eugene is far beyond all other styles, as the style of Paganini is beyond all other styles. Not that Eugene never misses. But Eugene's *miss* is finer than the *count* of any other player; and as Boswell preferred the being *cut* by Johnson to a heartiest recognition by any other Englishman, so might you more plume yourself on a *miss* like that of Eugene than on the best *count* of the best individual who is yonder playing with him. Until this evening I had had no just conception of how intensely intellectual is the genuine game of billiards. Until now I had been accustomed to derive my pleasure therein, chiefly from the sight of polished balls noiselessly coursing over a plain of green, or darting off in angles of mathematical regularity: — from listening to the sharp, quick click of their hit, or the tinkle of bells announcing them pocketed; — and more than all, from that extremely agreeable nervous sensation along the arm, which attends the contact of queue with ball. I now felt that I was all wrong, and that this game, like chess, was to be appreciated in proportion as it embodied thought, and that random shots in the one should be held in the same degradation as random moves in the other.

But, what's here? Music has arisen. Through the thick smoke-clouds we dimly see two figures, male and female. They have each a violin. Let us drop them each a sous, and so conclude our ramblings and cogitations among the cafés and estaminets of Paris.

LINES.

I WATCH'D the morn break on thy natal day,
 But could not check a deep, unpitied sigh.
 Though thou art gone, still Mem'ry calls to light
 Past happy days, and sunny hours gone by.
 And when I saw the sunbeams softly play
 O'er the calm river, on whose banks we met,
 Ah! none can tell the anguish that I felt
 In thinking that thou should'st so soon forget

Forget, and seem to break all friendship's ties,
 Those ties which once seem'd never to be broken;
 But, like sweet summer flowers, they now are dead,
 And leave but sorrow as their only token.
 But though long years may pass ere we may meet,
 Those early vows will still most sacred be;
 Or though on earth we're doom'd to meet no more,
 Still shall I feel a sister's love for thee.

M. C. H.

GONELLO

THE JESTER.

THERE lived in Florence, centuries ago,
 A merry citizen, by name Gonello,
 Whose wit was ceaselessly upon the flow,
 Especially when wine had made him mellow,
 And o'er his visage spread an honest glow :
 He was, in truth, a very pleasant fellow,
 And could not ope his mouth but out there flew,
 Extemporaneously, a jest or two.

But sometimes 'tis a crime to be too witty ;
 And having ridiculed some dunce of rank,
 He was without delay expell'd the city—
 (A hard return for such a harmless prank !)—
 Neither his jokes nor tears could gain him pity,
 And all his friends look'd very cool and blank
 When he came near to ask them for assistance :—
 Telling him civilly to keep his distance.

He turn'd away in loneliness of heart,
 Bestowing many a bitter gibe on those
 Who drove him houseless from his native mart,
 To seek elsewhere a haven of repose ;
 Compell'd from all endearments to depart,
 By faithless friends and miserable foes.
 It was indeed a cruel thing to pester
 With banishment so capital a jester.

Gonello shook the dust from off his shoes,
 And made a virtue of necessity,
 Resolving, spite of Fortune, not to lose
 The mirth that buoy'd him on Life's changing sea ;
 "The world was all before him where to choose"—
 Soon he determined what his course should be ;
 The Marquis of Ferrara, said report,
 Wanted a fool to entertain his court.

Gonello went to seek the situation,
 And back'd his prayers with such a comic face,
 That he was duly made, by installation,
 Prime fool and jester to his noble grace ;
 And having taken up this occupation,
 He put on motley, as became his place,
 And thenceforth pass'd his precious time in joking,
 Punning and quizzing, revelling and smoking.

His jests were all both laughable and new,
 Possessing a most rare and sparkling flavour ;
 And being witty and kind-hearted too,
 He soon arose to universal favour,
 And from all quarters loud applauses drew,
 Which did not in the least of envy savour ;
 The marquis was delighted with his choice,
 And hung with rapture on his jester's voice.

In every public question or debate
 His highness made Gonello a partaker,
 And when the laws were broken in the state,
 Gonello always could relieve the breaker.
 'Twas an odd combination of his fate,
 That of a jurisprudent and pun-maker !
 But still he was a very good adviser,
 And there was no one in the council wiser.

And so his days flew by, undimm'd by care.
 His wit broke forth like bubbles fast ascending
 From some deep fountain to the sunny air,
 Their lucid flash with rainbow colours blending.
 But all is evanescent that is fair,
 And grief on joy is evermore attending.
 The Marquis of Ferrara grew unwell,
 And poor Gonello's happy spirits fell.

His grace's illness was a quartan ague,
 Which the physicians said they could not cure ;
 I hope, dear reader, it may never plague you ;
 Doubtless 'tis quite unpleasant to endure.
 (If this digression be a little vague, you
 Will see how hard it is a rhyme to lure,
 And pardon me, remembering that " sometimes
 Kings are not more imperative than rhymes.")

There was one remedy, which no one dare
 Apply through terror of the patient's wrath !
 It was, to seize him wholly unaware
 And throw him in the sea, by way of bath,
 A thing they thought he would by no means bear,
 But strangle the first one who cross'd his path.
 Since the physicians would not then apply it,
 Gonello secretly resolved to try it.

He had no great respect for wealth or rank ;
 So, promenading with his grace one day
 Along the quay upon the river's bank,
 He plunged the marquis headlong in the spray ;
 Then, seeing him drawn out before he sunk,
 Took to his heels and ran with speed away ;
 Presuming that unless he quickly vanish'd,
 He would most probably be whipp'd and banish'd.

His highness was pull'd out all wet and dripping,
 Enraged at having been so coolly treated ;
 Albeit his health was mended by the dipping,
 And his recovery almost completed.
 He swore the jester should receive a whipping.
 In this he quickly found himself defeated ;
 For then they told him he had just decamp'd—
 At which the marquis bit his lips and stamp'd.

The courtiers were all fill'd with indignation
 Against the graceless and audacious prater,
 And the next day went forth a proclamation
 Denouncing poor Gonello for a traitor.
 The edict fill'd him with much perturbation—
 But his chagrin and misery were greater
 On learning that he would be killed " if found
 Ever again upon Ferrara ground."

He fled the town, and, lonely, pined awhile ;
 But as he conn'd one day his doom of woe,
 A bright thought lit his face into a smile,
 And, starting, he exclaim'd, " It shall be so !
 No longer will I stay a single mile
 From court, but, fearless, once more thither go :
 For it is only ' on *Ferrara* ground'
 That I incur the penalty, ' if found.' "

So he resolved, in spite of the decree,
 Again to visit the forbidden place,
 Believing that his presence could not be
 But welcome, and agreeable to his grace :
 He would, at least, go for himself and see.
 So, with a lightsome heart and merry face,
 He enter'd old *Ferrara*, full of mirth,
 Perch'd high upon a cart of *Paduan* earth.

By this device he hoped to have evaded
 The myrmidons and bloodhounds of the law.
 But, ah ! he did not view the thing as they did,
 Who stood not for entreaty or for flaw ;
 But pull'd him down, unpitied and unaided,
 And cast him in a prison's ponderous maw ;
 Then rudely told him, for his consolation,
 The axe and platform were in preparation.

A priest came shortly after to his cell,
 To shrive his soul and give him absolution :
 And lower yet *Gonello's* spirits fell
 When he beheld this reverend intrusion.
 But then the turret's melancholy bell
 Gave out the signal of his execution ;
 And he was led forth to the public square,
 The cowl'd monk whispering at his side, " prepare ! "

The crowd is gather'd, and the accursed block
 Stands thirsting for the awe-struck victim's blood.
 Whose neck, uncover'd, waits the impending shock
 Which shall unseal the hot and crimson flood.
 An interval succeeds, that seems to mock
 The horror of the gasping multitude,
 When, lo ! the grinning minister of slaughter
 On the bared throat dashes—a pail of water !

Shouts in the air and thunderous applauses !
 " Long live the marquis, and *Gonello* long !
 Joy to the ransom'd, and to him who causes
 Right only to assume the mask of wrong ! "
 Hats toss'd on high fill up the joyous pauses,
 And all is mirth amid the assembled throng,
 While boisterous Laughter, with successive peals,
 Treads close on Sorrow's swift-receding heels.

But soft !—the jester—why does he remain
 Motionless on the uncrimson'd platform still ?
 Has agonizing terror stunn'd his brain,
 Or sudden gladness sent too fierce a thrill ?
 Faints he from rapture or excess of pain ?
 His heart beats not—his brow is pale and chill—
 Light from his eyes, heat from his limbs has fled—
Jesu Maria ! he is dead—is dead !

Alas, poor Yorick ! 'twas a cruel jest—
 A tragic ending to thy life of fun,
 To be so driven, by a mock behest,
 From the bright glances of the blessed sun,
 To the dark chambers of the place of rest !
 Tripp'd up before thy natural course was run ;
 And finally extinguish'd by a hoax,
 Made of the remnants of thy cast-off jokes !

'Tis said the marquis was an alter'd man,
 And very sad and gloomy for a while ;
 Losing all relish for the flowing can,
 And frequenting the chapel's sombre aisle.
 His countenance grew miserably wan,
 And some aver he ne'er was seen to smile
 After Gonello thus destroy'd his jest,
 And play'd, himself, his last one and his best !

E. SARGENT.

MATILDA TO KING JOHN.

I am not now the maid you saw me last,—
 That favour soon is vanished and past :—
 The rosie blush, once lapt in lily vale,
 Is now with morphew overgrown and pale !

DRAYTON.

Go—go—thou 'rt like the bird and bee,
 That only play their music when
 Their wings are on the light wind free ;
 If once they cower
 In nest or flower,
 Their melody is silent then,
 As thine is now to me !

Go—go—I 've been the nest or flower
 That stopp'd thee in thy tuneful flight ;—
 But I 'd not have thee droop one hour :
 Again take wing ;—
 To hear thee sing,
 Though not for me, will some delight
 To this sad bosom bring !

Go—go—I caged thee, as I thought,
 To be sole minstrel of my heart ;
 But, since the pris'ner that I caught
 Hath weary proved
 Of her he loved,
 Let him be free again to part,
 And seek as he hath sought !

Yes !—go—and if my memory
 Should ever wail upon thine ear,
 Send back its discord all to me !
 I love thee so,
 The slightest woe
 Should never come thy fancy near.—
 Forgive—forget this tear !

J. A. WADE.

NIGHTS AT SEA;

Or, Sketches of Naval Life during the War.

BY THE OLD SAILOR.

No. XI.

“The course of true love never did run smooth.”

LORD C—FORD AND THE PIRATE.

“I SLEPT soundly that night, (continued his lordship), and the next morning, having equipped myself in my uniform, I endeavoured to obtain an interview with the beautiful Julia, who had taken such strong hold of all my mental faculties. I gave my guard the most solemn assurances that I would not attempt to escape if he would allow me to quit my room. I also presented him with a doubloon, and the request was complied with. But Susette was on the watch, and, as I passed along the gallery, she fell on her knees and clung to me with desperate energy, at the same time pouring out the most passionate exclamations of grief. Her swollen eyes and pale cheeks plainly evinced the manner in which she had passed the hours of the night, and the evidences of her agony were too palpable to excite the smallest suspicion of deception. I raised her up, talked to her, tried to soothe her mind, and endeavoured to rally her out of the attachment she professed to have for me, at the same time pointing out the utter impossibility of its meeting with a suitable return.

“‘You have deluded me, monsieur,’ said she, as a fresh burst of anguish, mingled with resentment, convulsed her features, ‘basely deluded me!’

“‘No, no, Susette,’ I emphatically pronounced; ‘you have deceived yourself. But come, come, do not be a simpleton, and indulge thus in useless regrets. I leave you to-day, and perhaps we may never meet again.’

“‘You know but little of my heart if you can think so meanly of me,’ she quickly replied. ‘Who is to visit you in prison if I do not? Who will attend to your necessities, and administer to your comforts, if I refrain? No, monsieur; though you have betrayed me in your lighter mirth,—though you love me not, yet it shall never be said that *my* affections—the affections of the lowly Susette—withered beneath the blast of your adversity.’

“There was an heroic fervour in the poor girl’s manner that powerfully interested me, and pleaded strongly in her favour.

“‘But, Susette,’ said I in a tone of reasoning, ‘they will not allow you to enter the gaol; and if they would, I ought not, under all circumstances, to give my sanction to it. No, no, Susette, you must not run any risk for me. It will not be long before I shall be exchanged or at liberty.’ The thought rushed upon my mind that, being deprived of my parole, I could make use of her assistance to effect my escape; but the remembrance of Julia banished the idea. ‘You may, however, materially serve me, Susette,’ said I.

“‘How?—in what?’ inquired she, eagerly catching hold of my

arm, and gazing in my face, whilst her looks manifested the keenest desire to comply with my wishes. 'Ask my life, and it is yours!'

" 'May I confide in you, Susette?' I solemnly asked; 'will you not betray me?—will not jealousy—revenge—'

" 'Ha!' uttered the sorrowing girl as she drew a convulsive respiration, 'jealousy!—revenge? Is it even so? Am I scorned, contemned, loathed, abandoned for another? Yet what am I, that I should aspire to happiness? An outcast thrown upon the world as the receptacle for its contempt!'

" 'Susette,' remonstrated I, 'why should you imagine such unaccountable things? But I see you will not be my friend, and therefore we will part.'

" 'I would be more than your friend,' returned she with energy, 'I would be your devoted worshipper, your abject slave. What is there in Susette's power that she would not readily undertake to prove her love. You may, you must confide in me. I will perish rather than betray you—I will die with your name upon my lips!' and she burst into tears.

" Time was getting very precious to me—I had no other chance of gaining access to Julia; and, observing that Susette was more placid, I said, 'Well, then, I will put trust in you; and, though the task may be painful, yet I am certain you will not shrink—Ma'm'selle Julia—'

" 'Ha!' shrieked the unhappy girl, as she drew herself rigidly up, and her countenance assumed a livid whiteness. She pressed her hands upon her forehead, and her look was wild despair—the next instant she darted upon me like an adder from its coil—a poniard gleamed for a moment in the air—it descended erringly and harmlessly, and Susette fell prostrate without animation or sensibility on the floor. The shriek and the noise alarmed several of the household, and both Monsieur Leffler and his daughter hastened to the spot. I endeavoured to make it appear that I had been drawn thither by a similar impulse; but Julia looked incredulous, and the poor girl was carried away to her own apartment. Leffler, with the *politesse* of his nation, could do no other than introduce me to the beautiful girl before me; and, as accident had thus brought us together, I endeavoured to improve the opportunity by conversation. I could see that my voice was familiar to her ear, by the sudden starts which she gave when I addressed her, and the abrupt earnestness with which she frequently gazed at my features. There was a restlessness in her mind which could not, however, dispel the clouds of mystery that hung around her remembrances. The voice was that of Henri, but the person was that of the English prisoner.

" We breakfasted together, and Leffler seemed to be really grieved at the prospect of my leaving him, though I certainly did not give him much credit for sincerity; but Julia warmly expressed her regret, and importuned her father to use his endeavours to avert it. He shrugged up his shoulders, shook his head, and then slowly whispered,

" 'Monsieur is too generous to expect me to sacrifice all I am worth, perhaps my very life, to entreat so small a service, and which no doubt would at once be promptly refused.'

" I readily acquiesced in his views, and spoke lightly of their

apprehensions, expressing a conviction that my incarceration would not be of long duration, as the interval of aberration of intellect, when proved by the medical men, must exonerate me. My guard reminded me that the hour for departure had arrived; but I entreated a little longer delay, which was purchased by another piece of gold. The conversation turned upon the events of the preceding day, and, whilst Julia was speaking in high terms of her defender, Monsieur Leffler was called out on business, and we were left alone.

“ ‘Your defender, Miss Leffler, has been captured,’ said I. ‘He came here early this very morning to seek you, and fell into the hands of his enemies.’

“ ‘Pauvre Henri!’ uttered Julia in great agitation, as the tears rushed to her eyes; ‘he deserved a better fate.’

“ ‘And can one so surpassingly lovely,’ said I, with something like reproach in my manner, ‘can one so beautiful as Miss Leffler bestow her affections on a negro?’

“ ‘Your question is most unmanly and insulting, sir,’ uttered she in anger, whilst her dear little heart was ready to burst with grief and vexation. She rose from her seat to quit the room; but the only passage was close by my side, and as she essayed to go by, I held up the token.

“ ‘Do ladies present rings,’ said I, ‘without attaching any meaning to the gift? You will pardon me, Miss Leffler, for being thus abrupt, but the moments are precious.’ She eyed the token with evident astonishment, then sank in a chair by my side. ‘Your negro friend entreated me to place this bauble in your sight, and your pledge was given to try and save him. He also made me acquainted with his claims—’

“ ‘His claims?’ repeated Julia in an inquiring tone of contempt and surprise. ‘Pray, what claims, sir, did he urge? He is a negro, sir,—kind, brave, and generous, it is true, ay, even to shame many a whiter skin; but he has no claim except upon my gratitude, and that will prompt me to struggle for his rescue. You, I am sure, will not despise a gallant and intrepid spirit because it may be covered by a dark skin.’

“ ‘You have rightly judged me, lady,’ rejoined I emphatically; ‘and though I would not have you love—’ Her eye flashed with impatience.

“ ‘It is folly, sheer folly, to cherish such a preposterous thought,’ said she, ‘and I must insist that my ears are not again outraged by so horrible an idea. Yet, sir, that man twice saved me from destruction—he snatched me from a dreadful fate—he has—in short, he merits all my best exertions in his behalf; and I must also demand your assistance in my endeavours to obtain his freedom.’

“ ‘Oh that I were the happy man!’ exclaimed I in a tone of tenderness that made Julia start, and fix her eyes steadily upon me. Had I been your deliverer, lady, could you—’ I lowered my voice to deep pathos—‘would you have loved me?’

“ ‘That is a prompt question, monsieur,’ returned she, smiling through the gloom of sorrow that hung upon her brow: ‘perhaps Susette could best afford you a reply,’ and she rose to depart.

“ ‘Stay—one moment stay, Miss Leffler,’ said I, as I caught her hand with ardour. ‘Susette is no more to me than Henri is to you.’ She gently tried to disengage herself. ‘Nay, nay,’ continued I, ‘my

honour, my oath shall convince you of the truth of my assertion. My very soul adores you ;—every faculty and feeling of my mind is yours, for I am——’ Her father’s footstep was heard at the door, and the intended announcement was instantly silenced as Julia, trembling with emotion, immediately withdrew.

“ ‘Monsieur must depart,’ said my guard ; ‘I cannot admit of longer delay, and shall be reprehended for that I have already allowed.’

“ ‘I am prepared,’ replied I proudly ; and, bidding farewell to my worthy host, I accompanied the man to the place of incarceration, and in another quarter of an hour was securely immured within the walls of the jail. A few hours afterwards, and I was called before an officer, who questioned me as to the cause of my absence. I refused to state particulars, but briefly pleaded brain fever, and complained of dreadful palpitation of the heart ; and again demanded my parole.

“ ‘Does monsieur know nothing of an English fleet upon the coast?’ inquired the interrogator.

“ ‘On my honour, nothing whatever,’ answered I ; ‘but I sincerely hope it is true, and that they will blow the place about your ears, so that I may once more swing in my cot.’

“ ‘A thousand thanks, monsieur,’ returned the officer, smiling with bitterness ; ‘mais, you must take care you are not blown up with us.’

“ ‘I’ll run my chance,’ said I carelessly : ‘but the presence of my countrymen is no reason that I should be denied my parole.’

“ ‘*Vous avez raison, monsieur,*’ rejoined the officer ; ‘you have given us the slip once, and, without meaning any personal offence, you probably would not hesitate to do it again. You have been very intimate, and quite at home with Monsieur Leffler.’

“ ‘Undoubtedly,’ returned I with warmth ; ‘he has behaved with great hospitality and kindness, and I shall always respect him for his generous conduct to an unfortunate prisoner. Would to Heaven I could find all his countrymen equally as well inclined.’

“ ‘*Vous avez raison,*’ again repeated he, with a look of malicious contempt ; ‘we should soon see the ensign of St. George on the flag-staff of the tri-colour, and perhaps Monsieur Leffler would profit by the exchange.’

“ ‘You do him gross injustice,’ exclaimed I : ‘he has ever acted with honour as it respects myself. But I suppose there is some petty pique, some rancorous dislike in your breast against him ; and malignity in power has but to hurl the stone——’

“ ‘He shrugged his shoulders. ‘I am too humble an individual to place myself in juxtaposition with Monsieur Leffler,’—his keen eye was bent intently, peeringly upon me as he added, ‘his daughter is courted by the general’s aid-de-camp, and,’ he curled his upper lip in scorn, ‘*ils s’aiment beaucoup.*’

“ ‘Happily I saw his drift was to throw me off my guard, and therefore I answered with an air of indifference, ‘Settle that with your countryman ; but if you are only in an inferior station, what right have you to question me?’

“ ‘Monsieur is angry,’ said he smiling, and endeavouring to assume composure. ‘*Vous les connaissez tous les deux ?*’

“‘I shall make no reply,’ returned I, folding my arms in defiance, ‘until I know who my examiner is.’

“‘*Pardonnez moi, monsieur,*’ said he somewhat obsequiously, though evidently in mockery; ‘shall I refresh your memory? Answer or not as you please—remember, silence gives consent. Was not your absence connected with negotiations from Leffler to the royalists?—your malady all affected?—the attack upon Mademoiselle Julia of your planning?’

“‘For myself,’ said I proudly, ‘I would scorn to answer; but for a worthy and honourable man like Monsieur Leffler, I cannot refrain from speaking. And, first of all, you are a withered, sapless, ignorant old fool,’—he bowed—‘for imagining such things; and, secondly, I have never in a single instance conversed with Leffler on national concerns. I am a British officer, and demand to be treated as such.’

“‘So you shall—so you shall,’ quickly returned he; ‘but you must also prove yourself worthy of the character.’

“‘*Eh bien!*’ exclaimed I, walking leisurely towards him, and taking his nose between my thumb and finger, gave it a screw that made the gristle chatter, ‘there is a return for your insult in daring to suppose me capable of treachery.’

“‘*Mon Dieu—diable—peste!*’ shouted he, as he plucked his sword from the scabbard, and made a lunge, which I dexterously parried with my bare hand, for I was always a tolerable swordsman, Hawser. But the affair was becoming serious. ‘*Sa—sa—sa!*’ he continued with every thrust, till a favourable opportunity occurring, after a slight scratch or two I knocked him down.

“‘*Chaque pays a ses usages,*’ said I as he fell, ‘and that’s a taste of English fashion when a dastardly coward uses his sword upon an unarmed man.’

“The whole place was soon filled with ‘*Sacres!*’ from the jailer and his attendants, who ran in on hearing the noise; and, seeing the officer stretched upon the ground, one of them exclaimed, ‘*Mon Dieu! le général est mort!*’

“‘I’m in for it,’ thought I, for I had heard of the brutal character of this man, though I had never seen him before. However, I carelessly leaned against the wall as they gathered him up, and was almost immediately, by his orders, conducted back to solitary confinement in a wretched dungeon, where scarcely a ray of light entered, and the heat was perfectly intolerable. A scanty portion of bread and water was my only fare, and no human voice except my own did I hear for a whole fortnight. At the expiration of that time I was removed to a more comfortable berth; but my anxiety on Julia’s account was too great to allow me to be mindful of increased enjoyment. In a day or two subsequent I was again summoned to appear before the general. At first I determined to refuse, but a desire to witness the manner in which he would receive me overcame my repugnance, and after a little preparation I accompanied the messenger. I entered the apartment, assuming a bold and determined look: but oh! what a sudden change came over my heart when, standing before the general, and loaded with heavy fetters, I saw the generous-minded Leffler. He had been arrested on a charge of holding intercourse with the royalists of Jeremie, who

were strongly suspected of encouraging the English to make a landing, and I was supposed to have aided in his designs. Such was the trumped-up allegation against us; but, as far as Leffler was concerned, it achieved its end. I approached my unhappy friend,—his woe-begone countenance displayed the inward workings of alarm,—and offered him my hand. He took it, bowed politely, but said nothing, and the general directed him to be removed to another part of the room.

"A military tribunal was assembled, composed of the creatures of the commander-in-chief, and poor Leffler was placed upon his trial. And who do you think were the principal evidences against him? The vilest of the creation—suborned witnesses—even the very negroes I had followed to Belleveu were called to give false testimony. I was interrogated, and for his sake answered every question. I denied the existence of any communication between myself and the prisoner relative to the royalists or my countrymen. I charged the negroes with attempting to rob his premises; I spoke with fervour in his defence, but I saw it was all useless;—his condemnation had been previously agreed upon, and there was only the mockery of judicial proceedings:—he was sentenced to die. He heard his fate with calmness, arising from conscious innocence, and his only apprehensions were for his daughter.

"He was conducted back to prison and his confessor, and in the evening, as an *especial favour*, I was allowed to visit him in his cell to take my last leave. The object of the *kindness*, however, was to place spies upon our actions, and listeners to our conversation. I found him in a cell whose blackened walls had indeed a funereal gloom, reminding the inmate of that sepulchre to which he was shortly to be consigned. He was seated at a small table, on which stood an emblem of the crucifixion, his daughter knelt before him with her head resting on his knees, and prostrate by her side laid Susette. The confessor stood a short distance apart, but I could trace very little in his countenance of that sympathy or commiseration which the spectacle was calculated to excite. Leffler's left hand covered his face, his right was on Julia's shoulder, and the only sound within that gloomy darkness was sobs and groans. I remained just inside the door for several minutes before I advanced. The scene in a great measure unmanned me. At length I approached Leffler, who instantly looked up and extended his hand, which I grasped with fervour. Julia, too, raised her head and stared wildly in my face, but not a word was uttered for some time,—the hearts of all were too full, too much overwhelmed to find immediate utterance.

"After several minutes had elapsed, Leffler himself was the first to break the silence. 'You have come to bid me farewell,' said he, with a smile that reminded one of the grinning of a skull. 'I am prepared for the change, my friend. *Nul ne sait s'il est juste devant Dieu*; but I do not remember any very great crime to charge myself with, and God is merciful. Yet, Monsieur Anglais, it is hard to leave those we love, and to leave them unprotected amongst ravening wolves,'—he paused for a moment, looked down at his daughter, and then continued, 'But it is better to suffer than deserve——'

"'Oh, my father!' exclaimed Julia, as she gazed eagerly in his face, 'who has wrought this heavy calamity?—what means have

been used to overwhelm us with destruction? Alas! alas! can nothing be done to save you? Monsieur,' she continued, addressing me, 'have you no influence, no power with the commissioners? I have knelt before them, implored them with bursts of anguish and with tears wrung from the heart by agony. Oh God! they have mocked my woe by offers which my soul spurns, but will not save my father.'

"At this moment an officer entered, in the splendid full-dress of an aide-de-camp; he was a mulatto, but very dark, and the noise of his spurs and sabre as they clattered on the ground attracted attention towards him. Julia rose up; and, standing by her father's side, leant, sobbing, on his shoulder. Susette for the first time raised her head, and fixed her eyes on me; whilst Leffler, still clinging fondly to the love of life, sat with breathless attention to hear the expected communication. But the officer remained silent; he approached Julia, took her delicate white hand between his, and expressively shook his head. 'Enough!' said Leffler, a pallid hue spreading over every feature; 'they are not content with robbery, but must add murder to their crimes!'

"Julia withdrew her hand, and turned away. Susette arose, and implored me to save her master. Alas, poor girl! she had so exalted the English prisoner in her own estimation that she believed him capable of performing anything.

"'Can I see the commissioners?' demanded I.

"'Monsieur has greatly offended,' returned he, 'and I fear his application would be rejected.'

"'Can I see them?' repeated I. 'What their decision may be is another thing. May I solicit the favour of your good offices in obtaining me an interview?'

"He shook his head as if afraid to speak. 'I fear it will be of no avail,' said he, looking towards Julia, whose countenance betrayed a scowl of contempt as she returned his glance;—it had its effect. 'I will endeavour to ascertain,' added he, turning round, and giving indications of his departure by the jingling of his paraphernalia.

"'Monsieur Leffler,' said I, with deep feeling, 'I am now a prisoner of war, and unable to render much assistance either to yourself or daughter. If I can see these commissioners, I will plead with them; and, if they will not grant my request, will Miss Leffler—will Julia believe that she has a friend who will peril life itself to secure her safety?' I approached, and took her hand, whilst Susette looked on in stupified amazement, but she did not speak. 'I trust I shall not always be powerless,' continued I; 'and my every effort shall be used to promote the well-being of your daughter.'

"'I am grateful—very grateful, my friend,' returned he, with much emotion; 'but Julia must return to France. She has relations there; and perhaps justice may be done to my memory when the winds of the Atlantic are sweeping over my grave.' The poor girl sobbed hysterically. 'Come, come, Julia,' continued he, 'the young Englishman means you well; suppress this agony, and try—his voice was tremulous and mournful,—'try, my love, to be calm.'

"'I do not doubt Monsieur's generosity,' said Julia, looking towards me as I still retained her hand; 'it is not unknown to me,'—and I felt a gentle pressure, which at once informed me my incognito had been discovered;—'but, oh, my heart will break! I can-

not — cannot be tranquil, and you, my father, to be taken from me for ever! Oh! God support me in this hour of trial!

After a lapse of about a quarter of an hour the mulatto aide-de-camp returned, and a suspicion that he was the individual who aspired to the hand of Julia caused me to take greater notice of him. He was about two-and-twenty years of age, superbly dressed, rather below the middle stature, slender in figure, and with a face, if not absolutely ugly, yet far from prepossessing; but his eyes were particularly keen and piercing; in fact, they were scarcely ever quiescent, and his look had a strange effect upon those who came beneath his glances. His entrance aroused the attention of Leffler and his daughter, who immediately raised their heads in breathless stillness, whilst eager, agonising attention appeared upon the countenance of both. The officer remained silent for a minute or two, and fixed his impatient sight on Julia, who shrunk from his penetrating gaze.

“Will the commissioners grant me an interview?” inquired I.

“No, Monsieur,” returned he stiffly; “and I am directed to send you forthwith to your own place of confinement.”

“Must you, too, be taken from me!” exclaimed Julia in tones of deep affliction. “Am I to be left without one friend—one protector? But I know their cruel minds and purposes,” she spoke with more firmness, “yet they shall not succeed.”

“Never shall I forget the fierce glare of that black fellow’s eyes as Julia uttered this; but, softening their expression, he mildly answered, ‘Can Ma’amsele Leffler doubt the affection or friendship of her devoted admirer?’

“‘Peace, Jean Pierre!’ exclaimed the high-minded girl in a voice of command; ‘this is no time to talk of such affairs. Save my father, and I will make any sacrifice that honour may command,’ and she shuddered at her own proposition. The mulatto shook his head. ‘You cannot—I am well aware you cannot—for they deceive you, as well as every one else. Do your errand, then, Jean Pierre, as you would to an utter stranger.’

“‘First, I must send away this Englishman,’ said he with contemptuous menace, that fired my spirit, ‘your friend, Ma’mselle Leffler—and then— Here, soldiers, do your duty!’

“‘Boyer,*’ pronounced Julia with emphasis, and the aide-de-camp stood motionless as if bound by a spell, ‘have you not one spark of generosity in your nature?’

“‘I despise his generosity, Miss Leffler,’ said I; ‘my domestics are of his colour, yet I would not treat them ill. He, perhaps, has been a slave.’

“‘Never!’ returned he with vehemence. ‘I was always free from my birth! Who can impeach my father’s character?’

“‘But your mother *was* a slave!’ exclaimed Susette, who had hitherto remained silent; ‘and your father was a tailor!†’

“Nothing could exceed the silly exasperation of the mulatto at this declaration, which, if true, entailed no disgrace upon him. He gnashed his teeth, shook his clenched fist in the poor girl’s face, and seemed half inclined to sacrifice her on the spot by his grasping his

* This man was afterwards President of the Republic of Hayti, and bore an implacable animosity to the English.

† This is a fact. Boyer’s father was a tailor in Port-au-Prince, and his mother a negress from the Congo country, and a slave in the neighbourhood of the city.

sword-handle, and impulsively pulling it partly out of the scabbard. 'Guards, remove your prisoner!' shouted he; and the men advanced to force me away. I took Leffler's hand, pressed it eagerly, gave an approving and kind look to Susette as she caught my hand, bade Julia farewell, and accompanied the soldiers to my miserable place of confinement.

"Hawser, it is impossible to describe the restless state of disquietude in which I passed that night. I was well aware that the fellow I had prostrated was either Santhonax or Polverel,—the commissioners sent out by the French Directory to govern the island,—but which of them I could not tell. I also knew that they were appropriate emissaries from the school of Robespierre, and both bore a detestable character in the colony for ruthless infamy: for the former, whilst professing the warmest solicitude for the preservation of the whites, was yet secretly encouraging the people of colour and the negroes to revolt; and by having a mulatto for his aide, (for each assumed the rank of a general officer,) I conjectured it was he that had felt the weight of my foot; and reports represented him as of a most sanguinary and ferocious disposition, cherishing above all things a deadly hatred to my countrymen.

"The jailer was a man who studied his own interests; and as I did not want for means to gratify his avarice, I was something of a favourite. My poor fellows had mentioned to me the frequent solicitations of a man (who was admitted in the prison apparently for the express purpose) to enter for the French marine, and I was particularly desirous of seeing this fellow, who dared to tamper with the honest feelings of Englishmen. One of my men, an Italian by birth, had acceded to his propositions, and been released from prison; but my sturdy Britons resisted every tempting offer. It happened that this agent made his appearance on the morning after my parting with Leffler, and by some means,—whether by accident or design, I cannot now tell,—we came in contact. I was in the jail-yard, and noticed an individual who seemed to be watching me with more than usual interest; but it was done so indirectly as not to excite the attention of others. He was a robust, well-made man, about five-and-thirty years of age, of handsome features, and with a cast of benevolence on his countenance; his dress was studiously neat, with a cut of the seaman about it, that could not be mistaken. At length he approached me somewhat cautiously, and whispered, 'Monsieur wishes to be free!' The very thoughts he had excited by this brief appeal brought a rush of blood to my face, but more so that which followed. 'He is too generous to go alone. Can I assist him?'

"Suspicions of treachery instantly arose in my mind, and I felt an inclination to spurn the fellow; but he contrived, by offering something to my notice, to evade the looks of the other prisoners, and to hold me in conversation.

"'I do not understand you,' said I. 'Liberty must be dear to every one—it is peculiarly so to me; but who are you who thus address me?'

"'Look at this, Monsieur,' answered he, presenting to my view the ring which had been given to me by Miss Leffler, and which I had missed the previous evening immediately on my return to my dungeon,—for I can call it nothing better.

“‘It is mine,’ said I, endeavouring to possess myself of the bauble. ‘How came you by it? I lost it somewhat mysteriously last night.’

“‘Retire to your room,’ replied he, still retaining the ring; ‘the jailer is my intimate friend,’ and he smiled scornfully; ‘we can converse more at our ease alone.’

“‘Still strongly suspecting the motives of the man, curiosity prompted me to accede to his request, and shortly after entering my cell he joined me. His quick eye glanced round the dismal and detestable place, and then reverted to me, with a seeming look of compassion. ‘This is but poor accommodation for a British officer,’ said he mildly.

“‘I have acquiesced in your desire,’ said I; ‘but before we enter into conversation, I must be informed as to who and what you are.’

“‘As I really wish to serve you,’ replied he complacently, ‘I shall use no deception. I am an agent for procuring seamen for the French marine, but they are not always shipped under the tri-colour flag.’

“‘Are you the person, then,’ exclaimed I harshly, ‘who has been tampering with my men? You are a villain and a scoundrel, and I will hold no more communication with you.’

“‘He shrugged his shoulders, looked rather deprecatingly, and showed the ring: I was tranquil in a moment. ‘Monsieur must hear before he condemns,’ said he; ‘I have not acted with concealment, nor will I, for I have something at stake as well as himself. Are you content to hear me?’

“‘How came you by that ring?’ inquired I hastily, my mind still nourishing suspicions.

“‘The occurrence forms part of my narrative, Monsieur,’ returned he mildly, ‘and you must hear none or all.’

“‘Go on, then,’ said I imperatively. ‘If gold can purchase the truth, it shall be yours—if you practise deception, I shall find you out. But stop! What is the fate of Monsieur Leffler?’

“‘You shall know everything,’ answered he mournfully, ‘nor shall you find your confidence abused. You love his daughter—I felt my cheeks tingle, but his look was directed another way—she is in danger, and you wish to save her. There is one carefully watching over the welfare of both, and it is on her account that I have solemnly undertaken to rescue you from your present perilous situation. She it was that drew from your finger this ring last night at parting.’

“‘Susette?’ exclaimed I with astonishment, interrupting him in his discourse.

“‘The same,’ replied he, ‘but attend—business, no matter of what nature, often took me to the residence of our friend Monsieur Leffler; there I saw his lovely daughter, and there I became acquainted with the interesting Susette. For the latter I conceived the strongest regards, but met with only slights that induced me to suppose another had possession of her heart.’

“‘I looked intently at him to ascertain whether he meant the allusion to be personal, but he took no further notice, and went on.

“‘Latterly, however, she has been more favourably disposed,

and has promised to accompany me in the flight I have arranged for you and Miss Leffler.'

"'Flight!' uttered I inquiringly, for knowing the closeness of my confinement, suspicion was again excited that there was an intention to entrap me.

"'Yes, Monsieur, flight,' rejoined he with calmness. 'I have a small vessel lying in the harbour; Jeronimo (the jailer) is my very good friend, and—but leave all that to me. Monsieur does not fear to run some risk for liberty?'

"'Not in the least,' returned I with confidence; 'indeed I meant to try and slip my moorings, but the position of Miss Leffler kept my mind wavering. But you must enter into further explanations before I place full reliance on your word. Julia will not leave her father whilst he lives.'

"'That will not be very long,' replied he, 'for Polverel has one eye upon Leffler's property, and the other upon his daughter—the first, though condemned to confiscation, will be divided between the commissioners, the other he means to appropriate to himself. Unlimited power can soon remove obstacles.'

"'But who is the aid-de-camp, the mulatto?' inquired I, a tinge of jealousy and disgust crossing my mind; 'the individual, I believe, who pesters Miss Leffler with his offers.'

"'I know whom you mean,' answered he, whilst a strange and fierce expression passed across his countenance; 'it is Boyer—the tool, the instrument of Santhonax with his dark-skinned brethren, styled a secretary, but assuming the dress of an aid-de-camp. He presumed to solicit the hand of Miss Leffler for having rendered her father some service when the city was attacked, but she refused him—at first respectfully, till finding he was not to be easily repulsed, she became more firm in her denial; still he persevered and endeavoured to draw Susette in to aid him in his schemes for the purpose of entrapping Miss Leffler, but she spurned his proposals with contempt. He next made a futile attempt to carry her off by means of some revolted negroes, but this also was defeated, and the fellow next impeached the father, whose condemnation was certain; but he hoped, through his influence with Santhonax, to obtain a commutation of sentence, if not a pardon, and thus work upon the daughter's gratitude—in fact, to purchase the daughter's hand by saving the father's life. Polverel, however, had different views, and to him Boyer was referred; for Santhonax, though he professes to befriend the mulattoes, and holds secret meetings with them, yet is he a bitter enemy at heart. Polverel rejected the application in a manner that left Jean Pierre no hope, and the fellow has but the heart of a goose. He has now another card to play; he cannot stay the execution, but ignorant of Polverel's designs, he meditates on other plans as soon as Miss Leffler is deprived of her only friends,—for it is of no use concealing the fact, your existence is to be assailed by means of deadly drugs, when the father is numbered with the dead; he hopes by some fortunate circumstance arising from her want of protection to bring the lady to his own terms. Never!' uttered he with vehemence, grinding his teeth with ill-suppressed rage; 'Julia has one who will defend her:' he moderated his passion, and bowing to me, added, 'Monsieur Anglais must be her guardian.'

"There was something about the man I did not altogether like; his mildness and complacency were evidently constrained, and yet there was nothing tangible which could empower me to utter doubts of his veracity. 'You have been extremely communicative,' said I, 'and I thank you for your information. But may I be allowed to ask why you, who profess to be an agent for the French marine, should thus throw yourself within my power? Is there no treachery? Can you wish me to escape, or is it a snare?'

"'Monsieur forgets my unbounded attachment to Susette,' replied he, whilst a peculiar expression passed over his features.

"'You have enticed my men to desert their allegiance for the service of an enemy. Ought I to trust you?' inquired I with some degree of sternness.

"He smiled. 'Monsieur shall know all,' said he with an air of humility and candour; 'I am not a Frenchman, but a Spaniard; I am not an agent for the French marine, but—' he fixed his eyes keenly upon my countenance, and lowered his voice to an audible whisper—'but a dealer in contrabands. It is to man my crafts that I seek hands, and Jeronimo profits by my trade. After all, I save many a poor devil from execution.'

"'Have you no apprehensions in making me a confidante?' inquired I, intently watching his looks.

"'None, monsieur—none whatever,' answered he, with much of self-complacency, 'for I should have a ready means of stopping unnecessary babbling: besides, how far would your evidence go against me? The case stands thus: you love Julia,—a bitter feeling of degradation rushed upon my soul at hearing my attachment thus carelessly and disrespectfully noticed, but I was silent from motives of policy,—and you want to escape from certain destruction; but, Englishman-like, you will not leave the object of your affection to an uncertain fate. Think of a mulatto, Monsieur, an ugly mulatto, holding that beautiful creature in his arms, sharing the same pillow, and—'

"'D—tion!' shouted I, as the fellow artfully drew the picture, which was so well calculated to arouse passions, that it was no easy matter to allay, 'you torture me by the very thought.'

"'Vous avez raison, Monsieur,' said he, glancing a sinister look of triumph in my face. 'You are, I understand, rich and noble, I am poor and in love, alive to all the enjoyments and delights of life, yet wanting money for the smallest indulgence,—with a heart full of fervid affections, yet unable to share them with one I worship. I must have your bill for a hundred onzas, and then, heigh presto for the British cruisers!'

"'Is there any fleet in the neighbourhood?' asked I, affecting a degree of indifference I was very far from feeling.

"'There is an armament preparing to land at Jeremie by invitation of the inhabitants,' answered he. 'Mais, monsieur, we are losing time; your bill must be turned into cash in Port au Prince, and then my schooner is at your service.'

"Well, Hawser, after some further conversation our bargain was made. I gave him my bill for the required amount, and that very night, by the connivance of Jeronimo, I was outside the bars of that detestable prison, disguised in the habit of an ecclesiastic. The streets at Port-au-Prince are, as you must well remember, perfectly

straight, and crossing each other at right angles, and I was sufficiently acquainted with them to avoid every place where there was the smallest probability of meeting with obstruction. Near to the building which they have designated a cathedral, I was accosted by a lad in a sailor's dress, and the preconcerted signal being given, we moved quickly onwards.

"'Monsieur must hasten,' said my companion in an audible whisper; 'ma'mselle Julia is waiting.'

"'And Susette,' inquired I, 'does she not accompany us?'

"A noise, half sob, half laughter, convinced me that it was none other than Susette by my side, and as no other response was made, I forbore questioning. In a few minutes we were on the quay, where I found Julia and the man who had promoted my escape. He had been urging the mourner (for her father had suffered that day, and his property confiscated,) to embark, but she peremptorily refused until my arrival; and though the fellow's manner excited strong suspicions, we had gone too far to recede; the boat was waiting, we entered it, and got on board the schooner, but it was not until we had reached the deck that we discovered Susette had been left behind. How this happened I never could tell, although I conjecture it was so arranged by the scoundrel who had entrapped us, and who had professed such devoted regard for the poor girl. To save appearances, however, he pretended to return to the quay, but just before daylight he again came on board, and in a well-acted paroxysm declared his wretchedness at being compelled to get under-way directly.

"From my heart, Hawser, I believed the fellow lied, but what could I do? I was actually more powerless than when on shore; and in less than an hour we were clear of the land. It was then the villain's scheme became fully apparent; it was Julia on whom his inordinate desires had been fixed, and confining me below he pestered her with his addresses, which were scornfully rejected. I need not tell you that I did not tamely submit, and perhaps the scoundrel would have at once taken my life, but that he entertained hopes of obtaining a ransom, and the fear of falling in with the British cruisers; whilst the same thing, or some cause or other, prevented his proceeding to extremities with the unhappy Julia. Suffice it, Hawser, to say, the schooner was no other than the Thunder-cloud which was chased into Cuba by the Clinkem, and the fellow who had entrapped us was the celebrated pirate, known in those seas by the name of Blueblazes—old Andy did for him. Thus, Hawser, you have the story.

"'But the lady,' inquired I with eagerness, 'what became of the lady?'

"A mournful expression passed over his fine features as he uttered solemnly, 'Dead! Hawser, dead! the painful events she had undergone, the loss of her father, and perhaps—' he strode hastily along, there was a wildness in his manner, his whole frame seemed agitated, and I urged him no further on the subject."

ANECDOTES OF MILITARY SERVICE.

RECEIPT FOR MAKING A BOWL OF PUNCH.

For two or three days after our sharp action in the Pyrenées on the 13th of December 1813, our regiment was moved from its quarters in a village to occupy two farm-houses close to the position we had fought in. This was to guard against any surprise from the enemy in the night or early morning. The men were posted below and in the out-houses, and the officers took up their quarters above. Our excellent commissary had just received a supply of Irish cattle at St. Jean de Luz. He was determined we should not starve on our night-watch, and so sent us plenty of good beef. We had beef in all shapes—roast and stewed, steaks and soups, and “Bradly fries;”* but after our feast it was a circumstance of universal lamentation that we had no “good stuff” to wash it down with. Now, your old campaigner is monstrous choice in the drop of spirit which he takes care to be provided with, and which he always carries about him. It is the only thing he is a little bit selfish about, for the comfort of a mouthful while outlying on a cold night is unspeakable. Not one of us therefore acknowledged to the possession of a drop, and we were seated round a blazing fire without anything to cheer us besides its sparks. “I’ll tell you what, gentlemen,” said I at length, “I think I know a place where some spirits are to be had, and if you will all promise me to keep your places, and not follow me, I will return with as much as will serve us the evening.” My proposal was received rapturously. They all promised a rigid observance of my injunctions, and a large bowl was furnished me, and a comrade to assist, they little doubting but that I had some plundering excursion in my mind. We carried our spirits in horns, which were more convenient than canteens, and which we always carried by our sides, suspended by a cord slung over the shoulder. Of these things we always disembarassed ourselves on our arrival at quarters, and stowed them away under cloaks and baggage. These little manœuvres no one was better aware of than myself; therefore, by way of commencing fairly, I took down my own horn, which was hanging from a nail, with my cloak, sword, &c. over it, and, shaking it loudly, to let them hear its contents, I poured a good pint of brandy into the bosom of the capacious bowl. I pursued my search, and emptied every horn in the room, amidst the laughter and cheers of my comrades, who were little prepared for this mode of raising a bowl of punch. By the time I had concluded my domiciliary visit, my bowl was brimming full. It was curious to see the countenance of some who thought their drop of comfort would escape the eye of the old soldier; but no; not one did I leave untouched,—all contributed something to the general stock. A merry time of it we had that night, and I’ll engage that many who laid down, felt the boards much softer than usual.

CURTAILMENT OF LUXURIES.—The mess of the grenadiers just now

* A piece of meat toasted over the fire on a stick or ramrod, called “Bradly’s fry” from the circumstance of a soldier’s wife of that name cooking her supper in that primitive fashion.

suffered a serious deprivation by the loss of their standing dish, "hare soup." My beautiful little terrier, Fury, was seized with the blind madness by having eaten part of a human limb. She was chained in the loft of a house, part of which was occupied by myself and the officers of my company, Irwin and Carruthers. We had spread our soldiers' beds one evening, and had just taken possession of them, when, to our astonishment, I may almost say dismay, in rushed the terrier amongst us. She had broken her chain. She sprang first upon my bed, but I jumped up and held the clothes between us as a defence. She then made a rush, and nearly succeeded in getting beneath the blankets which Irwin had covered himself with. In the mean time, however, Carruthers had drawn a sabre, and before the poor creature had succeeded upon Irwin's position she was cut down. All my dogs were bitten and destroyed except one greyhound. It was a day of bitter lamentation for us.

THE VETERAN'S DEATH-BED.

Before we advanced on the 16th February 1813, I went to take a last farewell of our old brother officer, Captain Gale. He had been mortally wounded in the fight the day before, and he still lay with life, but without hope. I found him in the corner of an old ruined house; the doors were off their hinges, and the windows stuffed with straw and paper to exclude the air. He was stretched upon his old camp bed, covered with his cloak and blankets, and in the hands of the dying veteran was a Bible, from which he slowly raised his eyes as I entered.

"Ah! Cadell," said he languidly, "so you are come to see the old soldier die! I take it kindly of you."

"You have done your duty, Gale," I said, much moved, and taking my poor friend's hand. "I trust we may all render as good an account as you can when it comes to our turn."

"I trust I *have* done my duty," he replied. "From the days of Abercrombie and Egypt to the present moment I have followed the banners of the Slashers through fair and foul, and now—" a tear filled the old soldier's eye—"I have seen them for the last time!"

"It is the will of God!"

"I know it, and I do not repine," he continued; "and it is a mercy to me that my pain is light, and my conscience free from stain."

My poor friend was obliged to pause once or twice in consequence of the loud cries of a Portuguese officer who occupied another corner of the large desolate apartment. He was in the same situation as poor Gale, but the conduct of the two men was widely different. The Portuguese was loudly bewailing the absence of a confessor, and begging those around to save him, who could render him no help; and then followed a fit of convulsive sobbing and tears. In the interval of one of these paroxysms Gale raised his feeble voice.

"Are you not ashamed," he said in Portuguese, "are you not ashamed, as a soldier, to lie there screaming like a sick woman? You Portuguese have often followed the example of British soldiers in the field; now learn how a British soldier can die—one who has faithfully served his God, his king, and his country."

At this moment our bugles sounded for the advance.

"There—they are going—the brave boys!" uttered my dying comrade, whose strength was ebbing fast. "For the first time they march without me. Farewell, my gallant comrades! I shall see you no more. You will remember your old captain, Cadell," he added in a faint but earnest tone. "Do you think you could raise me to yonder window?"

With his servant's assistance I bore him to the window, and from thence he gazed at the troops then on their march. He watched them without speaking till the last gleam of their bayonets disappeared, and then, as if exhausted, fell back in my arms. I strove to raise him—it was of no avail. The old soldier was dead!

DEATH OF THE CORPORAL.

We had a man in our regiment named Tank. He was of herculean powers. No man in the regiment could cope with him; but he was an excellent, kind-hearted fellow, and never took any advantage of his bodily superiority. He was indeed a universal favourite. Tank had performed some extraordinary feats in the Peninsula, and had particularly distinguished himself in the battle of the Pyrenées. Had the gallant fellow lived to the close of the war, he would have retired on a snug pension for wounds and service. But it was destined to be otherwise. After escaping the chances of years of hard service, he met his fate where thousands of veterans found their graves—on the bloody field of Waterloo.

Poor Tank belonged to No. 4 company. He was a corporal, and was left hand man to Ensign Mountstevens, who carried the king's colour. On the 16th the regiment was deployed in line on the high road, and Tank was showing the young soldier how to display the colours of the Slashers, and animating the raw recruits about him who were in action for the first time, when he was struck in the face by a musket ball. He instantly fell, and died immediately. Thus ended the career of this splendid old campaigner, who was truly an honour to his country.

Ensign Mountstevens was severely wounded on the 18th. Sergeant Watts, belonging to the ensign's company, on the morning of that slaughtering day showed him a fowl which he had in reserve. "Sir," said he, "if you have no objection, I intend this for our dinner *when the fight is done!*"

By the time the fight was done, however, poor Mountstevens had little appetite for the sergeant's fowl. The colour-staff was broken twice in his hands, and at last he was hit himself. Sergeant Watts was obliged to seek another guest.

FRANKING LETTERS FROM ABROAD.—On my return from Corfu in 1827, I passed through Bodmin, and called on Mountstevens's mother. I found the old lady in high spirits, from the following interesting cause. She had two fine young sons who had lately left her,—one a soldier to the East, the other a sailor to the West. Much about the same time they had written letters to her, and, putting them into a bottle, sealed and launched them into the ocean. One was cast ashore on the west coast of France, and the other on the west coast of England; both were picked up by well-disposed people, and the letters put into the post, and they reached her within a day of each other.

PARTING WITH OLD FRIENDS.

In 1816 a new regulation pack came out for the whole army. The 28th were very sorry to part with their old packs of brown calf-skin. They lasted a long time, and the poor soldier, when lying-out, had always a warm pillow to place his head upon. The grenadiers, known for many years as Charlie Cadell's babes, always picked out a soft one for their captain. The attachment of these brave fellows to their officers was quite delightful to experience. When anything was picked up foraging, they had always an ample share, and when the meat was served out, the best was invariably saved for the officers.

I was most gratified to find they still retained their fine old feeling, although on a most unexpected occasion. In 1834 I was living quite retired in the Edgeware Road, and, walking leisurely along one day, I met a regiment on the march. It proved to be my old regiment on their route to Chatham. I was soon recognized by some of the old ones, when the regiment at once halted, and gave their old captain three cheers.

When our regiment was quartered in the Ionian Islands in 1822, the Greek war of independence was raging with the greatest violence. We were daily and hourly shocked by the account of cold-blooded butcheries on the one side, and sanguinary reprisals on the other. At length an appalling report reached us early in the summer of 1822, that the Greeks had captured the Turkish fortress of Navarino, and made prisoners of the garrison and the entire population, amounting to four hundred individuals. In the centre of the celebrated bay of Navarino is a barren island, about a mile and a half in circumference. On this barren island, according to the report, did the Greek conquerors, with a refinement of cruelty only known to barbarians,—on this desolate place did they land men and unoffending women and children, without food, water, or shelter of any kind, and leave them on that burning rock to perish by thirst and famine!

The Redpole, gun-brig, commanded by Captain Anderson, was then lying at Corfu. She was immediately ordered down to inquire into the truth of this most heart-rending statement. I was an old friend of Captain Anderson, and he kindly asked me to accompany him. We were not long in reaching the bay of Navarino; and as our beautiful little craft glided along shore, we fired a gun, and hoisted British colours. The gig was then lowered, and I accompanied the captain on shore to demand an explanation of the governor. We were conducted with the utmost respect to the best habitation in the ruined and desolate place, and shortly after a young man of most gentlemanlike appearance and manner introduced himself to us as the governor of the fortress. He was unaccompanied, and wore a blue British uniform of the most unexceptionable cut and quality. He addressed us very politely, through the medium of an interpreter, and begged to know in what he could have the honour of serving us. Captain Anderson speedily made known to him the object of our visit, and asked him if the report were true. The Greek shook his head. "It is indeed but too true," he replied. "I have been here but a short time, and, thank God, had nothing to do with that shocking affair."

"It was a barbarous act indeed," said Anderson.

"And yet how can we avoid these atrocities," said the Greek officer. Remember what our poor people have suffered from the Turks, who have always been the first to commence these barbarities. They remember their own wives and families wantonly butchered—their brave companions lingering for days in the horrors of impalement. These are things, sir, not to be forgotten; and when their barbarous masters are in their power, the wild passions of men will predominate, and revenge is considered a virtue. God forbid it should be thought that I advocate such atrocities; I merely speak of them as the effect of the unbridled passions of human nature." There was an air of great feeling and sincerity about the Greek as he spoke, which prepossessed us much in his favour, and truly we had but little reply to make to his remarks.

"But," he added, "you had better go to the island, and there you will see too good reason to carry back the report as true. It is now two months since this lamentable occurrence."

The governor then politely accompanied us over his dilapidated fortress, to which nothing had been done since it had been stormed and taken, except plastering over some of the more decayed portions with mud, to make an outside appearance of strength. I think I could have carried the place with my grenadiers in ten minutes.

We returned on board the brig, and then manned our boats for the island. I went with the captain in his gig; and as many of the officers as could be spared, followed in the first cutter. We arrived first, and I scrambled up the rocks to make way into the island, when in my haste I nearly fell over a heap of human bodies! They were huddled together upon a small platform of rock. I instantly called to Anderson: poor fellow! the ghastly sight was too much for the kind-hearted sailor; he returned to his boat. By this time the officers arrived, and we began systematically to explore the island for the purpose of framing a report upon it. It was with difficulty we could make our way, for the hemlock plant grew to the height of five and six feet, and was very strong. But at every step the sight was appalling. There the poor creatures lay, singly, and in groups; whole families, clasped in each other's arms, had died together. Stretched upon the burning rock, they were dried to mummies, and presented a hideous and ghastly spectacle. It was evident that the Greeks had not plundered their victims, for many of the attenuated corpses were still attired in their costly robes, making death look still more hideous!

We found many bodies among the rocks with knives near them, with which they had evidently endeavoured to scoop out the shell-fish from the fissures, in the vain hope of prolonging their lives. Others again we discovered with their mouths still applied to the crevices in the rock to suck out what moisture might have collected from the dews of heaven! Having made our distressing survey, and counted the bodies, whose number nearly agreed with the account we had received, we left this island of death, and returned shuddering to our boats.

THE DOUBLE-BEDDED ROOM.

"WELL, after all," I exclaimed, "there are few things so comfortable as snug quarters in a good inn;" and, so saying, I drew up my chair a foot or so nearer the fire, and manifested the exuberance of my satisfaction and the soundness of the poker by reducing a superincumbent mass of the best Walls-end to minute fragments. A ride of some eighty miles outside the mail in a biting November day had thrown me into that state of delicious languor, which disposes one to regard everything in the best light, and I had abandoned myself to the enjoyment of the pleasurable, so far as it was to be obtained in the best parlour of the head inn in the provincial town of Nibblington. A neat repast had feasted me "light and choice," and a second tumbler of brandy and water, "warm with," stood exhaling its fragrance at my elbow. The fire was in fine spirits, and went laughing and crackling merrily up the chimney; it took part in the satisfaction it afforded—we were sworn friends.

"What a glorious thing it is," I muttered to myself, as I rested my heels upon the fender, and stretched myself backwards into my chair,—“what a glorious thing it is this taking one's ease in one's inn! It hath a relish almost too fine for earth—it smacks of Elysium! You have cheated fate for once, given business the go-by, and left the anxieties that dog your footsteps daily, in the lurch. Here you are 'yourself alone,'—none to thwart, to fret, to frown upon you,—with a few sovereigns in your pocket, you are yourself a king. How respectful is mine host!—he is your chancellor, and holds you tenderly in his keeping, as royal consciences are kept. The waiters, how obsequious!—'like angels, ever eager-eyed,'—these be your ministers, watchful to do your will all the more that the prospect of the *gratuity* to be secured thereby is ever vividly present to their imagination. The chambermaids, your maids of honour, and honoured as maids,—lighting you to dreams of love and bliss, like second Heros, with warming-pan and bed-room candlestick of brass. Your bed—but, ecod! I never thought of that,”—and I started up and tugged the bell in considerable trepidation.

My call was answered by the appearance of one of those smirking animals, that go about inns with towels over their left arms.

"Have you secured a bed for me?"

"Yezzir." I resolved the dog should have an additional half-crown for his attention. "Sorry, sir, could not let you have a room to yourself, sir."

"Eh, what!" I exclaimed, and my contemplated generosity sunk at once below zero.

"Single bedrooms all engaged, sir."

"The devil!"

"Yezzir,—full of lawyers, sir. Assizes this week—crowded—not a corner to cram a cat in."

"And where am I to be stowed away, pray?"

"Excellent apartment, sir—third story behind—two capital beds, well-aired. Other gin'l'm'n very quiet, sir."

"Who or what is he?"

"Don' know, sir. Came here a week ago, sir—breakfast at ten minutes to eight precisely—cup of coffee, sir, and half a roll—goes out, and comes home at eleven every night. Mute as a mouse—tried myself to draw him out—wouldn't work, sir. Strange man, sir—neither speaks nor eats—how he lives, can't tell—what he does, ditto—where he goes, a mystery as dark, as dark as *Omnibus*, sir."

"Hum! Queer fish, seemingly."

"Yezzir, singular man, sir—indeed I may say, a very singular man, sir. Seems in rather low spirits, sir.—Any more brandy and water, sir?"

I ordered a fresh supply of this terrestrial nectar, and flung myself into my chair with the air of a man who feels himself a victim to untoward destiny.

That this should have happened to me, of all men in the world!—to me, who never could tolerate bedfellows in my life!—slept with locked door and window fast, and not a soul within half a dozen rooms of me—me, whose chief motive for remaining single—my Marion was certainly a very, *very* charming creature!—I do half incline to believe, was the horror of having my old habit of loneliness invaded! Possibly the wretch snores. "Oh, horrible! most horrible! Well, if I do strangle him, no enlightened jury *can* bring in a worse verdict against me than that of "justifiable homicide." Looks melancholy, too? Oh, your melancholy men have a trick of speaking in their sleep; and I shall be kept shuddering all night at his incoherent *ohs!* and *ahs!* It is positively too bad! And again I dashed the poker into the bowels of the fire, and stirred it fiercely. The exercise only threw my brain into a livelier state of activity, and my fancies assumed a darker hue. To be shut up in an out-o'-the-way room in a confounded old rambling wilderness of an inn, with a fellow whom nobody knows anything about!—to have your valise and breeches-pockets ransacked, their "*silver lining* turned out upon the night," while you are wooing the caresses of the drowsy god,—or, possibly, like the Irish member, to wake in the morning and find your throat cut! A cold line seemed to be drawn across my seasand at the thought, and I groaned inwardly. Seizing my brandy and water, I whipped it off at a gulp; but it had lost its flavour,—was cold, vapid, ineffectual stuff, and left no relish on the palate. I sank into a reverie, a dull and quasi-collapse state of misery, on starting from which I found that the fire had sunk down to a few cinders and the ghost of a flame, which looked up for a moment, as if to reproach me for my neglect, and quietly went out. Conjuring up a smile at my fears,—a very hectic sort of an affair, indeed,—I called for a light, and, following the pilotage of the "*cham'maid*," was heralded along a succession of passages, and up a labyrinth of staircases, until I reached the room that had been selected as my dormitory.

Its dimensions were something of the smallest. Two beds, placed directly opposite each other, engrossed three-fourths of the apartment. They were divided by an alley of some four feet in breadth, at the end of which, in the window recess, stood a table with the usual appurtenances of mirror and caraffes, and the window itself looked out upon Cimmerian darkness, and the devil knows what. The other furnishings consisted of certain cane chairs, whose appearance

was anything but calculated to inspire confidence in their trustworthiness. "The rusty grate, unconscious of a fire," stood shivering in the yawning fireplace, above which a cloudy mezzotint, conveying the faintest possible intimation of a blasted heath, with a gibbet in perspective, decorated a wall, which time and damp had reduced from its primitive shade of green to the most miscellaneous diversity of tints. Here was an appearance of things, not certainly the most favourable for dissipating the unpleasant feelings that had for some time been fretting my lesser intestines to the tenuity of fiddlestrings; but I put a bold face upon the matter, and, after a leisurely survey of the apartment, deposited myself in bed. Sleep, however, was not to be thought of till the arrival of the person who was to share the apartment with me, and I lay forming all sorts of speculations as to his probable appearance. At length, towards midnight, a heavy step sounded on the staircase, and I heard some one advancing with a stately tread to the room in which I lay. Now, then, for a solution of my uncertainty! I half raised myself on my elbow to examine the person that should enter. The door opened leisurely, and a figure advanced into the room, that increased rather than abated my perplexity. It was that of a tall, powerfully-built man, dressed all in black, with a cloak of the same colour about his shoulders, and as he held the candle before him as though he held it not, its light fell upon features of a character singularly impressive, but pale and blasted, as it were, with untold woe. His long raven hair fell away in masses from his forehead, like blackening pines upon a lightning-scathed mountain summit, and his eyes burned with a dull, moveless glare. He appeared to be utterly unconscious of my presence, notwithstanding my endeavours to excite his attention by sundry admonitory coughs and hems. Finding these of no avail, I resolved to attack him more directly, and, in as indifferent a tone as I could muster, exclaimed,

"Good night, sir!"—no answer—"Good night, sir!" with a stronger emphasis—still not a word; and it was not till I had repeated the salutation several times that he turned his eyes upon me. And, oh! what an inward hell did that look reveal!—in words that dropped like minute-guns from his lips, he said,

"I wish you *may* have a good night, sir."

This was enough; I was thoroughly relieved of any desire for farther converse with a gentleman of this kidney; so he relapsed into his abstraction, and I into my pillow and my speculations.

I was fatigued, and would fain have slept, but this I soon found to be impossible. In vain I turned from left side to right, from right to left, and then in despair threw myself on my face, and dug my head into the pillow. I tried to think of discourses on political economy, of sermons on temperance, of all the most sovereign narcotics I could recall. I repeated the alphabet letter by letter, and then groped my way through the multiplication-table; but it was of no use. Sleep was not to be so cajoled. The gentleman in black had betaken himself to bed. The room was as dark as midnight could make it, and I heard a sigh, and the curtains drawn closely round in front of where he lay. Strange precaution, I thought. What can he mean? Has he the same doubts of me that are haunting me with regard to him, and so wishes to place even the slight barrier of a piece of dimity between us? Or per-

haps the gentleman is conscious of sleeping in rather an *unbecom-
ing* style,—tosses the bed-clothes off him perhaps, or lies with his mouth
agape, like a fish in the death-pang,—and may not wish the morning
light to disclose his weakness? But this comfortable view of the
matter soon faded away as the remembrance of his appearance
pressed upon my vision. Those features so pale and rigid; that mas-
sive figure, trained in no ordinary toils; those eyes dead to all
outward objects, and lighted up with fires, that seemed inwardly
consuming him, stared vividly before me. I saw him as he entered
the room, and went through all the operation of undressing, with a
motion merely mechanical. What could so have palsied the senses
and the will? Was it remorse for some unutterable guilt that preyed
upon his heart, or was he even then meditating some act of
inexpiable crime? I was lying there alone, in darkness, with a
felon, perhaps a murderer! And then his answer to my friendly
salutation, “I wish you *may* have a good night, sir!” came back
upon my ear. *May* have a good night! There was, then, a doubt,
which even he confessed. I stirred in bed with as much noise as
possible, coughing at the same time, to see if I could elicit any cor-
responding sound from my opposite neighbour. But all was hushed.
I could not even catch his breathing. Oh, I thought, he must have
gone to sleep. He, at least, takes the matter easy. But still his
words — “I wish you *may* have a good night, sir!” — haunted me.
What was there to prevent my having a good night, but something
of which he himself was alone conscious? The night was a quiet
one, and our room too much out of the way to be visited by any of
the usual sleep-dispelling noises of an inn. Would to Heaven it had
been less so! Again I thought of the curtains drawn so carefully in
front of his bed. Might he not behind them be preparing the
knife, with which he was to spring upon my secure slumbers? I
coughed louder than before, to assure him that I was still wakeful.
This horrible fancy now took entire possession of my mind. His sepulchral
“I wish you *may* have a good night!” pealed a perpetual
alarm in my ears. It was an intimation to settle accounts with
the world.

He would not kill my unprepared spirit. Not he! He was a
sentimental murderer, an amateur assassin, and Fate had kindly
quoited me into his grasp. I lay riveted to my couch, expecting
every moment to hear the curtains torn apart, and to feel his fingers
at my throat. Every nerve and faculty were strained to the utmost
pitch, till even the suspense grew more fearful than the reality itself
could have been. A deathlike stillness filled the chamber. Its
“very hush and creeping” grew oppressive. The stirring of a mouse
would have been worth worlds to me.

Worn out with this excitement, I fell into a perturbed and
gasping slumber, and, on starting from it, my ear seemed to catch
the expiring echo of a groan. It might, however, have only
been the wind striking a favourite note in the crannies of the
chimney. Day had by this time begun to break, and the glad
light gave me courage to look out between my curtains. Those of
the opposite bed were still down, and its inmate seemed locked
in profound repose. I turned my eyes towards the window to
strengthen myself by the sight of some cheering object against the
anxieties that still hung about my mind, and found that it looked

out upon a desolate court, commanding a prospect at the same time of which the leading features were some crazy old chimney-stacks. The sky was wet and weltering, and no sound of life was audible, except the occasional rattle of a cart, blended with the driver's whoop, rousing the echoes of the slumbering streets. The whole feeling of the time and place was as cheerless as possible; and, to complete my discomfort, a superannuated raven, a creature worn with the throes of luckless prophecy, settled upon a chimney right before my eyes, and began croaking its monotonous chaunt of woe. Oh, how that eternal "caw! caw!" did chafe me, "mingling strangely with my fears," and presaging the coming on of some unknown horror! It threw my thoughts back into their old channel. Alarm, however, had now given place to curiosity, and I determined at all hazards to know more of the mysterious man who had occasioned me such a night of torture. I lay intent to catch the minutest sound, but in vain. Fine-ear himself, that hears the grass grow in the fairy-tale, could not have detected the shadow of a breath. This, I thought, is the most unaccountable man I ever met with. He comes nobody knows whence, goes nobody knows where, eats nothing, drinks nothing, and says nothing, — and sleeps like no other mortal beneath the sun. I must, and will sound the heart of this mystery.

Here was I, with fevered pulse and throbbing brow, after a night of agony, while the cause of my uneasiness was taking deep draughts of that "tired Nature's sweet restorer," of which his singular appearance and ominous words had effectually robbed me. It was not more strange than provoking. I could bear this state of things no longer, and discharged a volley of tearing coughs, as if all the pulmonary complaints of the town had taken refuge in my individual chest. Still there was not a movement to indicate the slightest disturbance on the part of my tormentor. I sprang out of bed, and paced up and down the room, making as much noise as possible by pushing the chairs about, and hitching the dressing-table along the floor. Still my enemy slept on. I rushed to the fire-place, and rattled the shovel and poker against one another. He cannot but stir at this, I thought; and I listened in the expectation of hearing him start. Still the same deathlike silence continued. I caught up the fire-irons, and hurled them together against the grate. They fell with a crash that might have startled the Seven Sleepers, — and I waited in a paroxysm of anxiety for the result which I had anticipated. But there were the close curtains as before, and not a sound issued from behind them to indicate the presence of any living thing. I was in a state bordering upon frenzy. The fearful suspense of the past night, the agony of emotions with which I had been shaken, working upon a body already greatly fatigued, had left me in a fever of excitement, which, if it had continued, must have ended in madness. I was wild with a mixed sensation of dread, curiosity, and suspense. One way or another this torture must be ended. I rushed towards the bed; upsetting the dressing-table in my agitation. I tore open the curtains, and there, oh God! lay the cause of all my agony — a suicide — weltering in a pool of blood. I felt my naked foot slip in something moist and slimy. Oh Heaven, the horror of that plashy gore! I fell forwards on the floor, smitten as by a thunderbolt into insensibility.

When I revived I found the room crowded with people. The noise of my fall had alarmed the occupants of the room beneath, and they had burst into the chamber where we lay. But my sufferings were not yet at an end. The noises I had made in endeavouring to rouse the stranger had been heard, and were now construed into the struggle between the murderer and his victim. How it happened I know not, but the razor with which the suicide had effected his purpose was found within my grasp. This was deemed proof-conclusive of my guilt, and I stood arraigned as a murderer in the eyes of my fellow-men. For months I was the tenant of a dungeon. "It passed, it passed, a weary time;" but at length my trial came. I was acquitted, and again went forth with an untainted name. But the horrors of that night have cast a blight upon my spirit that will cling to it through life; and I evermore execrate the wretch who first projected the idea of A DOUBLE-BEDDED ROOM.

RON GAULTIER.

FROM ANACREON.

ODE III.

ONCE about the hour of midnight,
 When at Bootes' hand, the Bear
 Is now wheeling, and poor mortals
 Sleep, oppress'd by toil and care;
 Cupid, coming to my cottage,
 Rattled at the door Says I,
 "Who knocks there so loudly, bidding
 All my pleasing visions fly?"
 Cupid answers, "Open, prythee,
 'Tis a child,—so do not fear,—
 And I'm dripping through the moonless
 Night I've wander'd far and near!"
 Hearing this sad tale, I pitied,
 Lit my lamp,—the door threw wide,
 When I see a winged urchin,
 Bow and quiver at his side!
 By the blazing hearth I seat him,
 And his little fingers press
 In my own, and the dank moisture
 Wring from every streaming tress.
 When the numbness well had left him,
 "Come," he says, "come, let us see
 If my bow has from this soaking
 Suffer'd any injury."
 Straight he draws, and like a gad-fly
 Strikes me—to the very heart!
 Then up springing, shouts with laughter,
 "In my joy, my friend, take part;
 For my bow is quite uninjured,
 As you'll find it—to your smart!"

W. BUNNETT.

UNCLE SAM'S PECULIARITIES.

AMERICAN BOARDING-HOUSES.

THE inmates of a boarding-house in which I "fixed" myself in New York were, the keeper of a hardware store (a merchant), ditto "dry goods," ditto saltery, ditto jewellery, and ditto grocery; a clergyman of the "ecclesiastical" church, who had been brought up in Uncle Sam's navy, but who, previous to entering the church, had been in the legal profession; in the "military" (volunteers), and in a mercantile speculation in the "far West;" and a German citizen, who had lost "dree dousand ponds in Inkland, and only dree dousand dullars in dis Yankee, but liked Inkland best cos de sentiment more free in Inkland." There were also Colonel Islap Otis, of the Franklin Stationary Store, three or four merchants and bankers' clerks, a teacher of the pianoforte, and a lady who "embroidered for a repository,"—a very respectable way of gaining a living in the States. All these were very comfortable people, who eat their dinner at two o'clock, if they could find time, and put the affair off until supper-time (seven o'clock), if they were too busy to dine at the "regular meal-hour."

Perhaps a better view of the peculiarities of American conversation among those who may be called, as they are in England, the middle class of society, may be obtained by the mimicry of dialogue, than by any description which would avoid the first and second personals. So we will e'en call in the actors themselves at Mrs. Caius Miggs's Boarding-house, and hold the mirror up to nature with true dramatic propriety. The unities shall be preserved, for we will have but one set scene,—the dining-room—and the time shall be the 20th July, from five minutes before until twenty minutes after two o'clock; during which the boarders must be let in at the street-door, the dinner served up and eaten, and the dessert disposed of.

THE DINING-ROOM.

MRS CAIUS MIGGS, and WILBERFORCE HOWARD (*a nigger*), *setting the table in order.*

MRS. MIGGS. There now! Put down three more knives and forks, and fetch a spare napkin to catch the gravy which will be spilled round the mutton dish; then tell Miss Kate not to be slow in serving up, and mind your p's and q's when you wait at table, Will.

WILL. Yas, marm.

MRS. MIGGS. Put the 'coon* at the top, and the barn-door he-biddy† at the bottom; let the terrapins‡ be in the middle, the mush, sweet potatoes, and indize corn at each corner, the mutton near the 'coon, and let every one have two plates, so that he can help himself when he wants a clean one.

WILL. Yas, marm. An' shull I pup four pieces bread for Culnel Otis, marm?

MRS. MIGGS. What for, Will?

* Raccoon.

† A fowl of the masculine gender.

‡ Small tortoises.

WILL. 'Cos he bery fond ob bread, marm, and bery fond ob calling out for bread jist as I doing somesat else, marm. But, marm, wull you call me Wulberforce, and not Wull, as if I wus one ob dem niggers just caught. Much more genteelar, marm. Wull bery vulgar name.

Mrs. Miggs. No, I will not call you, or any other nigger, Wilberforce, or any such tedious name. Will is a good name enough for a nigger in my establishment. If you want a better name, you must go and take your ugliness to one of those fine marble houses in Lafayette-place, or Waverley-square, and pay me back the wages I advanced when you went to the last nasty nigger ball. And don't be standing there like the wooden Jim Crow at the blacking maker's store, but dish up the dinner, and see you ring the bell at two o'clock exactly. Yesterday the dinner was not over till near half-past, on account of your not attending when the clock struck.

Exit Mrs. Miggs.

WILL. (*solus.*) Highty tighty! What a debil ob a rage ole ooman's in! I'll look out for anoder place. Too much wark here. Twenty boarders; eight in one room, six in anoder, an' de new Englisher in de little room. Den dere's two in one attic, two in de oder, and Miss in de back room, all snug and comfortable, while I'm up in de cock-loft, whare de mosquitoes come when de're full-grown, and bite hardest. Den in winter time Missus Miggs bery sparing ob blankets: onny seben on my bed, so I has to borrow de rug ebery night to keep ma foot warm.

(Street-door bell rings.)

Here come some ob de fellers to dinner: I wish 'em all had latch-key. Sassy fellers. Em no respec' for niggers. Toder day Culnul Otis ses to me, ses he, Wull, ses he, dib you eber try bear's grease, ses he, to make de hair grow? No, ses I, cos I has plenty. You're telling a powerful tarnation thumper, ses he, cos all your hair is wool, ses he. *(Street-door bell rings.)* Rot ye!, open de door yer-

Mrs. Miggs. (*below.*) Will!

WILL. Yas, marm. (*Sassy ooman.*)

Mrs. Miggs. (*below.*) Will, I say, you lazy nigger!

WILL. Coming, marm, no ways slow.

(Exit Will.)

Re-enter Will with Englishman.

WILL. An Englisher! New border. Plenty ob dullars. Not keep 'em long. One or two for maself aa hope. (*aside.*) Hab de honor to show war oo sit, sa. Bery fond ob English. Do any ting for 'em (*grins violently*). Not so proud as 'Mericans, sa; no ways.

ENGLISHMAN. What time will dinner be ready?

WILL. Didn't Missus Miggs tell oo, sa?

ENGLISHMAN. She said about two o'clock.

WILL. Yas, sa; 'bout two. Just as de clock strike.

Will puts the dinner on the table. Street-door bell rings. Exit Will.

ENGLISHMAN. (*solus.*) Will it ever be cooler! What's the use of sitting or drinking in this infernal heat, when the mosquitoes won't let a man sleep? One hundred in the shade! Egad, I wonder where they find the shade. In the anti-Jackson ice-house, or the structure of the twenty-third church of the Dutch Reformed Association in Oxyus-street, I calculate. Nice word that for the heat.

Re-enter Will with a large bell, and looks up at the clock.

WILL. Him bery slow to strike!

ENGLISHMAN. What are you about?

WILL. Keeping watch ober de clock, sa. When em toll de 'larum sam told to toll die, to tell de borders to dine. Bery nice dinner if 'em eat it hot.

(All the knockers in the street in action. The large dinner-bells in Major Raminhorn's music-store, Captain Botts', and Mrs. Washington Souza's houses are rung. At last Mrs. Miggs's clock strikes, and Will goes to the dining-room door, and rings a peal of fifty vibrations. Instantly enters Mrs. Miggs, who bows to the Englishman, and takes her seat. Mr. Caius Miggs, the Reverend Monroe Stubbings, Colonel Islap Otis, and Messrs. Adams Lagrange, Hiram Dodds, Jefferson Piper, Stuyvesant Van Dickerbotham, &c. enter, take their places, and begin to help themselves. Some put the vegetables on their plates, and then hand them for "notions" of meat; others take the meat first. Free and easy, but each looking out for a dig from his neighbour's elbow.)

MR. MIGGS. Considerable warm, sir, to-day.

ENGLISHMAN. One hundred in the shade, I believe.

MR. MIGGS. Yes, I expect it is. Warmest day we've had yet. Very trying to an Englishman, I expect. I guess it's fine autumn weather now in England.

ENGLISHMAN. Oh no: this is the warmest time of the year there.

MR. MIGGS. Possible! Considerable like America, I calculate, in every thing.

REV. MONROE STUBBINGS. I have been in England. It is as like America as a small place can well be like a large one.

MR. MIGGS. No wonder. The cotton trade, and the hardware and dry goods trades, link the two nations in friendly relations, and our packets sail so frequently for Liverpool and London, that the latest improvements and American inventions are carried to England as soon as to the far West. You have heard of the Fulton spade, sir, and the Manhattan plough?

ENGLISHMAN. Not in my recollection.

MR. MIGGS. Ah! You will be in haste, I expect, to visit Washington. Several thousand inventions there all in one room; and they come in so fast, that Congress is going to build an extra. The progress of the American people in the arts and sciences renders the present century the most extraordinary since the golden age of the Romans. I calculate I'm right in saying so, sir. (To the Rev. Monroe Stubbings, the naval, legal, commercial, military clergyman.)

REV. MONROE. Considerable. Hardware, crockery, and cotton, with all the other requirements of commercial barter, form a powerful influence on the money means of improvement; but we must never forget that we owe everything under heaven to the genius of our countrymen, particularly those of the eastern states; the true spirit of our institutions, both federal and local, and the glory of our naval and military establishments, which cause the American name to be respected and feared as the most powerful in the world wherever our flag is hoisted from the mizen-top.

COLONEL OTIS. You have obtained rank in the navy, sir, I expect?

REV. MONROE. Yes, sir; I was senior lieutenant of the corps of

sharp-shooting midshipmen on board Uncle Sam's frigate *Constitution*, when a boy. But I have since been in the military; the Bunker's Hill dragoons, a very fine volunteer company,—uniform, grey, turned up with green. I was captain one year, but they out-voted me the next because I went the whole anti-Jackson ticket. There were only two bankites* besides myself in the regiment—sixty-five strong; all the rest were democratic Whigs.

COL. OTIS. I hold with them, sir. I am Jackson every possible way, and never shall be slow in showing it. My motto is, "Jackson, Van Buren, and remember New Orleans." Old Hickory† for ever, and may aristocracy be drummed out of the country, the band playing Yankee Doodle backwards, the last note first, to show that the true lovers of republicanism are determined to enjoy the institutions of this country any way they like best, first or last, free and equal. *That is my opinion, sir; but no offence to your clerical character.* I'm a true-born American, I am; that's a fact. Feel it all over me, waking or sleeping.—Will, you have run away with my cheese-plate, you nigger.

REV. MONROE. My profession, sir, teaches me never to be offended, and I hold politics to be only of second-rate interest; but yet I feel bound by every tie to carry the bank through, and uphold the internal improvements‡

COL. OTIS. Aristocracy and tyranny! I go entirely with the anti-internal improvement. Downright robbery! What would the original federalists have thought of this internal improvement vote? And where will the pay for the pews be, if the currency is not made right slick and fair?

VAN DICKERBOFHAM. De currency iz not so goot as may be: dat's a fac'. Currency in Inkland goot; cos vy? Inkland ritch and uphold cretit, put down de banks vot hov no capitol. No bank issue nots onder vive ponda, vive and twendy dullars. Vot's a fac' here? Ve issue von dullar nots ven ve a'nt vorth vive zents. Ve svindles 'em vot takes 'em, and Inkland stops de svindle. I loze dree dousand ponda in Inkland. Vot of dat? I lose it vidout svindle. I loze dree dousand dullars in dis New Yark vid svindle. Dey comb to me and zay, I hov von dousand acres in de vest vor vive hondred dullars. I buy 'em vair and get svindle, cos the hingins vont clar out of de acres.

COL. OTIS. We will exterminate the *In-dines*, sir, shortly.—A notion of melon before it is gone, if you please.—The military, or, if not, the regulars, will exterminate, I calculate, or I know nothing of my profession.

REV. MONROE. It is a pity they cannot be converted.

MR. MIGGS. Well, sir, (to the Englishman,) how do our Yankee dinners agree with you? Have you progressed in the melons yet? I have often expected to hear of their being taken over to England.

* Partisans of the United States bank, or "Monster."

† General Jackson.

‡ On the subject of internal improvements, a great question is raised in the States, one party being in favour of carrying on improvements by means of state loans and general taxation, the other party opposing this plan, on the ground of its producing state patronage and loan-mongering in the paper currency. And, as much of the real capital invested in the state loans is raised in England, some go so far as to call the "internal improvement vote" *treason*, "selling the country to foreigners," &c.

ENGLISHMAN. We have melons there.

MR. MIGGS. Possible! Cobbett took over corn, but I never heard of our melons being tried there. Major Noah should have written on that subject in his "Evening Star." But perhaps the fact was never properly reported. There seems to be a great fault in your newspapers, particularly the London ones. They don't enlarge upon internal improvements as ours do.

COL. OTIS. Quite right. They are the destruction of any constitution.

MR. MIGGS. Would it not be a good spec for one of our editors to go out to England, and establish a newspaper in London on the American plan? Though I expect there would be a great national prejudice against him.

ENGLISHMAN. Allow me to say that the English are nearly free from national prejudice; and with respect to Americans, the English certainly have no prejudice against them.

REV. MONROE. Then, sir, I will ask how came Mrs. Trollope's book on the United States to be believed in England? Had Captain Hall Basil, or Basil Hall, no national prejudice? Can we imagine people writing such libels who have no national prejudice?

COL. OTIS. As to Captain Hall and Mrs. Trollope, there is no doubt, I expect, that they were paid by the House of Lords for writing what they did. Mere spies, sir, sent over here on purpose to write against our freedom and independence. There an't six words in either of their books downright true, and most of the remarks is considerable ungrammarlike and slick nonsense. We've done all we can to make friends with the British since last war; but it's of no use, no ways. New Orleans battle chokes 'em, and they can't see straight when they think of it. Do you recollect, sir, when the news arrived in England? Is it true they took down all the church bells that they toll on celebration days, when they heard of it? It must have been a powerful thunder-clap, I guess.

MR. MIGGS. That's a fact. Awful!

ENGLISHMAN. I never heard of their taking any bells down. They pealed merrily after the battle of Waterloo.

REV. MONROE. Ah! that was a wonderful interposition in favour of the British. Their allies prevented their total destruction just in time.

MR. MIGGS. You may say *that*.

COL. OTIS. Considerable smart. But look what a host they had to back them; all the finest military in Europe,—except the French. And then their numbers being double the French.

ENGLISHMAN. Not quite, colonel.

COL. OTIS. Sufficiently near to swear to it, sir, I guess.

ENGLISHMAN. Ha! ha! Well!

COL. OTIS. You may laugh, sir, but there's no mistake. We are unprejudiced in favour either of the French or British, and we compare the accounts given by both parties, which convinces us that the French account must be correct. For my own part, if I have a preference for Europeans, it is in favour of the British, particularly the Welsh, or ancient British. But at the same time I think they boast a leetle too much, and are a very prejudiced, ignorant set of people, compared with more polished nations.

MR. MIGGS. What! Are you going, sir? You can't get rid of the

John Bull feeling yet, I expect. But you have not been here long enough to compare *us* with the British. In a month or two—

ENGLISHMAN. Gentlemen, I have been long enough in America to see that it is a great pity the Americans, in reflecting on their European origin, do not understand that their greatest pride should be to boast that they are an English race, being under a different climate to their European forefathers, with a government of their own choice, but copied from the government their forefathers chose; and that while free and independent as a nation, they are bound by the most enduring ties,—the ties of religion, laws, and language,—to the English. When the Americans really forget to respect, and do not, as at present, merely *pretend* to have a disrespect for Great Britain, they must previously have lost all respect for themselves. It is impossible for either to be at a great premium while the other is at a discount.

* * * * *

The persons introduced in the following dialogue are the inmates of Mr. Timothy Tibb's roadside tavern and village boarding-house—a smart Connecticut, quiet and religious; a “sling” drinking, bullying braggadocia from the “old dominion”—(Virginia or Kentucky;)—an Irishman, very fond of the Monangahela whisky-bottle; a broken-down Englishman who had emigrated to Canada, and was now engaged in obtaining partners and a charter for establishing a bank and the creation of paper dollars; and a mad Englishman, who believed that Napoleon and Washington had left him pensions, the payment of which he could not obtain either from Andrew Jackson, the anti-democratic Whig, anti-bankite, anti-internal improvement general, and Federal President; or from Nicholas Biddle, the aristocratic Tory, democratic Whig, internal improvement president of the “Monster,” or U. S. Bank.

OLD KENTUCK. I like to commence the evening in a lively manner. Major, let me have a leetle sling, but make it strong as thunder, and tarnation sweet. I have a mighty particular tooth, *I* have. All of us are very niceish in the old dominion. (*Sings.*)

In old Kentuck, in the afternoon,
We sweep the kitchen with a brau-new broom,
And after that we form a ring,
And this is the tune we always sing.
Toodle, toodle,
Old folks, young folks,
Old Virginy never tire!

CONNECTICUT. Really we have that song every night. I'm quite tired of it.

MAD ENGLISHMAN. It's a good tune on the light. It contains Proxy's converse with the folks, and none of the bucket and belt operation, for which I claim two dollars a minute.

CONNECTICUT. What curious phrases some of you Englishers have, I guess. We should not understand you in New England, I expect.

SPECULATOR. Nor in Old England either. Mr. Coleby Cobb speaks after a fashion of his own.

MAD ENGLISHMAN. Yes, on the light. But you want to know, perhaps, what the bucket and belt operation means. I'll tell you. After I had tried all means to recover the five millions left me by

Napoleon and George Washington, I went before one of the rascally squires* in New York, who, after hearing Proxy's converse in Equity's order on the light, ordered some of his people to put a belt round me and tie me to the wall. There they left me to howl to the grimy bricks and speared windows; and some niggers in the cock-loft, seeing I could not move, poured twenty or thirty buckets of the North River on me, pretending that their feet slipped, and they could not help it, though I saw them all the time taking aim.

CONNECTICUT. Kind of Bedlam! Were you there long or short, neighbour?

MAD ENGLISHMAN. Centuries, sir! The cruel hounds! To frighten me out of asking for my own, my ten millions!

CONNECTICUT. You said *five* millions.

MAD ENGLISHMAN. No, sir; ten or fifteen millions, as declared by Proxy's converse with the folks, in Equity's order, on the light.

CONNECTICUT. I guess that's a curious phrase of yours—Proxy's converse with the folks! Who is Proxy?

MAD ENGLISHMAN. Do you see that looking-glass? That is a proxy. Suppose I have a serpent winding round me, or a monkey on my back, grinning and biting: if I go to the proxy I see what's the matter. Then I hold converse with the Proxy in Equity's order, because the perfect proxy never speaks but the truth. When they kept me belted in Golgotha every morning, before the sun was up, they let in upon me a score or two of boa constrictors, monsters with talons, and a hundred biting monkeys and hedgehogs.

OLD KENTUCK. That was considerable smart on the whole hog principle.

MAD ENGLISHMAN. For this infernal treatment, sir, I claim two dollars a minute, though Proxy says if I claim fifty dollars a minute it is not too much, on the light.

OLD KENTUCK. I can't see this new light at all. Take some Monongahela, and set your wits in order. (*Sings.*)

A jay bird sat on a hickory limb,
He look'd at me, and I wink'd at him;
I took up a stone, and I hit him on the shin;
Says he, don't you do that agin.

Toodle, toodle,
Old folks, young folks,
Old Virginy never tire!

IRISHMAN. Be the powers, but that ould Virginy, with his cock eye, must be a quare man never to tire.

CONNECTICUT. *I'm* quite tired of the song. It's only fit for a nigger to sing. If we are to have singing, let us have "Major Silas Sloane's hymns of Joy," or the "*Indine* preacher."

OLD KENTUCK. Major Silas didn't live in the South, where the sun is hot, and where music and poetry come natural. "Old Virginy" is the finest song on the 'tarnal. Yankee doodle ought not to be played on the same drum. I should like to see the man (that wasn't a friend) dare to say it isn't a good tune: he should crawl out of the house like a 'coon. The ladies in the old dominion sing it morning, noon, and night. Who dare say my sister ever sang a tune that isn't first-rate, and no mistake? Show me the man. I'll make him eat fire, swallow a knife, or jump the Delaware, no ways

* Police Magistrates.

slow. I'm full of the spirit of '76, and a true-born American. My father killed three-and-twenty Englishers with his own rifle, and I was born soon after. I'm full of gunpowder, I am. Major, some sling. I can drink till the world gets too old to move. While another man rows up Salt River, I'm only putting the fire out in the forest.*

(Sings) Yankee doodle, doodle dandy,
 Corn stalks, rum and gin sling handy,
 An *Indine* pudding, and a green peach pie—
 O laws! how we made the British fly!

CONNECTICUT. Pray, let us have some conversation respecting the Old World. This gentleman will favour us with some information, I expect. Pray, sir, what do you calculate the Duke of Wellington's income at?

SPECULATOR. I cannot say for certain; but it may be two hundred thousand dollars per annum. But some of our noblemen are much richer: some of them have from three to five thousand dollars a-day, or twice as much as the salary allowed the King.

CONNECTICUT. What do you mean by the salary allowed the King? He takes as much money as he pleases, I guess.

MAD ENGLISHMAN. Equity's principle of justice!

SPECULATOR. Oh no! he is paid quarterly, like any other great officer of state! independently of having a life-interest in three national palaces, in which he resides, receives company, or transacts the formal business of state, as the master of the national ceremonies.

CONNECTICUT. Why, you don't mean to say the King is of any use?

SPECULATOR. Yes, assuredly; and respected much more by his fellow-countrymen than any of your presidents have been, not excepting Washington. Your presidents are only chosen by a *majority* of the people, and there is therefore always a *minority* averse from the person, politics, and conduct of the executive, which in some instances, as at present in the instance of Jackson, does not attempt to disguise its hatred of the man so elevated. The almost unanimous wish of the people of England is, that they may not be troubled to choose their chief magistrate as the Americans are troubled.

OLD KENTUCK. Ah! we expect the British would not be capable of living under free institutions.

CONNECTICUT. London must be a wonderful place. Do give us some account of it. I expect it is a size or two larger than New York.

SPECULATOR. Imagine New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, New Orleans, and Washington placed together, and you may then conceive a place about *half* the size of London. Add fifty buildings as grand as the City Hall, New York, twenty as large as the Capitol at Washington, one hundred like the State House, Philadelphia,—imagine fifty streets as handsome as Broadway or Market Street, some with five hundred carriages in them at a time,—imagine twenty palaces, each large enough to accommodate a thousand

* *Rowing up Salt River* is a slang term for getting intoxicated; and *putting the fire out in the forest* signifies quenching the thirst, or internal fire, caused by previous sling drinking.

people, some of these palaces occupied by royalty, some by nobility, and two by the worn-out veterans of the army and navy,—conceive five bridges, each of which cost from three to five millions of dollars, and two cathedrals, which, with the public monuments in them, have cost more than would suffice to rebuild the “monumental city,” Baltimore,*—conceive that in some of the streets there are more valuable paintings and sculpture than could be found in the entire American continent,—think of the docks, and the river literally covered for twenty miles with shipping, the sight of which would be enough, if it could be seen at a single glance, to make a New Yorker’s hair stand on end.

CONNECTICUT. Possible! But tell me something respecting the King and the Duke of Wellington.

SPECULATOR. The Duke of Wellington, sir, lives in a comparatively poor style. He keeps only twenty footmen, and his house is only a small stone building with a hundred windows.

CONNECTICUT. A poor style! That beats all nature! But the King—

SPECULATOR. The King, sir, is only a private gentleman, except when he appears in state. He then rides in a carriage nearly as handsome as the carriage of the Lord Mayor of London. It is carved and gilded, and is drawn by eight cream-coloured horses, each worth two thousand dollars, and is accompanied by his suite in ten carriages, with six horses each, worth together a hundred thousand dollars, and is preceded and followed by life-guards in steel armour with gold ornaments; and by beefeaters.

OLD KENTUCK. Go a-head, Uncle Sam! Beefeaters, I guess, then, are scarce in England, and are only to be seen on extraordinary occasions.

SPECULATOR. The King’s presence is proclaimed by the clangour of silver trumpets and the discharge of artillery; and his regal crown is worth as much as the Capitol at Washington.

CONNECTICUT. This must be very imposing.

OLD KENTUCK. Dead swindling you mean.

MAD ENGLISHMAN. Equity’s order, on the light!

SPECULATOR. Very imposing, indeed, sir, to a simple republican people like the English. But it is found necessary in distant parts of the empire to surround the representative of the sovereign with much greater splendour. In India, where there are one hundred and twenty millions of British subjects, the governor-general exhibits the majesty of his authority in a more glaring and costly manner. When on a progress through the country, he rides on an elephant caparisoned with gold and jewels, and is accompanied by tributary rajahs mounted on elephants, camels, and Arabian horses, heading armies, and followed by Circassian beauties in moving pagodas, loaded with treasures purposely exhibited to dazzle the beholders!

CONNECTICUT. Well, I expect the British are an extraordinary people! Strange we should have beaten them so easily! We took them all ways; by sea and land—

MAD ENGLISHMAN. On the light!

SPECULATOR. Indeed!

CONNECTICUT. We Yankees—

* So called from the circumstance of possessing a monument to Washington.

MAD ENGLISHMAN. Proxy's converse with the folks!

SPECULATOR. Evidently!

CONNECTICUT. Republican courage—

SPECULATOR. Certainly!

CONNECTICUT. Beat the British—

SPECULATOR. Exactly!

OLD KENTUCK. Yes, with the help of the Kentuck and Virginy volunteers. We are the critturs, the real ky-an alligator breed, strong as a steam-en-jine, and nothing but iron right up and down. Major, a sling. We can swim harder, dive deeper, run faster, gun surer, cut slicker, fight, gouge, and drink better than all the world. There is no mistake in us, there isn't. Our blood is purple, full of gunpowder, and stronger than brandy; the entire whole of the tarnal earth can't go a-head of us at anything. Talk to us of the British!—pshaw!

(Sings) A bull-frog, dressed in soldier's clothes,
I took up a knife, and I hit him on the nose,
I made his nose look rather flat,
And Bull, says I, how like you that?
Toodle, toodle,
Old folks, young folks,
Old Virginy never tire.

THREE WEEKS BEFORE MARRIAGE.

Oh! ask me not which is the light I prize
In the changeable round of the playful skies;—
I care for no light but the light of *your* eyes—
So turn it sweetly on me,
Fanny!
Turn it sweetly on me!

Oh! ask me not which is the flower I seek
As I roam through the woodland from week to week:—
I care for no flower but the rose of *your* cheek—
So turn it softly to me,
Fanny!
Turn it softly to me!

Oh! ask me not which is my fondest choice
'Mid the sounds that the fancy can most rejoice:—
I care for no sound but the sound of *your* voice—
So breathe it gently to me,
Fanny!
Breathe it gently to me!

Oh! ask me not what in this world of strife
Would be the excess of all joy:—my life!
'Twould be a kind, modest, and lovely wife—
So be that dear thing to me,
Fanny!
Be that dear thing to me!

J. A. WADE.

THE CLAUQUEUR SYSTEM.

BY GEORGE HOGARTH.

WITHOUT entering into any speculations as to the causes of the decline of the stage, we may safely set down the increasing prevalence of the *Claqueur* system as one of them; and the check which it has received from Mr. Macready, in his high-minded management of Covent Garden, is not one of the smallest benefits which that gentleman is conferring on the drama.

The practice of supporting dramatic pieces by the plaudits of persons hired for that purpose, appears to be in a great measure of modern date. It is not to be supposed that there ever was a time when the applauses or the hisses of theatres, were altogether unbiassed and disinterested. Dramatic authors have always had their friends as well as enemies; and we see from the history of the stage in all countries that both friends and enemies have chosen the theatre for the display of their kindness or hostility. Friends of the author have mustered to support his play, and enemies to damn it; and violent collisions have sometimes arisen between the contending parties. But such scenes in former days were only occasional, wholly unconnected with the management of theatres, and no part of a system which now threatens the very extinction of dramatic criticism.*

It was by a band of claqueurs that *She Stoops to Conquer* was supported on the first night of its performance. There was a strong prejudice against this charming comedy before it came out. Colman, as manager, at first refused to receive it; and many of Goldsmith's friends gave their verdict against it, so much were they startled by its apparent eccentricity and extravagance. Johnson, however, stood forth as the champion of the piece; and, being then in the height of his literary power, insisted on its having a fair trial. He overruled almost by main force the scruples of Colman; and *She Stoops to Conquer* was at length brought out at Covent Garden, and supported by a body of *volunteer* claqueurs, under the command of the veteran, Johnson. Cumberland's account of this memorable evening† is exceedingly graphic.

"We were not," he says in his *Memoirs*, "over-sanguine of success, but perfectly determined to struggle hard for our author. We accordingly assembled our strength at the Shakspeare Tavern, in a considerable body, for an early dinner, where Samuel Johnson took the chair at the head of a long table, and was the life and soul of the corps. The poet took post silently by his side, with the Burkes,

* It may be observed, however, that something resembling the modern claqueur system seems to have existed in the most corrupt period of Roman manners. Plautus tell us that in his time people were stationed in the theatre to applaud bad actors. He attacks this abuse in the prologue to one of his comedies, and makes Mercury, by order of Jupiter, prohibit so shameful a manœuvre. Actors, he says, ought, like other eminent men, to triumph through their own merit, and not by the influence of cabal and intrigue;—

"Eadem histrioni sit lex, quæ summo viro;
Virtute ambire oportet, non favoribus."

† The 15th of March, 1773.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, Fitzherbert, Caleb Whitefoord, and a phalanx of North British predetermined applauders under the banner of Major Mills, all good men and true. Our illustrious friend was in inimitable glee, and poor Goldsmith that day took all his railery as patiently and complacently as my friend Boswell would have done any day, or every day of his life. In the mean time we did not forget our duty; and though we had a better comedy going on, in which Johnson was chief actor, we betook ourselves in good time to our separate and allotted posts, and waited the awful drawing up of the curtain. As our stations were preconcerted, so were our signals for plaudits arranged and determined upon, in a manner that gave every one his cue where to look for them, and how to follow them up.

"We had among us a very worthy and efficient member, long since lost to his friends and the world at large, Adam Drummond, of amiable memory, who was gifted by Nature with the most sonorous, and at the same time ~~the~~ most contagious laugh, that ever echoed from the human lungs. The neighing of the horse of the son of Hystaspes was a whisper to it; the whole thunder of the theatre could not drown it. This kind and ingenuous friend fairly forewarned us that he knew no more when to give his fire than the cannon did that was planted on a battery. He desired, therefore, to have a flapper at his elbow, and I had the honour to be deputed to that office. I planted him in an upper box, pretty nearly over the stage, in full view of the pit and galleries, and perfectly well situated to give the echo all its play through the hollows and recesses of the theatre. The success of our manœuvres was complete. All eyes were upon Johnson, who sat in the front row of a side-box, and when he laughed, everybody thought themselves warranted to roar. In the mean time, my friend Drummond followed signals with a rattle so irresistibly comic, that, when he had repeated it several times, the attention of the spectators was so engrossed by his person and performances that the progress of the play seemed likely to become a secondary object, and I found it prudent to insinuate to him that he might halt his music without any prejudice to the author. But, alas! it was now too late to rein him in; he had laughed upon my signal, where he found no joke, and now unluckily he fancied that he found a joke in almost everything that was said; so that nothing in nature could be more *mal-a-propos* than some of his bursts every now and then were. These were dangerous moments, for the pit began to take umbrage; but we carried our play through, and triumphed not only over Colman's judgment, but our own."

It was thus that one of the most delightful of our comedies was saved from precipitate condemnation, and preserved to the stage, by the preconcerted applauses of a party of the author's friends. But it was because there was real merit in the piece that this support was effectual. Every observer of human nature has remarked the excitability of a multitude, and the effect of the slightest spark thrown among them in producing an explosion of feeling. The Athenian orator "wielded at will the fierce democracy," because they were exposed in great and compact masses to the electrical shock of his "resistless eloquence." The vehement exhortations,—the ardent appeals,—which kindled into enthusiasm the whole multitude, would have "slept in the dull ear" of perhaps every indivi-

dual present, had he been insulated from the general body. Even now we can witness the effects of the eloquence, such as it is, of the demagogues of the day, when addressed to assembled crowds. On such occasions it may be observed that the amount of popular excitement is in the direct ratio of the numbers present; and the contagious-character of the influence exerted is evinced by the fact that it operates pretty strongly even on those who are out of earshot of the orator. But, in order that eloquence, or any other power, may act thus strongly upon a multitude, there must be, in every separate individual, a *tendency* to be acted upon by it. No number of minds could be roused by mutual sympathy to violent excitement, if the stimulus applied to the whole was not calculated to produce *some* effect (however feeble) on every mind, taken singly. The mutual sympathy pervading a numerous assemblage will heighten what, in the breast of a single person, would be a mere opinion or sentiment, into a strong emotion, — will raise simple approbation into enthusiasm, or inflame simple disapproval into fierce animosity; but such emotions will not be excited by this cause unless the opinion or sentiment on which they are founded already in some degree exists. Even in a multitude, however, this mutual sympathy may remain dormant for a time. Every individual in a crowd may feel as calmly and coldly as when alone, so long as everybody listens in silence, and keeps his feelings to himself; but the first expression of feeling, however slight and partial, originates a movement which spreads and augments till the growing fermentation pervades the whole mass.

There is no place in which these phenomena are more apparent than in a crowded theatre. Merits, or defects, which, in any individual of the audience, would excite moderate satisfaction or disapprobation, frequently through the action of mutual sympathy, awakened by some slight and partial expression, become the objects of rapturous applause or violent condemnation. In the case of *She Stoops to Conquer*, the audience could not be insensible to the admirable humour of the characters, and the exquisite drollery of the scene; but neither could they be insensible to the extravagance of the plot, and the improbability—nay, impossibility—of some of the most prominent incidents: and this conflict of opposite impressions, however critically just, might have really done lamentable injustice to the comedy, had it not been for the skilful applause and laughter of Dr. Johnson and his troops, which, because it was skilful and well-applied, carried with it the applause and laughter of the whole audience. It is easy to imagine that a party of enemies similarly organised, and hooting, with equal tact, the faulty passages of the play, would, with the same audience, have produced its total damnation.

A curious illustration of the susceptibility of audiences to the influence of example, is afforded by the celebrated *Trunkmaker* of Queen Anne's time, who regulated the applauses of the theatre by the blows of his cudgel. Addison bestows an amusing paper in the *Spectator* on this remarkable personage. He frequented the upper gallery, and, when he was pleased with anything that was acted upon the stage, expressed his approbation by a loud knock upon the benches or the wainscot, which could be heard over the whole theatre, and became at length a signal, rarely disobeyed, for

the applause of the house. "The trunkmaker," says Addison, "is a large black man, whom nobody knows. He generally leans forward on a huge oaken plant, with great attention to everything which passes on the stage. He is never seen to smile; but, upon hearing anything that pleases him, he takes up his staff with both hands, and lays it on the next piece of timber that stands in his way with exceeding vehemence; after which he composes himself in his former posture till such time as something new sets him again at work. It has been observed his blow is so well-timed that the most judicious critic could never except against it. As soon as any shining thought is expressed by the poet, or any uncommon grace appears in the actor, he smites the bench or wainscot. If the audience does not concur with him he smites a second time; and if the audience is not yet awaked, looks round him with great wrath, and repeats the blow a third time, which never fails to produce the clap. He sometimes lets the audience begin the clap of themselves, and at the conclusion of their applause, ratifies it with a single thwack. He is of so great use to the playhouse, that it is said a former director of it, upon his not being able to pay his attendance by reason of sickness, kept one in pay to officiate for him till such time as he recovered: but the person so employed, though he laid about him with incredible violence, did it in such wrong places that the audience soon found out that it was not their old friend, the Trunkmaker."

Addison bears testimony to the usefulness of this manual critic: "It is certain," he says, "that the Trunkmaker has saved many a good play, and brought many a graceful actor into reputation, who would not otherwise have been taken notice of." And he concludes his paper with a playful proposal that the Trunkmaker's office should be rendered perpetual at the public expense: "and, to the end that this place should be always disposed of according to merit, I would have none preferred to it who has not given convincing proofs both of a sound judgment and a strong arm, and could not upon occasion either knock down an ox, or write a comment upon Horace's art of poetry. In short, I would have him a due composition of Hercules and Apollo, and so rightly qualified for this important office, that the Trunkmaker may not be missed by our posterity."

This susceptibility of people in a crowd to yield to impulses which would have no effect on any individual taken singly, though it may be attended with good consequences, yet is exceedingly liable to abuses; and one of these is the system of mercenary applause, which has become the prevailing nuisance of theatres. It has long existed in France, from whence we have imported it; but, bad as it is with us, we have no notion of the height to which it is carried by the Parisians,—a height which is one among many proofs that we are still behind our neighbours on the other side of the Channel in "the high civilization" of modern society.

Without endeavouring to trace the steps by which the claqueur system in France has risen to its present high and palmy state, we shall mention a few particulars which will show what that state actually is.

It is not enough to say that this kind of support is invariably resorted to when a new piece, a new actor, or a new singer, appears

at any of the theatres of Paris: this is very much the case among ourselves. But the system has acquired a degree of organization, and is conducted with a business-like regularity and method, as yet unknown in London. "*La Claque*," as it is called, is a separate estate in the theatrical kingdom, more powerful than the press, or even than the public.

The Parisian claqueurs are a body as regularly organised as the police. They are under the control of a Director-General, who has an office called the "*Bureau de la Claque*," the business of which is carried on by an establishment consisting of a deputy-director and clerks. The managers of the theatres have treaties of alliance with the potentate of the *Claque*; and hardly an author dares to bring forward a new piece, nor does an actor venture to hazard a debut, without purchasing his assistance. If the dramatist or performer is so ill-advised as to trust to his own merit and the unbiassed judgment of the public, he is sure to rue his indiscretion, for he never fails to find himself exposed to a hostility so inveterate that hardly any degree of merit is able to resist its influence. The tribute exacted by the "Directeur-General de la Claque" is something like the *Black Mail* demanded of old by a freebooting Highland Chieftain from his Lowland neighbours. If they paid it, he not only respected their property himself, but protected it from the depredations of others; but any resistance to the exaction was sure to be followed by some notable disaster.

The Directeur-General is a personage of dignity and importance. If an author presents himself at the bureau, and announces that his business relates to a tragedy at the *Théâtre Français*, or a grand opera at the *Académie Royale de Musique*, the great man himself vouchsafes an audience. The author of a comedy is admitted to the presence of the sub-director; but writers of vaudevilles, melodramas, and farces, are turned over to a clerk. The same etiquette regulates the intercourse of the bureau with the different classes of performers. The author or actor bargains for the attendance of so many claqueurs at the general rate of a franc and a half a-head, of which a franc goes to the claqueur, and the remainder to the establishment. The passages to be applauded are marked on a copy of the piece, and the transaction is regularly entered in the register of the bureau. In the afternoon the claqueurs muster at the bureau, where they receive their instructions, and their admissions to the different theatres, to which they march off in detachments. They are tall, broad-shouldered fellows with brazen lungs, and heavy hands; and most of them have acquired the accomplishment of whistling with piercing shrillness through their fingers. On their arrival at the theatre they find their officers, by whom they are marshalled and distributed in different parts of the house. Their principal place is the centre of the pit, under the chandelier, whence they are called "*Chevaliers du Lustre*." From the courage which it is often necessary for them to exhibit in the performance of their functions, they have also acquired the *sobriquet* of "*Romains*," or *Romans*, by which they are very generally known, and alluded to in the light French literature of the day.

As to the managers of the theatres, they have been in the habit of entering into permanent contracts with the *Bureau de la Claque*, by which, for certain considerations, the *Bureau* undertook a general

guarantee of the success of the performances. The validity of one of these contracts, a few weeks ago, became the subject of a trial before one of the principal courts of justice, (the *Tribunal de première instance de la Seine*,) the proceedings in which, as fully reported in the Paris law-journals, throw a curious light on this subject.

The success of the claqueur system appears to have extended its operation, and given rise to several rival establishments of the nature already described. In the year 1836, M. Mennecier, the directeur of one of them, entered into a treaty, or contract, with M. de Cès-Caupenne, the manager of the Ambigu-Comique, by which the manager conceded to Mennecier, who is designated as an "Entreprenneur de succès dramatiques," the exclusive privilege of insuring the "succès dramatiques" at the Ambigu-Comique, on the condition of his supporting and applauding *all* the pieces represented at that theatre during the period of the contract, which was to be from the 1st of November 1836 to the 1st of April 1845. Mennecier was bound to pay the manager annually the sum of five thousand francs, and, on the other hand, he was to have a right every evening to thirty-five pit-places, (fifteen of which were to be used by the claqueurs,) six places in the boxes, and two in the second gallery, and he was authorized to turn the admissions thus placed at his disposal to the best possible account.

M. de Cès-Caupenne turned the theatre of the Ambigu-Comique into a joint-stock company, into which he transferred all the contracts and engagements entered into by himself. He continued for some time in the management of this new concern, but was afterwards obliged to retire from it, and was succeeded by Messrs. Cormon and Cournol.

The first piece brought out by the new managers was *Caspar Hauser*, the success of which, by the assistance of M. Mennecier, was remarkable. Things went on smoothly for a while; but some rival *Directeur de la Claque* offered to "undertake the success" of this theatre on lower terms, and the managers sought a pretext for getting rid of the contract with Mennecier. "Where there is a will there is a way," it is said; and a pretext was not long wanting. On the 30th of June last a new piece was brought out, called *Raphael, ou Les Mauvais Conseils*, the joint production of the two managers. Mennecier, having occasion to be absent from the first representation, mentioned this to the managers the day before, and obtained leave to send his son in his stead, at the head of his forces. The success of the piece was incomplete; and its partial failure being ascribed by the angry authors to the bad generalship of young Mennecier, his father immediately received his dismissal, couched in the following curious epistle:—

"The service of *Caspar Hauser* was very ill conducted on your part, and we were obliged to obtain support for it from two different quarters. We took no other step, however, than merely communicating to you the subjects of complaint we had against you. *Raphael* being about to be produced, we wished to see how you would conduct yourself in regard to it; and it was with no small surprise that we found you had gone out of town, abandoning the service to an inexperienced boy. Before the performance, we sent for the

young man who, as we understood, was to be your substitute, and pointed out to him the course he was to pursue, especially forbidding him to make use of loud applause. He did precisely what was prohibited, and so scandalised the public as to produce a quantity of hisses, which marred what would otherwise have been a brilliant success. Authors consequently have complained to us that they dare no longer confide their pieces to our theatre. The performers have been equally loud in their complaints; and their dissatisfaction, joined to our own, has induced us to adopt the resolution of no longer intrusting to you, after to-morrow, the *service* of the theatre."

Mennecier, not choosing to submit to this summary dismissal, brought an action for fulfilment of his contract, and the cause was tried on the 30th of August.

The plaintiff's counsel, after maintaining that the contract, originally made with a former manager of the theatre, was binding on his successors, proceeded to vindicate the conduct of his client. Mennecier, he said, had for twenty years exercised the profession of *chef de claque*, and during his long career had obtained the most honourable testimonials of satisfaction from authors and managers. Among these was the following attestation from the former manager, M. de Cès-Caupenne:—

"I hereby certify that for these six years past, under my management at the *Ambigu*, and also for several months at the *Gaité*, M. Mennecier has performed the functions of conductor of the *claque*; and that during this period, the management, the authors, the performers, and the public have the highest reason to congratulate themselves on their relations with him, and on the regularity of his conduct on all occasions."

But this was not all. The approbation of the defendants themselves appeared from their correspondence with the plaintiff. In one note, M. Cormon wrote him thus:—"To insure the success of the piece, and satisfy you as much as possible, we shall let you have two pit places till its last representation; and I hope, on the other hand, that you will take good care of us." In another note he said, "I send you six places; you see that I always keep you in mind. Let us make a strong stand to-night." And in another, "My dear Mennecier, I am anxious that you should be satisfied with me; I send you four pit places for to-night. You see we take care of you; do you, in your turn, take care of the piece."

As to the imputation that Mennecier had absented himself without permission, and had devolved his duty upon an inexperienced boy, whose incapacity had compromised the success of *Raphael*, it was sufficient to say, that this brief substitution had been consented to by the managers; that this inexperienced boy was one-and-thirty, and was the son of Mennecier, who had spared no pains in his education, so that he might worthily inherit his father's reputation.

M. Cournol appeared to plead his own cause and that of his fellow-defendant, and gave a magnificent account of the important and responsible functions of a *claqueur*. The *claque*, he said, like other arts, has had its infancy. In its earlier period, applause was all that was required from a *claqueur*. In those days, large and sonorous

hands were all that was wanted ; but the public are not now to be taken in with clapping—they know too well where it comes from. We must now, therefore, have people who can not only clap their hands, but who can laugh, sob, and weep in the proper places, and whose gaiety and sensibility can excite the sympathetic feelings of the audience. They require to be carefully formed for the profession by education and discipline ; and the claqueurs have rehearsals as regularly as the actors. " This, gentlemen," said M. Cournot, " is divulging the secrets of the green-room ; but I am constrained to do so, in order to make you comprehend why Mennecier, and people of his school, will not do for us. They have neither the will nor the ability to deviate from their old-fashioned routine ; but we must have persons capable of performing their duties with a degree of skill and refinement suited to the present wants of the stage."

The court annulled the contract as being *contra bonos mores*. " Seeing," says the sentence, " that such a contract is essentially based on falsehood and corruption ; that its object is the obligation to employ subordinate agents, who undertake for hire to make feigned manifestations and play concerted tricks to deceive the public, and that consequently it is derogatory to the principles and laws which relate to public morals ; seeing, moreover, that such agreements are contrary to public order, as these fictitious and purchased manifestations create disturbance in the theatres, and destroy freedom of judgment on the part of the public who pay ; for these reasons, the court declares the contract in question to be null, as being illicit," &c.

This judgment, by defeating this impudent attempt to enforce by the authority of the law the fulfilment of one of these precious contracts, has of course put an end to permanent transactions of this nature. But it seems to have had little or no effect in abating the nuisance ; the claqueurs in the Parisian theatres are as industrious, as noisy, and as insufferable as ever. Opposite parties of them often come into collision, and a row is not unfrequently the consequence. Within these few weeks, a violent disturbance took place at the Grand Opera, occasioned by the great success which attended the appearance of Fanny Elssler in one of Taglioni's principal parts. The partisans of the latter divinity were alarmed at the prospect of her being superseded by her more youthful rival, who, on her next appearance, was hissed by a band of claqueurs in the Taglioni interest. This produced, on the following evening, a detachment of Elsserites, and a regular battle was fought in the pit, commencing with hissing, hooting, clapping, and shouting, and ending with kicks and cuffs, amid the screams, oaths, execrations, and other mellifluous noises so abundantly used by French combatants. The fray was ended by the police, who carried off the ringleaders ; but not till the ladies had begun to make their escape out of the house, and the entertainment of the evening was effectually marred. The enjoyment of the audience at the same theatre has of late been repeatedly interrupted by squabbles between the hired supporters of Duprez, the admirable tenor-singer now the rage in Paris, and those of Nourrit, whose laurels have been somewhat withered by the success of his competitor. Even in the temple of the classical drama, the

Théâtre Français, similar collisions take place between the partisans of the still charming, though antiquated Thalia of the French stage, Mademoiselle Mars, and those of the young Melpomene, Mademoiselle Rachel. This actress, though a girl of seventeen, has burst upon the public in all the brightness of matured excellence, and has revived in their ancient splendour the long-forgotten masterpieces of Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire. Whenever she appears, the doors are besieged by enthusiastic crowds, while poor Mademoiselle Mars (for the Parisians will not worship more than one idol at a time) has been on alternate nights performing her most exquisite parts to empty benches. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

The strange trial and the other circumstances we have mentioned, have of late drawn the attention of the Parisians to this gross nuisance; and public opinion, it is to be hoped, may have some influence in putting it down. *Le Temps*, a journal of distinguished ability and influence, speaking of the trial, makes the following remarks:—

“Here is a case in which a manager of a theatre publicly avows that it is customary for himself and his brethren to employ claqueurs, —to train his theatrical vermin, multiply them, and class them under different species;—that it is usual for them to attend rehearsals, and take notes of the places at which they are to laugh or cry, sob or clap their hands! We could not have conceived it possible that any one could have had the courage to proclaim his participation in such disgusting manœuvres. What are we henceforth to think of authors who have had recourse to this kind of support, and of theatrical managements which resort to it in the regular course of business? The judges and king's counsel did not perceive or point out all the abominations of the *claque*. They did not know that these mercenary bands are accustomed to attack, insult, and beat the spectator who wishes to judge for himself; they did not know that every impartial spectator is actually in danger on the first night of a new piece; they did not know that there are bullies ready to fall upon any spectator who ventures to *disturb* the performance by a hiss, however well merited; they did not know that the assistance of the police has been procured to arrest the inmates of a box who chose to be of a different opinion from the claqueurs; they did not know that the *claque* is a traffic highly profitable to wealthy managers and authors, at the expense of the poor, the conscientious, and the public. Can we be any longer at a loss for the causes of the degradation of dramatic art, and the ruin of the stage?”

Another journal, *La Presse*, speaking of the feud between the partisans of the rival dancers, Taglioni and Elssler, enters upon a sarcastic vindication of the claqueurs against the attacks of its contemporaries.

“All these eloquent invectives,” it says, “against the ‘*Romains du lustre*’ seem to be unreasonable and unjust. There is nothing personally disagreeable in the claqueur, and he is serviceable to the public as well as to the theatre. He is a man of letters, quite *au fait* as to the taste of the day, and full of dramatic erudition. He knows the strong and the weak points of a piece; and though he never withholds from the *marked* passages the number of rounds of applause that have been bargained for, yet he can admire or disap-

prove for himself, and is by no means the dupe of the noise which, like other persons in higher stations, he himself contributes to make. If it is true that the stage *castigat ridendo mores*, nobody ought to have manners more chastened than the claqueur; for nobody frequents the theatres so assiduously as he does in the way of his business. If he sometimes protects mediocrity, he often supports originality and merit, decides the hesitating opinion of the public, and silences malignity and envy. He gives spirit and vivacity to representations, which, without him, would be dull and cold; he gives courage to the young actress, trembling when she first appears before the public; his applauses are balm for the wounded self-love of an author, who, while they are music in his ears, easily forgets that he paid for them in the morning. In short, the claqueur is an accommodation furnished by the manager to the public, who are too fine and too fashionable to commit the vulgarity of clapping their own hands. The smallest gesture, the least symptom of feeling, being proscribed in good society, and everybody believing himself to be good society, the theatres, but for the enlivening sounds of the claqueurs, would be the abodes of silence as dismal and funereal as that which reigns in the catacombs of Egypt. If the claqueurs were suppressed, they would be loudly called for by the public before a week was over; and the proof of their being indispensable is, that we have always had them. *Le claqueur, n'est, du reste, qu'une nature admirative un peu exagérée.*”*

Such is the claqueur system in the French metropolis. Among ourselves it has not attained the matured state of organisation to which it has been brought by our neighbours. We are not aware of there as yet being in London a *bureau de la claque*, conducted with all the regularity of a public office, from which managers and authors can be provided with troops ready disciplined and trained for their purposes; yet every frequenter of our theatres knows that in all of them, save one, the nuisance is already great, daily increasing, and likely soon to become intolerable. A dramatic author will always have his friends, who will come to see his new play for the purpose of supporting it; and their endeavours can never do much harm, while they may really do some good. If they applaud through thick and thin, without judgment or discrimination, they will be treated by the audience as “babbling” hounds are treated by the rest of the pack; while, on the other hand, their previous knowledge of the play may enable them, if they have tact, to direct the attention of the audience to beauties which otherwise might have been overlooked. But this is a very different thing from a house packed by managerial effrontery full of hirelings, for the purpose of brow-beating the audience, and stifling by noise and clamour the voice of criticism. Such practices, in place of being, as at present, tamely acquiesced in, ought to be visited with the strongest manifestations of public displeasure.

* This very expressive phrase is quite untranslatable.

THE STAGE-COACHMAN ABROAD.

Now, by two-headed Janns,
Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time."

SHAKSPEARE.

WE were lately travelling from Cheltenham to town, and a change of position at Oxford placed us on the box beside the coachman whose task it was to pilot us from Alma Mater to the metropolis. Though a young man, he had all the distinctive signs of an experienced whip, and was in form and hue a perfect Jehu. Bulky in figure, rubicund in complexion, and knowing in physiognomy, he lacked no "complement externe" that Nature could bestow, and art had not been appealed to in vain. A green cut-away,—blue bird's-eye neckerchief,—spotted waistcoat, cord breeches, and boots with drab-cloth tops; a broad-brimmed white hat, a pink in his button-hole, and a thick gold ring on the little finger of his whip-hand, assimilated the outer with the inner man, and made all in perfect keeping. His "haviour" on the box was, in his own language, "*ondeniable*." As soon as we were well clear of the city, and fairly started on the Henley road, we fell into conversation. The discourse, at first general, and chiefly allusive to "hosses" and the weather, shortly became quite confidential. We gradually fell into discourse on matters intimate, and we found that our friend had not limited his peregrinations to the space that lies between the Angel at Oxford and the Bell in Holborn. He had seen more of the world, and was willing to impart his knowledge. The first remark that bore upon the subject was a question which he put in a somewhat abrupt transition from the high price of corn, which he had just been lamenting.—"Are you fond of the sea, sir?"—"Why, yes," we answered, "in spite of having crossed the Atlantic some five or six times." "Ah," he replied, I've never been on *that* 'ere hocean; but I went across the sea too, last summer as ever wos;—Be quiet, will you? What is that mare about?"

Heedless of the interjection, we inquired on what occasion.

"Why, you see, sir, I'll tell you. I got tired last summer o' drivin' a hempty cútch up and down, and wanted to have a bit of a spurt, jest to make things a little lively. So says I to some friends of mine as drives on the Porchmouth and Suthanton roads, suppose we takes a start in the steamer, and goes to Hantwerp. You knows Hantwerp, I suppose, sir? Well, they was all agreeable, so off we trundled, first to Ramsgate, where we picked up a few more good'un's, and then off we sets. When we was aboard, them as warn't sick talked a good deal about what they meant to do and say, and was mighty strong with the French then; but I reckon it was a different thing when we got there; damme, if a man on'em could speak no more French than that 'ere near leader!"

"How many were there of you?"

"Why, eighteen on us."

"Any ladies of the party?"

"Never a one, sir; we was all gen'l'm'n as drives,—some one road, some another. As it was a'most dark when we left Ramsgate, we wasn't long a-turnin' in; and when we got up in the mornin' quite

early, there we saw Hantwerp before us,—least ways the spire o' the cathedral, and we a-steamin' it up the Skilt, like a team of thorough-bred 'uns. We soon left Walkerin' behind us, and got alongside of them Dutch forts as protects the Polders,—I think they calls 'em; though what there is to protect I'm blessed if I could see; there warn't as much grass on 'em as ud feed a donkey,—let alone a good hoss. Hous'ever, it was a fine summer's mornin', and there we was safe enough in Hantwerp very little arter six o'clock. We hadn't much luggage; most on us had got wot we had tied up in a hankercher, or in our great coat pockets; so the Downers (as they calls their Custom-house officers, in consequence of their being down upon you so un-common quick) hadn't nothing to say to us, though the Johnny-darms did take us to be searched."

"Well, what was the first thing you did when you got ashore?"

Why, the steward o' the wessel had pinte out to us the street as we was to go down to get to the market-place where the hō-tel wos. He called it the Place Wert, or some such name, and said we'd better go to the Grand Lubberer. Thinks I, I wonder who he is, this 'ere Lubberer when he's at home. Hows'ever, off we sets, and sure enough we did get into the Place Wert. Now, Wert, they says, means green in the French; but we see nothin' green there but ourselves; for not speaking the langige, as I said, we didn't know which way to turn to go to this 'ere hō-tel. So there we was a-walkin' up and down, looking furst at the steeple and then at the barricaded winders, and then at the faces as peeped thro' 'em to look at us, until we was rayther tired and rayther peckish,—for we wanted to get some place where we could have our wittles dressed as we'd brought over."

"Brought over!—what, did you take provisions with you?"

"In coorse we did; we wasn't a-goin' to be sarved out with frogs and snails and sitch as that; no soup meagre for us, I promise you. We'd as prime a piece of roasting beef, about sixteen pound weight, as ever was seen on Mr. Giblett's counter, a leg of mutton for b'ilin, and as pretty a hand of pork, with some greens and tatures, as ever you'd wish to partake. This, and a bit of double Gloster, and a few bottles of Guinnes's stout, was all we brought with us, for we know'd that brandy and gin was to be had for the askin'——"

"Well, how did you manage?"

"Why, as I was a-sayin', we was a-gettin' tired o' dawdlin' about doin' nothin',—and wanted to ask our way if we could have seen anybody as could speak to be understood,—for I'm bless'd if we could make out one word as them Flemings said. As for *their* talk, it seemed for all the world like a pig tryin' to parly-voo. At last Jem Worritt,—him as driv the Manchester Defiance, spy'd a gen'l'm'n a-comin', as he said he was sure was an Englishman and no mistake, for he'd got a hat on his head and no mous-tayshoes on his face; all them Belgians is whiskered up like so many wild cats, and wears foragin' caps and ribbons in their button-holes, 'specially ever since they ran away from the Dutch. So when he cum'd nigher we made him werry purlite bows all round, and Jem Worritt, as see him fust, he was spokesman, and says he: 'We asks your pardon, sir, but are you an English gen'l'm'n?'—and so says he, 'Yes, I am; what do you want with me?'—'Why, sir,' says Jem,

'here we are, eighteen on us, as come by the steamer this mornin', and wants to know were our Hō-tel is,—the Grand Lubberer,—where we can get our wittles cooked,—for we can't speak a word o' this 'ere langige.' The gen'l'man larfed a little, and looked fust at one and then at another, and at last he says: 'Why, I don't think the Lubberer is quite the place for you to go to. You'd better by half go to one of the Cabberies down there by the Hō-tel de Wheel,—and you can have your things done all to yourselves without any trouble.' So, says I to Jem, 'I think we had better go to the Hō-tel de Wheel itself instead of a cab-house,—it's more respectable, 'specially in a foreign country,'—for you know, sir, we was all on us coachmen. Hows'ever, the gen'l'man explained that the Hō-tel de Wheel meant the Mansion-house, and the Cabberies was places where there was smokin' and drinkin', and such like, always a-goin' on; but whether for cabs or coaches it made no odds. So the gen'l'man he werry kindly walked afore us, and we foller'd him, two and two, across the Place Wert, past them toyshops as is dovetailed into the side of the cathedral. On the way the gen'l'man,—a werry nice man he *wos*,—name was Smith, sir,—Smith of the Borough, p'raps you knows him,—he p'inted out to us a iron pump as was built by a blacksmith named Squintin' Bat'seyes,* as afterwards became a great painter, cos he fell in love with a gal who wouldn't have him as a blacksmith at any price.—so the gen'l'man told us, and I suppose he knew. Did you ever hear tell on it, sir?"

"Oh, yes,—you haven't got his nanie quite right, or the story either; but the place is very well known. Go on."

"Well, hows'ever the story may be, there we *wos*, and there we see the pump; and a little way further on, across a sort of a market, the gen'l'man he stops *opposite* a house with the sign of a Bull's-head over the door, carved in wood, with a pair of horns as long as my arm. Underneath this head was a board and a writin' to say, 'Oh, grand Buff!—here you may lodge on horseback or a-foot!'—so Mr. Smith translated it to us; and then something in Dutch about drinkin' and good beer and brandy, and a bit of a paintin' of a bottle of stout going off into two glasses like a jet-dō, as the French call it. We liked the look of this 'ere place, and as soon as Mr. Smith had parlywood with a man in a red nightcap as stood at the door a-smokin' his pipe,—he told us it was all right, so in we toddled,—and set down at a long table and called for a glass of brandy and water a-piece, jést to wash the dust out of our throats. As soon as we'd made ourselves all straight, and took a mouthful o' bread and cheese, Mr. Smith said he must be goin', and promised to send us a Commissione, or Lackey de Place, to act as our interpreter and show us all over the town. So presently in comes a chap with a hairy cap on as wolunteered his sarvices, and glad enough we *wos* to have him. He called himself Jack† somethin', and offered to pilot the whole lot on us for a frong a head and his wittles. The fust thing we set him to, was to order our dinner to be got ready at one o'clock *pre-cisely*, and then off we set to see the lions."

"And were you much entertained?"

"You shall hear, sir. Fust and foremost we went into the cathedral; it was what they called a Fate-day,—a sort of red-letter-day,

* Query,—Quintin Matsys.

† Probably Jaques.

you know,—and there we see the Wirgin Mary, in a gold petticoat, bein' carried up the hill under a canōpy, and the priests a-ringin' o' bells, and little boys in long pinafores swingin' their senses about,—and then down they all drops on their knees, and one of the priests, in a long black sugarloaf cap, says somethin' in French about 'cock-alorum,' and up they all gets again and begins a-singin' and chantin' with all their might, and the orgin' a-playin' most uncommon loud. Jack whispered to us that this was a high mass in honour of the Wirgin, whose birth-day they was a-keepin'. Well, we waited till it was all over, and then we walked round the buildin' to look at the pictures,—and oncommon fine they wos,—leastways I never seed sich a hoss as was painted there,—and Long Joe, as drives the Norwich Union, he said the same, and there isn't a better judge of a hoss nowheres than Long Joe. Jack told us it was painted by Mr. Roobins, as wos werry famous for hannimals. As soon as we'd done with the inside of the cathedral we went out at the door at the foot of the tower where Squintin' Bat'seycs is berried, and there we see a sort of a toll-keeper, and we giv' him a mutter o' three or four frongs to show us up the tower. Well, up we goes, and a tremendous lot of steps we mounted. Two or three of our companions, as wos rayther touched in the wind, they cried off at the fast landin'-place, but the most of us held on till we got to the top, and a most onaccountable fine view we had. There wos Lillyhock* and Larfinstock, them two forts opposite each other on the Skilt, lying jest beneath us, and there was the river a-runnin' away all down to Flushing, like a bright yaller ribbin a-shinin' in the sun; and beyond that was the sea and the ships on it, as plain as we see them 'erc crows in that field. Then o' the other side was the rail-road to Brussels, and the spires of the cathedrals of Maylines and Gong, and I don't know how many places, all spread out beneath like a pocket'ankechar. It wos most surprisin' fine,—and bless'd if ever I see sich a lot of jackdors as there wos congregated at the top of the tower, and sich a wind a-blowin',—fit to blow your eyes right out of your head. Well, we wosn't werry sorry when we found ourselves at the bottom ag'in, though we had a precious larf at them as stopped in the belfry, for while they wos there, wot should begin to play up but the chimes,—the carrylong as they calls it,—and bless'd if it didn't stun 'em all pretty nigh deaf. They thought the tower was a-comin' down, and we heard 'em a-holloring louder than the bells, though onaccountable loud they said they wos."

"What place did you go to next?"

"Why, ever sich a lot more churches,—some bigger and some littler than others, but all on 'em chock full o' picters. I think there must be as many churches in Hantwerp as there is colleges in Oxford;—can't say, hows'ever, that I remember their names, seeing 'em, you know, for the first and last time, as I may say. But the rummest sight of all was the church of Saint Jack,† with a himitation of Jeroos'lem in the berryin'-ground outside. They calls it a Calvāry, and I never see nothin' like it in my life. There wos rocks and mount'ins and stattoos and painted figgers,—and all the 'Postles and Moses, and ev'ry thing as ever you hear tell on. And at the end o'

* Lillyhock and Liefenshock.

† St. Jacques.

this 'ere place, p'raps you'll hardly believe wot I'm a-goin' to tell you if you hav'n't seen it,—there's a sort of a cave with what they call a grill, and a precious kind of a grill here is a-goin' on inside. Why, sir, there's the iron bars as you pokes your head through, and what do you think you sees?—Why, ever so many naked people a-burnin', all cut out of wood and painted like human creeturs all a-blazin'; the most profanest, impious thing as ever I clapp'd my eyes on. It makes onc's flesh crawl, it do. Bill Rogers, of the Suthanton Tellygraph, he larfed and said, there was more wimmen than men in purgiterry,—and so there wos; but, any ways, I think it ought to be put down. Well, sir, by this time it was gittin' pretty nigh our dinner hour, and most on us was rayther peckish, so we thought we'd seen enough now for one while, and back ag'in we steered for the Grand Buff,* congratulatin' ourselves on the prospect of a good English dinner. When we got there, Jack he sung out for a feller as he called the Shave,—which means head cook in their langige,—and asked him if dinner was pray [prêt.] 'Wee, mounseer,' said a wiry-looking chap in a white nightcap, with a thunderin' pair of black whiskers,—'wee, mounseer, too sweet,' says he,—which Jack said meant 'directly,'—so we bundled up stairs to a long room, as looked out on the place facing the Oysterlings,* where they sells the small oysters, I fancy. There was the table all set out quite nice, with silver forks and black bottles and napkins,—a regular swell concern,—and ever so many loaves of bread, pretty nigh as long as the pole o' this 'ere citch!, but nothin' else to eat as we could see. Hows'ever, we wosn't long a-waitin', for presently up comes a chap with a large tooren of pottage, as they calls their soup, and sets it down in the middle of the table, and begins sarving it out right and left,¹ with a 'wooly-woo' to every one on us. We all partook in coarse, but it wos poor thin stuff,—no more like oxtail or mock-turtle than a greyhound's like a cart-hoss,—and sich an apology for pepper-castors, little chaney saucers with no tops to 'em, like snuff-boxes with the lids off. Then came in a large white dish with little square slices of b'iled beef, as Jack said was 'bully,'—and well he might say so, for there was nothin' of the real sort in it. I suppose if Dutch courage means a glass of gin, Belgian bully means beef with the strength b'iled out on it. As soon as we'd got rid of this we begins to look about us, and I says to Jack, 'I hopes they're not goin' to forgit *our* beef as we brought over.'—'Oh, no,' says he, 'that's the roty; they'll bring that by and by.' Arter this come in a lot o' things,—bless'd if I remember the names of half on 'em; there wos a stoo'd cod-fish swimmin' in hile, wot the Dutchmen calls cobble-jaws, and a fricandy made o' weal stuck all over with bits o' pork fat like a young hedgehog; it warn't so bad that dish, only there warn't half enough on it. Then there wos our leg o' mutton as they'd stoo'd up with carrits and turmits instead of roasting on it as we wanted;—they'd gived it a name too as we couldn't understand, a jiggo de something, which Jack said meant seven hours, tho' we told him it was prime three-year old wether mutton. As for what you call made dishes there was no end on 'em, what with giblets, and sassagees cut in slices, and poollies and water-cresses, and filly de buff with

* Osterlings—the Hall of Commerce.

tommytoe sauce and sich like. It was most on it d—d nonsense, but we ate on it, 'cause it was there to be eat. At last says I to Jack, 'I say, old feller, if they don't send in our roast beef, I'm bless'd if I shan't lose my happytite, as the halderman said after eatin' the turbit.' Well, Jack he says to the garsong—(that is the waiter, garsong means boy, sich another as a post-boy)—'Garsong, porty lee roty.' What *he* said none on us could make out, but Jack he turns round and says, 'Why, there ain't no roty.'—'I don't know what you calls roty,' says I, 'but if there warn't as prime a bit o' beef for ro'stin' in our hamper as ever wos, why, then, damme, I'll eat a hoss; so I'll thank you to translate that 'ere to this 'ere sniggering' Dutchman.' Well, then, Jack he sets to jabberin' ag'in; and this time he says 'roast beef' plain enough; and the garsong, he pints to the dishes, and jabbers in his tu'n, as much as to say, 'they've had it;' and away he cuts; and presently back he comes with a beef-bone in his hand, shaved quite smooth, and claps it down on the table, and begins a-p'intin' and jabberin' ag'in. So then Jack says to us, 'It's o' no use tawking; they've dressed your beef another way.'—'Which way?' says we; 'for we han't a-had none on it, nor seen none on it nayther.'—'Why,' says he, 'that 'ere was it,' a-p'intin' to a hempty dish as stood opposite to where Long Joe was a-settin'. And what do you think they'd a-done?—blessed if it warn't the croo'llest thing as ever happen'd to a piece of roastin' beef!—why, they'd cut it up into collops, and called it filly de buff, and *dis*-guised it with tommytoes; and Long Joe and Jem Worritt, and one or two more, had finished it, and never know'd wot it wos they wos a-eatin'. I *wos* vexed, and that's the truth on it. Hows-*ever*, there warn't no help for it; and, as we *had* done pretty well, we made it out on the cold pork as they hadn't touched."

"But did you get nothing to drink all this time?"

"Let us alone for that; there was vang de pay, and Mosle, and a few bottles o' Shampain, as we resolved for to have, to do the thing *gen*-teelly; and then for beer there was summut as they call'd 'lamp-black,'* or some sich name; tho' it warn't half so black or so strong as our porter; and brandy and Ginever, and sich like, all in coorse. Well, sir, tho' we'd comed over merely a-pleasurin', we warn't a-goin' to be settin' a-eatin' and drinkin' all day; so, about three o'clock, out we sallies ag'in to see wot else there was in this 'ere town. We'd heard talk a good deal about the siege of Hantwerp, where the Dutch, under General Chass, was bumbadeered by the French and the young Dook of Arlines; so we thought we'd go and see the sitty-dell. So two on us, Bill Rogers and I, got a hold on Jack's arm, and the rest follered; and away we marches up a long street, full of old buildin's, as was half in ruins, and kivered with the marks of the shot and shells as was fired into the town. We seed one o' them 'ere shells in the mornin' as hit the werry cathedral itself, wot old General Chass threaten'd to knock down if they didn't leave off spyin' into his camp. At last we gits up to a drorbridge and crosses a ditch, and there we wos stopp'd under a harchway by a sentry, who call'd for his hoffer; and then out *he* comes, a civil-spoken chap enough, with

* "Limbeck."

a pair of moustayshes as long as that hoss's mane. As soon as he'd read the paper—a permee they said it was,—he took off his hat and made us a bow; and in 'course we did the same; and there we stood a-bowin' and scrapin' for five minutes together, till we thought he'd never a-done tellygraffin' with his elber. However, it did end somehow, and through the harchway we walked; and didn't the sogers stare at us, that's all. What there was to stare at, none of us could see, for we was only dress'd jest as usual, 'cept Long Joe; he'd got his holiday-flower in the bussom of his weskit—a nice sun-flower, as he pick'd up in the Marshy-o-floor (wot they calls their Common Garden): but I suppose they thought we eighteen fellers was a-goin' to take the sittydell ag'in. However, they let us pass, and then up comes the keeper of the place as shows it,—a sarjent he wos, as help'd to make the sittydell surrender, and he took us all over it. Perhaps you knows wot miluntary works and fortifications is, but for our parts, we'd never seed none afore. I should hardly have believ'd that this 'ere wos the place as they made sich a piece of work about: why, no part on it warn't higher than that 'ere bank, and it seem'd to me to be sloped quite easy to help anybody as wanted to get in; and I said so: but the sarjent he only shook his head and grinned, and told Jack that they forty thousand Frenchmen was pretty nigh a month afore they could git into the innimy's breeches, which, considerin' as Dutchmen has got tolerably large ones, and the Frenchmen is generally nothin' but skinny rips, we thought wos onaccountable strange. The sarjent he sackered a good deal, and Jack said it was quite true; so I suppose it wos. Arter we'd walked round the ramperts and parrypets, and seen the dennyloons and the kivered ways, wot han't got no kiverin' to 'em at all, we went down to the cabbery, or canten, as stands in the middle of the fortification, and had a 'snaps' with the sarjent, whose perquisite it is to sell liquors;—a 'snaps,' you know, is Dutch for 'summut short,' 'cause it's snapped up in no time, for the glasses warn't bigger nor thimbles. Then he took us to see the bum-proof, where General Chass lived durin' the siege, when the red-hot balls used to rattle about his head mornin', noon, and night. It warn't so big as a two-stall stable; but he must have been oncommon fond of n'ise and smoke to have stayed there as long as he did. They say he'd have stayed till now if the powder magazine hadn't been blowed up; but when his ammynition wos gone, why, he couldn't do no otherwise than give in. Some people says he was a hobstinate old dog; but wot's the use o' givin' orders if they're not to be obeyed? It's like my keepin' my time; I *could* stop at Henley or Maidenhead longer than I do, both up and down; but wot does my orders say? 'there's your time, and there you must be.'"

"You're quite right, and General Chassé acted, no doubt, on the principle."

"Most like he did; and so does we. Well, sir, when we'd seen the sittydell, we held a sort of counsel of war as to where we should go next; so Jack he said there wos a fair a-bein' held a little ways outside the town, if we wos agreeable to go,—a Queer Mess he said it was. So back we goes to the Place Wert, and there we hires three carri'ges, and crams ourselves into 'em. Jem Worritt he wanted to drive one on 'em; but we perswaded him not to bemean hisself by

drivin' sich things as they wos; so inside we went, like gen'tmen all right. We warn't long a-goin', though the cattle wos rum uns to look at; but after rayther more joltin' than was good for the springs, we got to the garden where this 'ere Queer Mess was to be. They made us pay two frongs a-piece for admission, and in we walked, and lots of music, and dancin', and singin' there wos surely. The Hantwerp ladies is nice creeturs, sir; werry plump and round built, with plenty of forehand and good goers: they gits over the ground oncommon quick; and then they dresses so neat, with nice shoes and stock-in's, and black wales, and werry clean made they are."

"And did you dance?"

"Why no, sir, we warn't altogether in dancin' trim, and waltzin' didn't agree with most on us; so we amooosed ourselves with lookin' on and larfin' at the gals as didn't understand wot we said. And rare good fun we had, 'specially in the booths, where they wos a servin' out the 'loving beer' as they gives on these occasions. It made Jem Worritt a leetle too loving; for he'd had quite enough shampain at dinner, and he could n't help putting his arms round a young lady's waist as came dancin' up ag'in him as she was a-goin' the round a-waltzin'. Her partner, a tall whiskered chap, he looks werry black at Jem, and sackers at him, and says, 'God dam,' and somethin' about John Bull. So Jem he ups with his fist, and was jest a-goin' to let drive in a way as would have spilt his beauty for a week of Sundays, when some on us interferences and lugs Jem away, and perswades him to keep hisself quiet, for we didn't go there for to misbehave ourselves; and so we told him."

"And did you remain late?"

"We stopped till the fireworks was all over, and then, when the most genteelest of the company went away, we went too; for we couldn't afford to be out all night, as we wos a-goin' away ag'in the next mornin' by the same steamer as brought us. So about ten o'clock we gits back to the Grand Buff and has some supper,—not werry onsimilar to our dinner; and arter a glass or two o' brandy and water, we wos a-thinkin' o' turnin' in, and told Jack to ask where our beds wos. And what do you think? Why, them Cabberies ain't a-got no beds in 'em,—leastways for so many as we wos."

"What did you do then? how did you manage?"

"Why, sir, you know there 's a sayin' about 'needs must;' so, as we could n't git any beds, we resolved to do without 'em, and make a night on it for once and away. So we told Jack to order us in lots of brandy, and gin, and cigars, and there we sat, singin' 'Rule Britany' and 'God save the Queen' all the blessed night, and drinkin' the healths of Ginerall Chass, and Mr. Roobins, and the governor, and the pretty gals of Hantwerp, till all was bloo. I'm bless'd if they ever had sich a time of it at the Grand Buff afore, and p'rhaps it'll be long enough afore they have ag'in. But I say, this 'ere rain won't do, sir; we change osses directly, and then I should recommend you to go inside, for it's likely to be a wet night."

D. C.

MR. PETER PUNCTILIO,
THE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK.

BY HENRY MAYHEW,
AUTHOR OF "THE WANDERING MINSTREL," "BUT, HOWEVER," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

AT the window of a private sitting-room in the Bell Hotel, Cheltenham, stood a young couple, so immediately contiguous, that it was plain to see they were *attached* to one another.

Suddenly the fair one started from the pleasant bondage of her swain, exclaiming, "See! yonder comes my guardian, as I live! Quick! Hide yourself, for Heaven's sake!"

"Hide myself!" replied the cavalier, retreating from the window. "Egad, if your old governor catch me here, he'll hide me, I'm thinking!"

"Ay!" said the lady, "that he will, with a vengeance!"

"With a stick, more likely!" retorted the gent, who never lost an opportunity for a joke.

"There! there!—don't stand trifling now!" returned his lady-love, "but find some place of concealment, do!"

"That 's all very fine, but there 's no lodging here," said he. "Where shall I dispose myself?"

"Stay!—I have it!—behind this board!" exclaimed she, removing that which stood before the chimney. "You'll never be discovered there."

"Behind that?" cried the gent, "why, damme! but that will be lodging and board too! and, egad, when I come out, I suspect you'll have to provide me with washing into the bargain."

"Pshaw!" ejaculated his innamorata; "in with you, and mind you keep yourself quiet, or you'll spoil all," and she showed him the way to his dingy domicile.

"Never fear," replied the swain, entering the sooty recess; "I'll be as silent as an oyster with ——" And the fair damsel cut short the gentleman's simile by replacing the board before the chimney. She then hastened towards her piano, and commenced singing the following little canzonet, the words of which it is but justice to state had been written for her, to one of her favourite airs, by the gentleman in the chimney.

"Cupid's blind! How came he so?
List, sweet maid, and you shall know.

Constancy and he, one day,
Went a-sailing, so they say.
All was harm'ny for awhile;
Well it serv'd time to beguile;
But, at length, young Love grew tired,
And to change the course desired.
'I say, Con,' cried restless Cupid,
'This plain sailing's devilish stupid,
I'm for turning t' other way;
Come, my girl, now what d'ye say?'
Constancy, who ruled the stern,
Vow'd that round they ne'er should turn.

Nay, she told the little rover,
 Sooner than round, they should turn over.
 Whereupon high words arose,
 And from words they got to blows.
 Soon, though Love was made to quail
 'Neath the maiden's finger nail,—
 For, like maidens in a passion,
 Constancy fought clawing fashion,—
 And so maul'd poor Love about,
That she tore his eyes both out ;
 Since which time, the story ends,
Never have those two been friends.

Now, Venus, hearing from above
 The sad sobs of little Love,
 And, perceiving that his cries
 Arose from having lost his eyes,
 Gather'd up those orbs of blue,
 And at last gave them *to you !*"

The young lady had but just finished the canzonet, when Mr. Solid her guardian entered.

"Bravo !" he exclaimed ; "bravo, Cecilia !" (for that was the name of his ward). "In high spirits—eh, merry one? Come, this is as it should be! I have something important to communicate to you."

"Something important," repeated Cecilia. "Oh, do let me hear it, sir !"

"Well, then," said Mr. S. "first tell me candidly, how should you like to make your debut in the pleasant little comedy of '*Matrimony*,' eh ?"

"Why, truly, sir," she replied with *naïveté*, "I should have no objection to throw up the part of '*The Country Girl*,' and appear in the character of '*The Wife*,' provided I felt convinced that my performance would meet with approbation. It must be either a *hit* or a *Miss* with me, sir."

"Indeed !" cried Solid ; "then, to be serious, I have found a person who I have no doubt will be perfectly to your taste ; none of your wild, harum-scarum, racketty fellows of the present day, but a steady, rich, middle-aged gentleman. There's a chance for you ! What d'ye say to that ?"

"Why, sir," returned Cecilia, "that the darts of Cupid must be feathered with affection, and not merely tipped with gold, in order to penetrate my bosom. No !" she added archly, "the only arrows that can find their way to my heart are those which spring from my own *beau*."

"From your own bean !" echoed Mr. Solid. "And, pray, Miss, who may this beau of yours be ?" ●

"If your steady, rich, middle-aged gentleman were here, do you know what answer I should make ?" inquired Cecilia.

"A saucy one, I'll be bound," returned her guardian.

"I should say to him," she added, "my *beau*, sir, unlike those of old, is not *yem*."

"Very pretty indeed, Miss !" exclaimed Mr. Solid. "Very pretty ! But, perhaps, you will be obliging enough to tell *me* the name of this most favoured swain of yours."

"Oh, certainly, sir," replied the young lady ; "Mr. Frank Forage."

"So ! Mr. Frank Forage is it, Miss ?" coolly exclaimed Mr. Solid.

"And, maybe, you will now further inform me what are that gentleman's means of living, for, damme, if I could ever find them out."

"He says he is a man of private property, sir," replied Miss C.

"Private property!" repeated her guardian. "Yes; so especially private, that nobody as yet ever saw anything of it. Egad! he's an independent gentleman in the fullest sense of the word, for he certainly is a gentleman that has nothing to depend upon."

"But surely you do not intend to say, sir," remonstrated Cecilia, "he has no fortune at all?"

"I don't mean to say any such thing," returned Mr. Solid. "On the contrary, I think his fortune very good, for I verily believe the poor devil has nothing *but his good fortune* to trust to for a dinner every day."

Mr. Solid was right. Mr. Frank Forage, the gentleman in question, and in the chimney, was a professed wit, a being who lived upon his brains, one of those visionaries, who, like the alchemists of old, endeavoured to transmute the base metal of their cerebra into precious gold.

"Let me hear no more of this jackanapes, I beg," said Mr. S. "I want to speak to you upon a subject which deeply concerns you."

"Well, sir, proceed. I am all attention."

"You are well aware that it was ever the wish of your late father that you should marry into the family of the Punctilios," said Solid.

Cecilia confessed that she had understood such to be the case.

"Then I have to inform you that I have received by this morning's post," he continued gravely, "a letter from Mr. Peter Punctilio, a gentleman of whom report speaks most highly, a thorough man of business, the pattern of precision, indeed, a perfect human chronometer; as you will perceive when I tell you that he promises to be with me this day exactly at three-and-twenty minutes past four, P. M. ~~There's~~ *There's* punctuality for you!"

"It will be indeed!" replied Cecilia, laughing; "if (and she laid a strong stress upon the hypothetical monosyllable) he only perform what he promises."

"If!" echoed Solid, with an equally forcible emphasis. "What, do you doubt it, then? Ah, had you heard but one half what I have respecting his precision, you would not be very sceptical upon the point. Why, he's as regular as the trade-winds!"

"But, la, sir!" said his ward, "there are so many little circumstances that may happen to prevent any one keeping an appointment to the minute; for instance, the wheel of the coach might come off."

"Well, then he would take a post-chaise, and come on," replied Solid.

"Pshaw!" ejaculated Cecilia, "one of the horses might turn restive, and throw the post-chaise over."

"No matter!" exclaimed her imperturbable guardian, "it might throw the post-chaise over, but still it couldn't throw him over his time."

"But, dear me!" cried Cecilia, "there are fifty things. He might break his leg by the accident."

"He might break his leg, to be sure," replied Solid; "but, nevertheless, he wouldn't break his appointment into the bargain. In short, so convinced am I, from the accounts I have had of his character, that he will be here to the very moment he has named, that, hang me! if I wouldn't stake my existence upon it."

Cecilia saw directly that this positiveness on the part of her guardian might be turned to advantage.

"Well, sir!" she said, "since you are so thoroughly convinced of Mr. Punctilio's infallibility, perhaps you will promise to consent to my marriage with Mr. Frank Forage, provided Mr. P. be not in these apartments one half hour after the time he has specified."

"Consent to your marriage with Mr. Frank Forage! Ay!" exclaimed the confident old gentleman, "or with the chimney-sweep at the corner of the next street, if you like, on such a condition."

"You will remember then, sir," returned Cecilia, "if Mr. Peter Punctilio be half an hour behind his appointment, I have your permission to choose a husband for myself."

"Half an hour behind his appointment! Ay!" he exclaimed, "even if he be a quarter. But don't be deluding yourself with the vain hope of Mr. Punctilio's breaking his word. The thing is utterly impossible, I tell you. You might, with just as much reason, expect the sun to oversleep himself to-morrow morning, and not make his appearance above the horizon until noonday." And, so saying, he dashed out of the room in no slight passion to find his ward so incredulous upon a point which he believed as strongly as Holy Writ.

Cecilia no sooner heard the outer door of their apartments closed, than she flew to liberate her poor prisoner.

"Come out, Frank," she said as she removed the board from the chimney. "You may quit your dingy quarters now without fear."

"Quarters do you call them!" exclaimed the jocular Mr. Forage; "hang me if it isn't a complete *hole*! But, how do I look? Not particularly grimy, am I, eh?"

"You're as unsullied as a wedding-gown," was the laconic reply of his lady-love. "But tell me," she continued, "you overheard our conversation, did you not?"

"I did, my love, but it was with no little difficulty,—for, not being endowed with the property of ubiquity, it was naturally no very easy task for you to make me *hear* when I was *there*, you know. Ha! ha! not so bad that, I flatter myself."

Mr. Frank Forage had a strange way of laughing at, and complimenting himself upon his own jokes.

"It is a *hit*, I must allow," said Cecilia approvingly.

"That is, you mean to say, it isn't a *miss*. Come, I've heard worse than that, too, in my time."

"What, still at your puns, eh, Frank?"

"Ah! your old guardian may rail as he pleases at your professed wits, but let me tell you punning is decidedly economical."

"Economical!" echoed the astonished Cecilia. "How so, I prithee?"

"Why, not only is it an economy of language—making one word convey two meanings," replied the wit; "but it is also very economical in a financial point of view, saving one the expense of sundry breakfasts, dinners, teas, and suppers."

"What! a pun save you the expense of a meal?" exclaimed his lady-love, more surprised than before.

"Ay!" returned Frank. "You won't believe it, perhaps: but I existed the whole of yesterday upon one *bon-mot*, two conundrums, and a theatrical anecdote; made my *dejeuné* off the *bon-mot*, dined heartily upon the theatrical anecdote, and had a nice light supper

with the two conundrums. Few persons have any idea of the pickings of a smart *jeu d'esprit*. You recollect that joke of mine upon a linendraper affixing "WARRANTED FAST COLOURS" to some cheap printed cottons in his window, that the colours were doubtless so *fast* that they'd *run*! and a very good one it is, too, though I say it. Now, you'd hardly believe it, but that very joke has been, I assure you, a matter of no less than two breakfasts, five dinners, and several suppers to me."

"Two breakfasts, five dinners, and several suppers!" exclaimed Cecilia. "Pray explain yourself."

"Why, by getting me the reputation of being a smart, clever fellow, and so obtaining for me sundry invitations out. But I will give you a case in point," continued the loquacious Frank. "The other morning I was breakfasting with a party of jolly fellows at Sir Harry Hardup's, when our worthy host was thrown into a state of great trepidation by a very suspicious and bailiff-like ring at the bell. 'Who the devil can that be?' cried he.—'Some beggar or t' other, depend upon it,' I replied.—'How do you know?' he inquired.—'Because,' said I, 'he came with a *ring*, and, consequently, must be a fellow without a *rap*!'—None so dusty that, I think. Well, the joke took like wildfire. I was declared a damned amusing fellow. Sir Harry begged I would stop to dinner. One of his friends requested I would honour him with my company to supper; another pressed me to come and take wine with him; a third presented me with his card, and assured me he should be happy to see me at any time; in fact, there was not a single person present from whom I did not receive some invitation or other."

"A very ingenious mode of living, truly," responded the young lady. "But what, in the name of Momus, could have made you adopt so *strange* a mode of getting your bread?"

"A circumstance which happened to me at school," replied Frank, "and which, proving to me, as it did, the power of a pun, was, I believe, the prime cause of my embracing my present profession. I was studying the art of penmanship,—an art, by-the-by, in which I did anything but *flourish*;—come, *that* isn't so very bad, either;—and had perpetrated a most miserable phalanx of pot-hooks, when my tutor came behind me, and, perceiving the rudeness of my attempt, raised the little round bit of mahogany appertaining to masters of the craft, in order to give me a knock on the scone. I saw his intention, and, arresting his arm, exclaimed, 'Don't strike me, sir! I'm a republican.'—'A republican!' responded he. 'What do you mean by that?'—'Why, sir,' I replied, '*I have a great objection to have a ruler over my head*!'—Excellent, was it not? It had the desired effect. He laughed heartily at my joke, and for the smartness of my tongue overlooked the awkwardness of my fingers. This made a great impression upon me; so much so, that when my father kicked the bucket—that is, went out of the *pale* of society,—that will do, I think,—and left me nothing but my wits to depend upon, I thought that, since a pun had stood my friend in one instance, I saw no just cause or impediment why it should not in another; and, as punning for a dinner seemed preferable to whistling for one, although by the latter expedient one would have been sure of a good *blow-out*,—rather brilliant, *that*, for an off-hander,—I determined to turn regular punster; and so here I am, Frank Forage, dealer in bon-mots, anecdotes, double-en-

tendres, and other facetiæ! and a very pretty thing I make of it, I can assure you."

"Drive a good trade, I've no doubt?" said Cecilia.

"Indeed I may say, a *roaring* one,—I've said worse things than that before now. There is not a subject that can be touched upon in conversation upon which I have not something smart to say. As for the weather, I am equally at home, be it fair, or be it foul, *whether* or no. If it rain heavily, I talk of the absurdity of laundresses attempting to catch *soft* water when it's raining *hard*. If it only drizzle, I declare the weather reminds me of the battle of Culloden, because they'd some of the *Scotch mist there*. Then, as for dinner, bless you! there is not a good thing that can be put upon table but I have some equally good thing to apply to it. In fact, let the conversation take whatever turn it may, or even, let it grow dull, and flag for awhile, I am sure to throw in something *salt* and so *make it smart again*,—and that's very tolerable, I flatter myself."

"You are a funny fellow, Frank," said Cecilia, smiling at the recital of his history. "But, while you are chattering here, you forget that you've a rival who threatens to be with us very shortly."

"That is, my dear," responded the inveterate punster, "you mean to say that I've a rival *whose arrival* I ought to look to,—that's pretty fair, too, I believe. 'I understand you, my love; you want me to make the old noodle, that's coming after you, come after his time instead; and, never fear but he shall be in this instance as slow, and as decidedly the late Mr. Punctilio, as if he was one of the dead, instead of the *quick*. But, egad! I must lose no time," added the vivacious Mr. Forage, "for I've got a few little levities here, which I must take to the Cheltenham Chronicle before I attend to the old gentleman. Here is an epigram for you.

'ON A MAN WITH A LARGE FAMILY.

What wonder that Dolt has more children than any,
You know the old proverb, that—one fool makes many.'

What do you think of that? And here's a Cockney conundrum, 'Why was our dry nurse like Adonis?' D'ye give it up? 'Because she was engaged to *Wean-us!*'—Ha! ha! ha! Devilish funny, isn't it, eh? But, adieu! adieu, dearest!" and so saying he vanished, with a kiss of his hand to his lady-love, in pursuit of his rival.

CHAPTER II.

PUNCTUALLY as the clock was striking four the Highflyer fast coach drew up at the Bell Hotel, and deposited at the door a particularly prim and porsy little gentleman, habited in a new suit of black. There was a peculiar precision in his air, a starch spruceness about his white cravat, and a fastidious formality displayed in the tie thereof, coupled with a feverish anxiety respecting the safe delivery of the sundry articles which constituted his luggage, which would have indicated to any one in the least acquainted with the character of Mr. Peter Punctilio, that this was no less a person than that gentleman himself.

At length he entered the hotel, and, looking at the clock over the mantel-piece of the coffee-room, exclaimed, "Seven minutes and a half past four, eh? That will do! It wants, then, exactly one quarter of an hour and thirty seconds to the time of my appointment with Mr. Solid. Fifteen minutes and a half. Let me see! that will just allow

me five minutes to open my parcels ; seven do. to smarten myself up a bit ; and the remaining three and the odd seconds to find my way to the apartments of Mr. S. But, let me have a peep at myself, and see how I look in my new suit of black."

Mr. Punctilio went towards the glass, and began admiring himself with evident self-satisfaction.

"Ha!" continued he, elevating his shirt collars, and resuscitating his brutus. "Most sedate and respectable, I flatter myself. Black certainly does become me amazingly—gives such a pensive and interesting tone to the features. Yes ; not particularly handsome, but irresistibly pleasing."

Leaving Mr. Peter Punctilio thus pleasantly engaged in the contemplation of his charms, we will take the opportunity of saying a few words relative to the history of the black suit, which appeared to give him so much inward delight.

To a man of Mr. Peter Punctilio's regular habits a love-affair was a most important business ; and he naturally wished to appear before the lady to whom he was about to plight his troth, to the very best possible advantage ; consequently he sent for his tailor in order to consult him as to the best means of so doing. He told him he was about to pay his addresses to a beautiful and delicate-minded damsel, and desired such habiliments as would be likely to make the lady look with favour upon his *suit*. The taste, however, of the artist and our hero did anything but coincide. Snip, of course, was for decking him out in all the colours of the rainbow ; but Peter Punctilio, as that gentleman himself said, wasn't the man to allow himself to be made a harlequin of. No ; he preferred something sedate and respectable, and so decided upon having a genteel and sober suit of black.

Whether Mr. Peter Punctilio did right or not the sequel will show.

Now it so happened that a few minutes before the arrival of the above gentleman in black, a lady of the name of Hollyhock had been thrown out of her phaeton and her senses at one and the same time, a short distance from the Bell, and had consequently been brought to that hotel until such time as she could be removed to her own house, which was situate about a mile out of Cheltenham. A messenger had of course been instantly despatched to the nearest surgeon for his immediate attendance, but as yet he had not made his appearance.

Such was the state of affairs, when the landlady, not a little alarmed at the dilatoriness of the doctor, rang the bell, and ordered the chambermaid to go below, and see if Mr. Potion had arrived.

The lady of the bedchamber, who rejoiced in the name of Sally, went about the bidding, grumbling that she wished they would take their sick people to any place but there, for they never give one nothing but a great deal of trouble ; and that if they did happen to give up the ghost, why, drat 'em ! they never thought about remembering the chambermaid.

Thus went Sally growling about the house, until she reached the coffee-room, where the figure of Mr. Peter Punctilio, dressed all in black, no sooner caught her eye, than she exclaimed, "A gentleman in black. Oh, this must be the doctor, surely. I'm blest if he doesn't look just like one of his own black doses animated ! — I beg your pardon, sir," said she, addressing that gentleman, "but I believe you're come to see a lady in this hotel?"

"Most certainly, my dear," responded Mr. P. ; "that is the interesting object of my visit."

"Ah, sir!" returned Sally, "the poor thing has been anxiously expecting you."

"She has, has she?" exclaimed he, not a little delighted at the impatience on the part of one whom he believed to be his destined bride. "No doubt," he added in an under tone, "she has heard of my amiable qualities from some quarter or other."

"The dear creatur' has been dreadfully upset, I can assure you, sir," continued Sally, alluding to the capsize of Miss Hollyhock.

"Dreadfully upset, has she?" repeated Mr. Punctilio. "Ah!" subjoined he in a low voice; "it's the way with all the women; they always are upset directly they hear anything about me. Completely thrown out, I dare say, now," continued he, addressing himself to Sally.

"You may say that, too," replied the maid. "Regularly head over heels, and no mistake!"

"Amiable susceptibility," thought Mr. Punctilio. "But," said he, "she won't be the first fair damsel I've cut up, by a great many."

"Cut up!" exclaimed the horror-stricken Sally. "What, you intends to operate upon the poor thing, then?"

"Operate upon her?" responded the gentleman in black. "Of course I do; upon her heart."

"Intends to operate upon her heart!" ejaculated the maid, "Did I ever hear the likes? Oh, she's booked, I see. But you don't mean to say you'll ever have the conscience to do it?"

"Conscience!" echoed Mr. P. "Bless you, her's won't be the first fair bosom I've penetrated in my time!"

"He's a-going to penetrate her bosom, too. The inhuman wretch!"

"I've made some havoc among the members of the fair sex before now, I can tell you."

"The members! He means the arms and legs! The nasty beast! I declare I'm all of a tremble while I remain near the horrid brute!"

"Although, I dare say, you wouldn't think it, to look at me?" said our hero.

"Indeed, but I would, though. I never saw such a slaughtering countenance in all my born days afore!"

"It is *rather* a killing one, I believe," said the self-satisfied Mr. Punctilio.

"You looks lancets, that you does!"

"Why, truly, I have always been allowed to have a regular piercing eye of my own."

"But, while you're a-running on here, you forget all about the sufferings of the poor young lady you've come to see, sir."

"Sufferings! You surely do not mean to say she is so far gone as all that?"

"But I does, though! La! bless you! the dear creature's in a state of perfect agony!"

"Charming anxiety!" said he to himself. "But, come, let me haste to relieve the poor thing's torments!"

"Ah, do, sir!" replied Sally; "you'll find her eagerly expecting you upstairs in bed."

"Find her where?" blurted out the astonished Mr. Punctilio.

"Why, in bed, to be sure! Where else did you expect to find her; I should like to know?"

"Anywhere else but there, certainly! Egad!" added Mr. P.

aside, "a pretty wife she'll make me if she's in the habit of receiving the first visits of gentlemen in bed."

"Well, hang me!" said Sally, "if you a'n't the rummest doctor I ever seed, if you object to visiting a lady in bed!"

"Doctor!" cried the gentleman in black. "What do you mean by that? Don't doctor me, if you please!"

"What! do you intend to say you haven't come here to physic poor Miss Hollyhock?"

"Confound Miss Hollyhock!" ejaculated the irate Mr. Punctilio; "what's Miss Hollyhock to me? No! I came here to pay my attentions to a beautiful young lady residing in this hotel."

"Well, here is a pretty kettle of fish!" exclaimed Sally. "Howsoever, it was quite nat'ral, you know; for seeing you dressed all in black, I in course took you for one of them physicianers."

"Took me for the devil!" cried the enraged Mr. Punctilio. "But, come, show me at once to the apartments of Mr. Solid."

"What, then, you've come here to marry the ward of that gentleman, I suppose, sir? Well, here's a precious discovery!" added Sally aside: "I'm blest if he a'n't come after the very young lady as Mr. Frank Forage is a-keeping company with. I'll play a trick with him—I'll send him up to Mr. Forage's room, and he'll soon settle his business with a vengeance. If you goes up to No. 42, on the third landing, sir," she continued, addressing herself to Mr. Punctilio, "you'll meet with some one who'll give you every information about the party you want."

"No. 42, on the third landing, eh? Sure you're right, are you? And, egad, I must make the best of my way, for I have no time to spare, I see," said he, looking at his watch. "Mistake me for a doctor—a doctor, indeed!—a fellow that always dresses in black, to be continually in mourning for the number of people he sends to their graves."

And so saying, Mr. Peter Punctilio bounced out of the room, not a little annoyed to think that his new suit of black had met with so bad a reception.

"Ah, there you goes, old gentleman," said Sally, when she had lost sight of the skirts of his coat, "and a precious game Mr. Forage will have when he finds out who he's got hold on. Oh, he's a fine funny fellow, Mr. Frank Forage, that he is! Not that he's exactly the kind of young man, though, that I should like for a husband. No. Whenever I marry, what a love of a fellow, as the song says, I will have, to be sure!"

And she bent her way back to the apartment of Miss Hollyhock, singing as she went

THE MAIDEN'S CHOICE.

Whenever I marry, the man that has me,
 What a love of a fellow, od's bobs! he shall be!
 In the first place, the darling shall have, I declare,
 A head of the loveliest curling black hair;
 And as for his eyes, goodness! shan't they be bright!—
 Yes! just like two stars on a midsummer's night:
 And his nose—let me see—Oh! his nose shall resemble
 The fine-looking aquiline one of John Kemble;
 While his lips—ay, his lips! that important sweet part,
 So red, shall seem tinged with the warmth of his heart;

And through them, whenever a smile makes them curl,
 Shall gleam two white rows of the choicest of pearl.
 Nay! he shall be form'd on Adonis's plan,
 And, to sum up the whole, quite a love of a man!

And now, having told you the form of my beau,
 Suppose I just take a glance round ere I go,
 And see if I can in this circle discover
 The handsome young fellow I'd like for a lover.
 Ah! yonder some curling black hair I descry—
 But then, mercy me! he's a cast in the eye.
 But see! there are eyes! Oh, an't *they* a fine pair!—
 But then, lackaday! he's got carrotty hair.
 Look, though—there's hair and eyes, with a nose well enough—
 But then, la! that horrible fellow takes snuff.
 See there!—but what teeth! Oh, you'll never do—
 Nor you, sir—nor you, sir—nor you, sir—nor you! .
 In fact, I'm afraid, let me do all I can,
 I must wait a long time for my love of a man.

CHAPTER III.

LET us now return to our friend Frank Forage. On leaving the apartment of his lady-love, the sprightly punster made the best of his way to the office of the Cheltenham Chronicle, and having deposited his mite of mirth in the editorial box of that journal, returned with all speed to his attic in the Bell Hotel, when what was his surprise to find a letter bearing his address lying upon his table, and containing a small slip of paper commencing, "Victoria, by the grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland Queen, Defender of the Faith, to Frank Forage, greeting—" Need we inform the learned reader it was a—writ!

Egad!" said the incorrigible Frank, "it's astonishing how formidable an instrument can be concocted out of such simple materials as the quill of the goose and the skin of the sheep. Here I am, poor devil! served with what these rascally attorneys call a *mesne* process, —and a particularly mean process it is most assuredly."

However, set a thief to catch a thief, says the old adage, and, in conformity with the reverend maxim, our jocose friend despatched an envoy for the immediate attendance of one of the profession, to consult him as to the best means of resisting (or rather putting off until such time as he could arrange his marriage with the fair Cecilia) this most courteous and Duval-like attack on your money or your liberty.

Our lively friend Frank was anxiously expecting a visit from his legal adviser, when Mr. Peter Punctilio, following the roguish directions of Miss Sally, tapped at the door of Mr. Forage's apartment. Frank no sooner saw the sombre suit of Mr. Punctilio than he inwardly exclaimed,

"A gentleman in black—this must be the very man.—I believe, sir," said he to Mr. Punctilio, "you have come about this suit."

Now, unfortunately for Mr. Peter Punctilio, the term used by Mr. Frank Forage was a very ambiguous one, so that while our lively friend was alluding to one kind of suit, our sombre friend naturally imagined his interrogation to refer to another, and accordingly grew rather poetical, and said,

"Certainly, sir, as Othello says, you know, 'It is the cause—upon my soul, it is the cause.'"

"True," replied Frank, taking the word cause in a legal sense, of

course ; " but the worst is, these d—d causes are so intimately connected with your effects, the one is sure to go with the other—ha ! ha ! ha ! Not so coarse that, I'm thinking, eh, old fellow ? "

Mr. Peter Punctilio was astonished ; he could not understand the joke, and muttered to himself, " Very strange ! What can he mean, I wonder ? "

" But you are tired, sir, no doubt ; pray be seated," said Frank, offering the gentleman in black a chair, of which he had no sooner availed himself than the eternal punster added, " case off a-rest, as they say in the law. Come, I've heard worse than that in my time."

The supposed limb of that profession laughed—not at the joke, but because his companion did.

" Touching the present business," continued the facetious Mr. Forage, " I believe you are aware how far matters have gone already."

" Why, if I mistake not," returned Mr. Punctilio, " there is an attachment at present existing."

" Ah ! he means the writ of attachment," returned Frank in an under tone.—" Perfectly right, sir. Now, I presume, the first step you intend to take will be to enter an appearance."

" Enter an appearance !—that is, make my debut before the lady," said the gentleman in black aside.—" Certainly, sir," he added, addressing the punster, " the first thing I shall do will be to enter an appearance,—and," thought he, as he took a glance at his habiliments, " a very imposing appearance I shall make when I do enter."

" Ay," responded Frank, " and then, I suppose, will come the declaration."

Mr. Punctilio intimated by a nod of the head that such was the course he intended to adopt.

" And after the declaration," continued Mr. Forage, " I presume you will then go on to plead ; but for that," added he, " I suppose you will require some counsel."

" Sir," replied Mr. Punctilio, " I am always happy to have counsel upon any subject. Have you any to offer ? "

" Why, sir, I think now it would materially assist the case, if you could manage to get Wilde."

" Get wild ! Oh, he means throw in a bit of passion," thought Mr. Punctilio. " Truly, sir," said he, " *that*, I have no doubt, would be a grand point."

" But that rests entirely with you. And then, sir, having pleaded, I suppose, if there be no demurrer, you will proceed to join."

" Such is certainly my intention."

" And having joined, the issue will come as a matter of course."

" The issue ! " exclaimed the astonished Mr. Punctilio, shocked at the mere mention of such a subject.

" And about what time," continued Mr. Forage, " after joining, will it be before we shall have the issue, do you imagine ? "

" Why, the usual time, I suppose," replied the perplexed Mr. Punctilio.

" The usual time !—ay ; but, unfortunately, I am so ignorant upon these matters, that, hang me ! if I know what is the usual time in such cases."

" Then, sir, all that I can say is," replied the gentleman in black rather warmly, " that you are one of the most innocent beings for your time of life that I ever met with."

"That may be, sir; but you see I want particularly to know the exact time—some few weeks, I believe, is it not?"

"Some few weeks!" blurted out the bewildered gentleman. "Well, d—me, if he isn't the veriest nincompoop I ever heard of! Some few weeks, indeed!—months you mean."

"Months!" exclaimed the equally astonished Mr. Forage; "you surely must be mistaken, sir, or there must be a great alteration in the law."

"You must be well aware, sir, that is a law which no one can alter."

"Well, sir, I submit to your superior judgment," said Frank; "you, of course, must know more about these matters than I—you must have had some hundreds of issues in your time."

"I had some hundreds of issues! What the devil do you take me for?"

"Take you?" replied Frank; "why, a lawyer, to be sure."

"A lawyer!—nonsense. I'm no lawyer—no, nor doctor either."

"The deuce you're not! Egad! then I've made a slight mistake, I suppose. However, it was natural: for, seeing you dressed all in black, I of course mistook you for a limb of the law."

"Mistook me for the devil!" exclaimed the enraged Mr. Punctilio.

"No, pardon me, sir," replied Frank, "only for one of the family. However, sir, since you are no lawyer, who are you, and what is your business here?"

"I, sir, am Mr. Peter Punctilio, of Change Alley, Cornhill, and the cause of my visit was to gain some information respecting Mr. Solid's ward, to whom I am about to have the pleasure of being united."

"The deuce you are!" thought Frank. "So!—my rival, eh?" said he to himself. "Egad! this is better luck than I anticipated—this is some of Cecilia's doing, to a certainty. Now, if I can only send him on some fool's errand, that will occupy him half an hour or so, the maid is mine beyond a doubt: I have it, by Jupiter! I'll pack him off to Miss Hollyhock's, the lady who was pitched out of her phaeton this morning;—she's just been removed to her own house, and that's a good mile and a half from here at the least." The idea had no sooner entered the head of our facetious friend than, turning towards Mr. Punctilio, he said, "It was perfectly right, sir. Mr. Solid and his ward were stopping in this hotel until within a few days back; but they have now removed a short distance out of the town. You will find them residing at Miss Hollyhock's, Hollyhock Hall, about three quarters of a mile on the Bath road."

"Thank you, sir—Miss Dollymop's, Dollymop Hall, I think you said?"

"No, sir, pardon me—Hollyhock, Hollyhock Hall. Any person will put you in the way to it."

"Hollyhock—I shall remember—three quarters of a mile on the Bath road. Egad! I must lose no time, or I shall break an appointment for the first time in my life. I have now only to thank you for your politeness, and to wish you a very good morning.—A stupid puppy," he muttered, as he made a profound bow to the gentleman and quitted the room, "to take me for a lawyer—a lawyer, indeed!—a fellow whose black suit is but the livery of the infernal master he serves."

Frank Forage burst into a violent fit of laughter directly his precise rival had taken his leave, and having cut one joke at the old gentle-

man's expense, hastened to claim the fulfilment of Mr. Solid's engagement.

CHAPTER IV.

LET us now take a peep at the interior of the house to which Mr. Punctilio was hastily directing his steps.

The evening was fast drawing on,—for it was at the latter end of October last, that the events here narrated occurred,—and Hodge, Miss Hollyhock's man, as he was rather equivocally styled by the neighbours, was in the hall busily engaged in preparing the lamp for its night's duty.

"Well, dang it," said Hodge, providing the burner with a fresh cotton, and ruminating upon his mistress's accident, "but this be a deadly awk'ard job, surely. Who'd a' thought on old blind Bess running away wi' onything now, let alone missus, and she be no feather; but I suppose it be these Chelt'nam waters, for they'll be devils to set one working, so they be. I shouldn't wonder, now that missus be so nation discomfolidated, we shall have this 'ere place beset with all them folks what gets their living by other people a-dying. Why, dang it, but this 'ere Chelt'nam town, where your invalids do come and drink themselves to death for the benefit of their health, be a reg'lar colony of doctors and undertakers, and sitch like deadly-lively kind of people. And they do tell I, that as soon as a poor body be taken dangerously ill, the undertakers do come in a swarm, and makes up to us poor sarvints to get their cards stuck in the chimney-piece, so as to have the job. I should like to catch one of them fellows, now, a-trying any of his tricks upon Hodge. 'Od rabbit 'un, wouldn't I sarve un' out! I'd send 'un off quicker than one of his own return yearses." (Rat-tat-tat went the knocker.) "Zookers!" continued Hodge, "if there ben't a knock at the door. I shouldn't wonder but that be some on 'em come a-dying."

Hodge opened the door, and Mr. Peter Punctilio entered, whose sable suit no sooner caught the eye of the servant than he said to himself, "A gentleman in black, eh? He be an undertaker, beyond a doubt."

"This is the house of Miss Hollyhock, I presume?" said Mr. Punctilio.

"Why, to be sure it be," replied Hodge; "and I guess I know what you be come about, too, old gentleman."

"Oh, you do, do you?" he returned; "then, thank Heaven, I'm all right at last."

"You be come about miss, to be sure—I'm up to snuff," and Hodge gave him a rather unceremonious nudge of the elbow.

"Indeed!—rather strange that they should make their servants acquainted with these matters. Then you have been expecting me?"

"To be sure I have—you, and a dozen more on ye."

"A dozen more! Invited some friends to meet me, I dare say," thought Mr. Punctilio. "What! you are going to have a party here, are you?"

"Ees, so I suppose. There generally be rather a strong party, you know, in these cases—eh, old chap!"

"Oh, certainly; it is the usual custom.—He has a very unpleasant manner this fellow," added Mr. Punctilio aside.

"Ay, and so you determined to come early, eh? and try and get

the promise afore the other folks arrived. Oh, you 're a deep old file, that you be!"

"Get the promise of marriage, I presume he means."

"Now, wouldn't thee like the performing on the ceremony—eh, old chap?"

Mr. Punctilio imagined this to allude to the nuptials, of course, and replied "Certainly; that is the object of all my wishes."

"Devil doubt thee," returned Hodge with a familiar poke in the ribs; "thee 'd get a pretty penny by it, now, wouldn't thee?"

The gentleman in black thought it like his impertinence, and merely replied that he supposed he should be no loser by the affair.

"I'll be bound thee wouldn't," cried Hodge; "thee ben't the man to work for nothing, I know."

"Work for nothing!" muttered Mr. Punctilio. "This fellow's impudence is past bearing; but I'll put an end to this." And so saying, he took his card-case from his coat-pocket, and tendering one of his cards to Hodge, said, "There is my card, sir, and be pleased take it up stairs."

Hodge grinned knowingly at his visitor, and, without offering to lay a finger on the small bit of pasteboard extended to him, exclaimed, "I thought it 'ud come to that. So! that be your card, be it?—and ye wants I to take it up stairs, do 'ee? I'll tell thee what, now, old gentleman, I'll see thee d—d first."

"See me d—d first!" cried Mr. Punctilio; "do you know whom you 're speaking to?"

"Ees, to be sure I do; and I tell thee what, old fellow, if thee doesn't take thyself off without any more bother, I'll make thee want an undertaker thyself afore I've done with thee." And Hodge threw himself into an attitude which seemed to forebode a breach of the peace.

"What is the meaning of all this?" demanded Mr. Punctilio, somewhat alarmed at the hostile appearance of his companion.

"Why, that a man of thy years ought to be ashamed on himself, so he ought, to come here for such a purpose as thee hast."

"What is my purpose to you, sir? There is my card, with my name and address upon it—will you take it or not?"

"I told thee afore I'd see thee d—d first—I don't want nothing to do with your card; I knows what's on it well enough—Nicholas Cannibal, or some sitch name, coffin-traker and undertaker—funerals performed on the most reasonable terms."

"Nicholas Cannibal, coffin-maker and undertaker! What does the booby mean?"

"What! do thee mean to have the face to tell I that thee didn't come here to try and bury miss, eh?"

"Bury miss! I came here," exclaimed the bewildered Punctilio, "to bury no miss, but to marry one."

"What! and thee be'st not one of them undertaking rascals really?"

"Devil an undertaker am I."

"Well, dang it, but this be a pretty mistake o' thine, Hodge," said that person to himself. "Hows'ever, it were quite nat'ral, you know, master; for seeing you dressed all in black, I in course took you for an undertaker."

"An undertaker! First to be mistaken for a doctor, then a lawyer, and then an undertaker, and all because I happened to be dressed in black—devil take the black, I say!"

"Well, I ax your pardon, sir, for the mistake ; but, la bless ye, thee did look so deadly like one of them death-hunters, thee can't blame I for it. Besides, who'd a' thought thee'd have come a love-making to a lady who's more like to want a winding-sheet than a wedding-gown?"

"Gracious heavens!—what, then, is the ward of Mr. Solid dangerously ill?"

"No, but Miss Hollyhock be."

"The devil take Miss Hollyhock!" roared out the enraged Mr. Punctilio; "what's Miss Hollyhock to me? Was there ever such a blundering booby as this! I tell you I came here to pay my addresses to the ward of Mr. Solid—can I see the lady?"

"Miss Hollyhock do live here, sir."

"I tell you I've got nothing, and want nothing to do with your Miss Hollyhock. Does not Mr. Solid live here?—answer me that."

"La! bless your innocent heart," replied Hodge, "no. Mr. Solid do live at No. 10, the Bell Hotel, down in the town, to be sure; and I do know, coz missus was took there after the haxident."

"A pretty fool, then, that puppy has made of me, most assuredly,—and made me break my appointment into the bargain. It 'ud serve him right if I was to break his head in return.—No. 10, I think you said?"

"Ees, that be it, sure enough. Hows'ever, I'll come with thee, and show thee the very place, if thee likes, for I've got to call at Dr. Potion's close by."

"Ah, that will prevent the possibility of any farther mistake. Only show me to Mr. Solid's, and I will make you a present of a guinea."

"No! will thee, now? Come along, then; for money do make the mare to go surely."

"Do you lead the way," said Mr. Punctilio. "The stupid dolt!—to mistake me for an undertaker—a fellow that puts on black clothes as a pall wherein to bury the joy he feels at other people's woe."

Leaving Mr. Punctilio to retrace his steps under the guidance of Hodge to the Bell Hotel, let us now return to the apartments of Mr. Solid.

CHAPTER V.

FRANK FORAGE, immediately after he had despatched the gentleman in black on the errand above narrated, sped to the fair Cecilia, and acquainted her with the success that had attended their plans.

The tender couple waited until it was a full quarter past the time appointed by the precise Mr. Punctilio, and then hastened to demand from Mr. Solid the fulfilment of his engagement.

"Well, well," replied that gentleman, "I must acknowledge I am fairly beaten,—and I must keep my word, I suppose."

"Yes, sir," returned the vivacious Frank, "you had better keep your word in this instance, in case you should want to give it to any one on a future occasion. That will do, I think, for an *extempore*."

"Ah!" exclaimed Cecilia, "I thought my good guardian would not hesitate to fulfil his promise. You will give your countenance to our union now, won't you, sir?"

"Yes, you will of course give your countenance to our union," said

Mr. Forage, "and so put a good face on the matter. Come, that isn't so bad either."

"You are a strange fellow," replied Mr. Solid, smiling at the jocular compliment, "and I think your heart is in the right place."

"Right place!" returned Frank; "I fancy it is too, since my dear little Cecilia has the possession of it."

Cecilia blushed beautiful, of course.

"There, say no more about it," said Mr. Solid. "Give me your hand, sir—Cecilia, yours. Take her," he added, joining their palms, "and mind and treat her kindly. And now, the sooner this affair is settled, the better," remarked Mr. Solid; "so run you, Mr. Forage, and send Mr. Splice, the clergyman, to me. You know where he lives—only a few doors down the street, and I will arrange the wedding-day with him; and you, Cecilia, can, if you like, put on your bonnet and accompany Mr. Forage; for it would be a pity to separate you at this moment."

"Come, then, Cecilia," cried Mr. F. "for I am as anxious for the performance of the bridal ceremony as your guardian himself. The bridal ceremony! Yes! a *bridal* ceremony it is most assuredly, for it generally puts a *curb* upon one for the rest of one's days. That will do to go out with, I flatter myself;" and Cecilia, having slipped on her *chapeau de paille*, Mr. Forage and she hastened towards the priest of Hymen, and left Mr. Solid to his thoughts.

"Well," he said, turning the affair over in his mind, "I am fairly caught in my own trap; but, what could have detained Mr. Punctilio I am utterly at a loss to conceive. However, that's his business, and not mine—thought better of it, maybe; and perhaps it is all for the best; for, although I believe Mr. Punctilio to be the more eligible match of the two, yet, as the girl's affections are centred on this rattle-brained but good-humoured flame of hers, I have no doubt her union with Forage will turn out well, and I shall have done my duty to her; and so the sooner the knot is tied, the better. The clergyman will soon be here, and I hope, with his assistance, to be quickly released from the very ungrateful office of catering for the happiness of a giddy, wayward girl.

A tap at the door cut short Mr. Solid's ruminations.

"Come in!" cried Solid.

Mr. Peter Punctilio entered.

"A gentleman in black!" inwardly exclaimed Mr. Solid. "Oh, this is the parson beyond a doubt."

"I presume," said Mr. Punctilio, "I have the pleasure of addressing Mr. Solid.

"I am Mr. Solid, sir," replied that gentleman. "And, if I am not mistaken, the object of your visit is respecting the marriage of my ward?"

"That certainly is," responded Mr. Punctilio, "the interesting cause of my presence here. Well, thank Heaven!" he added aside, "there can be no mistake now."

"What I particularly wished to consult you upon was the fixing the day for the ceremony."

"Fixing the day for the ceremony! He's in a precious hurry about it!" said Mr. Punctilio in an under tone. "Then, if I understand you rightly, sir," he continued, addressing Mr. Solid, "the lady is perfectly agreeable."

"Oh, certainly, quite infatuated! The object of all her wishes."

"Oh, indeed! Well, really this is particularly gratifying. She certainly must have seen or heard of me somewhere or other. The dear creature!" The latter part of this speech was, of course, delivered aside.

"To be sure," continued the guardian, "there was another suitor; but, as he was old enough to be her grandfather, and the girl didn't care two buttons about him—"

"How could she do otherwise?" remarked the unconscious Mr. Punctilio.

"—Why, of course I thought it my duty to accede to her wishes. Do you think I did right, sir?"

"Oh, perfectly right, sir,—perfectly right; the vain old fool! What could he expect had he married the girl, but that by the time his honeymoon began to wane the horns would be making their appearance?"

"The horns! How very strange for a man of his cloth!" muttered the astonished Mr. Solid. "However, sir, I am glad you approve of my conduct."

"Why, sir, I do not exactly see how I could have done otherwise."

"You do me honour, sir."

"Touching, however, the celebration of the ceremony, understand me, sir," continued Mr. Solid, "although I have no wish that there should be any indecent haste in the affair, yet I do not want it delayed any longer than absolutely necessary. Now, sir, what day would you fix upon? Your experience in these matters far surpasses mine, of course. It must be some time since you first took orders?"

"Why, yes; I've been in business many a year now," replied Mr. Punctilio, thinking Mr. Solid alluded to very different kinds of orders to clerical ones.

"Ay! and you must have married not a few in your time, no doubt?"

"I married not a few!"

"Certainly; and had many a child to baptize, of course?"

"I had many a child! What can he mean?" muttered the bewildered Mr. Punctilio.

"And buried some hundreds, I'll be bound!"

"What the devil is he talking about? I never married any one yet."

"The deuce you haven't!"

"No, sir; nor have I ever had a child by anybody, sir."

"You never had a child, sir! Why, I never said you had."

"You did, sir! You said that I had had many a one."

"Yes; but I meant only to baptize."

"Sir, I don't think you know what you mean!"

"What did you say, sir?"

"I said, sir, that I'll be d—d if I think you know what you mean!"

"Then, sir, all I have to say is, that a man of your profession ought to be ashamed of himself to make use of such an expression!"

"My profession, sir! What do you mean by that?"

"I mean, sir, that Piety seems only your profession, and not your practice! A person like you, who is in the habit of preaching——"

"Habit of preaching!"

"Yes, sir, I repeat it, in the habit of preaching, and then to give vent to such horrible discourse, must be a sanctified old hypocrite."

"A sanctified old hypocrite! You're a pudding-headed old fool."

"Well, I'd rather be a pudding-headed old fool than a pious old rascal!"

"A pious old rascal!" roared the exasperated Mr. Punctilio, who was just about to raise his cane, and inflict summary punishment upon Mr. Solid for the expression, when the door suddenly opened, and in rushed Frank Forage, exclaiming, "Here, Mr. Solid,—here is the parson!"

"The parson!" ejaculated Mr. Solid, staring at the two gentlemen in black. "What, then, isn't this gentleman (pointing to Mr. Punctilio) the parson?"

"Parson!" cried Mr. Punctilio. "No, I'm no parson,—nor lawyer,—nor doctor,—nor undertaker neither!"

"Then, upon my word, I have to beg you a million pardons for my conduct. But, you see, being dressed all in black, I natufally mistook you for one of the clergy."

"D—" Mr. Solid imagined what was coming, and put his hand before the speaker's mouth.

Then came the explanation. Mr. Solid was very sorry, but his ward was betrothed to Mr. Frank Forage. Mr. Frank Forage tendered his humble apologies for the trick he had played Mr. Peter Punctilio, but all was fair in love. And Mr. Peter Punctilio vowed he would return to his counting-house in Change Alley, and never again appear as the Gentleman in Black.

N B. To prevent "*collision*" the author of the above bagatelle begs to inform all adapters for the stage that he is at present dramatising it himself.

CHARLES DIBDIN, AND NATIONAL SONG.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

"Take him for all in all, we pe'er, shall look upon his like again."

It is not the intention of the author of the present notice to write a biography of the distinguished personage whose name and portrait are prefixed; an attempt only will be made to vindicate his pretensions to a high rank in the two sister arts, of which he has been at once the ornament and national pride—Music and Poetry.

It has been the custom to underrate every claim made (but, alas! too faintly,) by Englishmen, to the possession of an original NATIONAL SONG. Every other country is allowed to boast not only of the excellence, but of the antiquity of their music:—England alone, up to the present day, has been neglectful and indifferent on the subject. A work recently published,* however, has sufficiently proved the "popular fallacy" that the soul of song dwells not among us, which has had no other foundation than an apathy to home, and an overweening fondness to everything foreign. There was a time when the guitar held the place of the newspaper in the barber's shop, and music was looked upon as an indispensable part of a gentleman's education. Vincenzo Galilei, the father of the great astronomer,

* Chappel's Collection of English National Music.



bears testimony to the superiority not only of the English instruments, but the music written for them, over all others.

Now, how can we account for Music not keeping pace with her sister Poetry? It is a question very difficult to answer. Perhaps the best way to resolve it is by repeating Pope's reproachful lines in his prologue to Cato:

"Your scene precariously subsists too long
On French translation and Italian song,
DARE TO HAVE SENSE YOURSELVES!"

Translation, particularly from an inferior language, is destructive of all native talent. *Importation* and *adaptation* also are enemies to the home growth of intellect and invention. And what else have we been dosed with for the last twenty years, or more?—Nothing—if we except, in the dramatic line, Knowles, Bulwer, and a very few more; but, after all, such exceptions, only "*probant regulam*."

But, to return to music, the more immediate subject of these pages. *Italian song* has within a few years become such a fashionable importation that very few home-bred musicians have *dared to have sense themselves*. The native growth, it is to be regretted, has been discouraged in the very quarters where it would most fondly look for support. Those who have written at all have abandoned their national style, (once the envy of our neighbours,) and contented themselves with "*longum intervallum*" imitations of a "*manner of music*" totally foreign to their native land and sentiment. Let us define what true music is.—But, hold!

Definitions, say the mathematicians, are dangerous things. So they are generally, but most particularly with reference to the present subject,—MUSIC. "What is one man's meat is another man's poison," is an adage of such undoubted standing that he would be justly styled a caviller who attempted to deny it: yet locality possesses a wonderful power to reconcile every condiment, mental or otherwise, to the appetites of those resident in its "*whereabouts*." A Highlander cannot for the life of him find out the meaning of the Italian Opera: he sees no reason why a hero should make his exit from this "*working-day world*" like a swan, singing in death with all the muscular exertion for which a perfect state of bodily health is requisite; or why a man should acquaint an audience that he was not able to speak a word, although, at the same time, he puts his lungs to an exercise far more difficult than if he delivered an oration as long and as tiresome as any member of parliament's! He prefers the "*pibroch of the north*" to the mandolin of the south; and thinks the bagpipes of every "*lilting chiel*" worth all the fiddles ever played upon by Paganini! Yet this opinion has for its ground-work a love of music! What, it may be asked, would be the use of a "*definition*" here? None whatever. The truth is, we find a music of some kind wherever we go; but, as for seeking an abstract or standard excellence of the art, we might as well look for a permanent creed in religion or politics. Those countries which possess few or no traditional airs have attained the highest perfection in what may be called *scholastic* ingenuity, or the science of making music unintelligible. The professors of this school think that there is nothing in or out of Nature which may not be represented or expressed by the imitative powers of music! Hence we have storms, battles, earthquakes, murmuring of waters, singing of birds, humming of bees, and a thousand other things introduced into the

of these classical composers. There is nothing which they will not undertake to describe from Genesis down to the present time. The ludicrous lines of a satirical pastoral, written about a century ago, running thus—

“What sound was that which dawn’d a bleating hue,
And blush’d a sigh?”

would present no difficulty to their *melo-graphic* capabilities. There can be nothing more absurd than to attempt a description by music of anything which in itself bears no harmonious affinity to the “concord of sweet sounds.” Music has no prototype: it is coeval with the laws of Nature, pervading her in her grandest moods; and, although Madame de Stael said there was a “glorious inutility” in it, a greater philosopher than the Baroness has asserted that

“The man who has not music in his soul
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;”

thereby, it would appear, representing it as a *Πνεῦμα ἁγίον* which presided over the asperities of mortality, and sweetened away its crudities with the honey of its breath.

Now let us turn to the melodist, Dibdin, and see what he has done for the true art.

Charles Dibdin was born in Winchester, and was originally intended for the church; but his love of music prevailed over the spiritual call of his friends; he preferred songs to sermons, and inculcated in them as pure doctrines of Christian charity and benevolence as may be found in the more orthodox productions of the pulpit. His musical knowledge was very great: no man understood better the simple and graceful counterpoint of his day. His melodies abound with pathos and true English sentiment: witness his songs in the “Quaker,” “The Waterman,” and “Lionel and Clarissa,” not to mention his twelve hundred songs, written for his own unassisted entertainments. In short, Dibdin was an honour to English minstrelsy, for he wrote, composed, and sang his own productions, with all the inspiration and enthusiasm of the bards of olden time. It has been the fashion to decry him for making *Jack* a puling, love-sick driveller; but the government of his day thought otherwise, and gave him a pension, which he enjoyed until his zeal carried him too far in some people’s eyes in the cause of unpromoted merit. However, “Time, the avenger of the dead,” as Byron beautifully says, has handed him down to us, hallowed by age; for the “Lads of the Village,” and “Farewell, my trim-built wherry,” are hailed by even modern corrupted ears with delight and enthusiasm still, and will continue to be received with pleasure as long as melody and sentiment hold a place in an English heart. He had two sons, Charles and Thomas, who in a great degree inherited their father’s genius. The latter is still living, and, though advanced in years, has all the fertile fancy and originality of his younger days. Dibdin, like Shakspeare, never attained a great reputation as an actor; but, as it has been said “that one subject only with one genius fits,” he achieved so much fame in his *mono-logue* capacity, exhibiting so many coruscations of his own intellect and varied genius, that we can hardly regret to know he failed to express the brilliancy of the thoughts of others. “Take him for all in all, we ne’er shall look upon his like again!”

J. A. WADE.

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1829-34	77,731 12 4	364,100 0 4	1,640,000 12 8
1834-37 <i>inclus</i>	121,533 1 1	626,514 3 11	2,621,732 16 10

Assurances which may now be opened will rateably participate, agreeably to the laws of the Society, in the additions to be declared at the Third Periodical Investigation, which takes place THIS YEAR.

Copies of the Prospectus, Forms of Proposal, and every necessary information, may be obtained at the

HEAD OFFICE, EDINBURGH, 5, ST. ANDREW SQUARE.

JOHN MCKEAN, F.R.S.E., MANAGER,

Or at the following

BRANCHES.

ABERDEEN, Alexander Nicol, Esq. Wellington Street, Waterloo Quay
Ayr, Thomas McClelland, Esq., Banker, Sandgate Street.
BELFAST, George William Braddell, Esq., 3, Castle Lane
BRADFORD, George Rogers, Esq., Horton Road.
DUMFRIES, William Thomson, Jun., Esq., Writer.
DUNDEE, Patrick H. Thoms, Esq., St. Andrew's Place
GLASGOW, Messrs. Mackenzie & Beveridge, 22, Royal Exchange Square.
GREENOCK, James Turner, Esq., Church Place.
HUDDERSFIELD, Hugh Watt, Esq., Banker, Cloth Hall Street.
KELSO, John Walde, Esq., Commercial Bank
LIVERPOOL, Messrs. A. Oughterson & Co., Exchange Place, Exchange Street, East
LONDON, Hugh McKean, Esq., 15, Bridge Street, Blackfriars.
LEEDS, William Ward, Esq., Attorney at Law.
MANCHESTER, Thomas Boothman, Jun., Esq., Cross Street, King Street
NEWCASTLE, Charles Bertram, Esq., 12, Sandhill.
PERTH, George Gardner, Esq., Writer
ZETLAND, James Greg, Esq., Writer, Lerwick.

A GENERAL MEETING

Of the Members of the Society resident in Glasgow and vicinity, was held in the Tontine Hotel, Trongate, on Wednesday the 26th September, 1836,

The Most Noble the MARQUIS OF TWERDDALE, K.T.
Senior Vice-President, in the Chair.

The Meeting was numerous, and highly respectable.

On taking the Chair, the Noble Marquis said,—
“Gentlemen, Allow me to state the proposed plan of procedure. The Manager from the Head Office in Edinburgh will be good enough to give a statement of the affairs of the Society generally. After which the Secretaries to the Glasgow Branch will lay before the Meeting a statement prepared with particular reference to this Branch.”

The Manager then read to the Meeting detailed

statements of the Business, Funds, and Revenues of the Society, which concluded as follows, viz.

“It is now rather more than six years since a general meeting of the Members was held in Glasgow. The statement to be submitted by the Secretaries to the Glasgow Board will sufficiently detail the progress that has been made in the business at this Branch during that period; but, before leaving the statements referring to the Society's affairs generally, it may be

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interesting to compare the present situation of the Society's Business, Funds, and Revenue, as they stood on the occasion of the last meeting in the early part of the year 1832, and as they stood in the beginning of this year, being just an interval of six years.

"The following Abstract presents this comparison in its leading features, viz.

NUMBER OF POLICIES ISSUED.

In 1832,	1836.
At 1st January 1839,	3066.

(Since which last date the number has greatly increased.)

TOTAL AMOUNT OF ASSURANCES GRANTED.

As at 1st January 1832,	£1,407,009 0 10
As at 1st January 1839,	3,233,036 14 6

Total Amount of *subsisting* Assurances at 1st Jan. 1839, £2,621,742 16 10

(Since which last date they have greatly increased.)

ACCUMULATED FUND

In 1832, the Fund stood at	£260,046 8 0
At 1st January 1839, it stood at	635,514 3 11

(Since which last date it has greatly increased.)

AMOUNT OF ANNUAL REVENUE from Premiums.

In Jan 1832, the Annual Revenue of the Society from Premiums was,	£43,197 0 0
In Jan. 1839,	103,329 1 1

The total amount of Revenue from *Premiums* and *Capital*, including Annuities, at 1st January 1839, was, £124,531 1 1

(Since which last date it has greatly increased.)

"This Abstract of General Results, which shows that, within the period of six years, the Business, Fund, and Revenues of the Society have greatly more than doubled throughout all their branches, renders any further illustration of the successful progress of the Institution unnecessary. It has, indeed, now obtained the full and entire confidence of the Public, and if any further proof of this were necessary, it may be found in the gratifying fact, that during the past portion of the present year, that is, from 1st January 1839 down to the present time, the amount of new business done, and of the further increase to the Funds and Revenues of the Society, have again very considerably, indeed in some branches very greatly exceeded the corresponding amounts for the same period in any previous year of the Society's existence.

"It will, however, be satisfactory to this meeting to know, that looking to all the casualties that have taken place throughout the whole Society, from the last periodical investigation in 1832, down to the present moment, their actual amount has fallen greatly short of those that might have been expected from the calculations on which the Society's operations are based, and there can be no doubt, therefore, that the Society is at this moment in the possession of a large Surplus Fund, which, under the limitations contained in the Articles of Constitution, will become available at the end of the present year, in making additions or

bonuses to the policies. It is not, of course, in the power of the Directors, until the investigations now in progress are completed, or until the proper period actually arrives, to state with any precision what the actual results may be; but they can state generally, with the greatest confidence, that at no former period of the Society's progress have its affairs been in a sounder or more prosperous condition than they are at the present moment. The process of investigation is now going on in the most minute manner. From the progress already made, there is every reason to expect that matters will be sufficiently forward to enable the Directors to announce the results at the Annual General Court, to be held in Edinburgh on 15th January next. Not only will every publicity be immediately thereafter given, through the usual channels, to these results, but, as has been hitherto the practice, Bonus certificates will be transmitted to every individual member, either now connected with the Society, or entering previous to the close of the present year,* stating the amount of vested or retrospective bonuses, as well as contingent and prospective bonuses attaching to each policy, down to the next septennial period of investigation in 1843."

Messrs. MACKENZIE and HENDERSON, the Secretaries to the Local Board, having been then called upon from the Chair, Mr. MACKENZIE brought forward and read to the Court detailed statements of the business transacted at the Glasgow Branch. These statements, *inter alia*, comprehended an abstract of the progressive increase in the business, dividing the past duration of the agency into four equal periods of time, which were read at length, and received with much satisfaction by the Meeting.

The MARQUIS OF TWEEDDALE then rose and addressed the Meeting in nearly the following terms:—

"Gentlemen, I have often heard of the success of Societies and Public Institutions—I have often heard of the great results of commercial speculations, but I must confess, that in my lifetime I was never more agreeably surprised, notwithstanding the anticipations I had been led to form of the great prosperity of this Society, than at hearing the Report which has just been read by our Manager. I am sure you will agree with me, that it affords matter of equal congratulation, and most sincerely do I congratulate those present who have had the pleasure to become Members of this Society, and I have no doubt they will some day or other find substantial cause of congratulation, when, as parents, they contemplate the valuable benefits which will accrue to their children from their connection with this great Institution. It must be quite evident to the Gentlemen present what are the causes of this prosperity:—it seems evident to me at least, that to the liberal, judicious, and economical principles on which this Society was originally established—to the accuracy of its calculations,—and, though last not least, to the strict integrity and sound judgment of the Directors, and which has pervaded its management throughout, is its vast success to be solely attributed.

"Gentlemen,—I don't think I should be serving you were I to enter into the details of the Report which you have heard read. They are so clear in themselves, that they cannot possibly have failed to make a deep impression on your memories, and there I shall leave them. Neither is it my intention to make any comparison between this and other similar insti-

* As by the laws of the Society the Books are held as closed at 31st December annually, and as the additions by way of bonus are made according to a certain rate of annual per centage on each annual premium that has become due and been paid previous to the closing of the accounts, and as, moreover, the premiums are always payable in advance, so it follows, that in all assurance opened previous to the close of the present year, additions will fall to be made to them, however short their previous duration may have been. This, no doubt, gives a decided and somewhat of an undue advantage to parties now assuring, but as the line must be drawn somewhere, it cannot well be avoided, and the same thing indeed holds, less or more, at the end of each year, which accounts for the great increase of new business which always takes place at that period.

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tutions in Scotland. All I will claim for the Society is, that its success is the basis upon which other institutions found their own expectations of prosperity.

"You have heard, Gentlemen, that it was in the Year 1815 this Society was established. In that year it was wholly without funds. You have also heard, perhaps, one of the most striking facts ever brought before the public in the history of the accumulation of wealth, that in 1838 the capital exceeds £680,000. If this rapid accumulation of capital appears to you, Gentlemen, as it does to me, most remarkable, I will mention another fact which hardly seems less extraordinary, and that is, that during the whole course of the Society's existence, and notwithstanding its numerous transactions, and the many claims upon its funds, there is not a single instance of a lawsuit having taken place.

"Now, Gentlemen, without wishing to detain you, I should like to give you an instance of the increasing value of a policy of assurance in this Society—more particularly, as it is a case which, being of a personal nature, I can speak to with perfect confidence. In the year 1817, I took out a policy of assurance on my life for £1000 in this office, and most of you are probably aware, that at this period £1000 was the largest amount allowed to be covered on any one life. The number of my policy was No. 78,—the number of the policies now in course of being issued ranges somewhere about 4200,—and my policy of £1000 in 1817, is now by successive additions increased to £1533, being an addition of about fifty four per cent. But that is not all, for this policy may be doubled or trebled in amount, increasing as these accumulations have done, and will hereafter do, with the growing prosperity and profits of the Society. Now, Gentlemen, when you hear me make this statement regarding my own personal policy, you may naturally ask me, why I am not going on to increase my interest in such an institution? All I can say is, that I have only learned to day, in anything of the full force, the real advantages to be derived from such a source. I shall not, however, be slow to avail myself of the knowledge I have now obtained, for, as I have a very large family, it shall be my immediate story to secure these benefits for them.

"Coming here, Gentlemen, on this occasion, and naturally expecting to be called upon to state my opinions respecting the affairs of the Society, I was desirous in some degree to qualify myself for the discharge of this duty, and observing that my friend Sir Francis Walker Drummond was connected with this Society, and had taken an opportunity, previous to his presiding at one of the General Courts in Edinburgh, to look over the accounts, I went to him, and asked him if he felt satisfied with the results; and he told me, that he was never more surprised and gratified in his life, than by the remarkable and unquestionable evidence of the Society's success, which these statements furnished. I afterwards went to Sir James Gibson Craig, who is the legal adviser of the Society, to whom my first question was, what might be the amount of the law chances against the Society in the course of a year? and he told me that he did not think that these charges had in any one year amounted to £20, and that their average annual amount from the commencement of the Society had certainly been much less. This was enough to satisfy me of any person as to the careful and judicious management of the Society's affairs. But besides these, Gentlemen, I can refer you at once to what I consider one of the best authorities that could be appealed to on such a subject. I mean, that of the late Patrick Cockburn, Esq., the former Auditor of the Society, and I find that gentleman stated so clearly and concisely the causes to which our remarkable prosperity must be attributed, that the best thing I can do is just to enumerate them in his own words. They were stated by him in this order—

"1. Economy in the expense of management

"2. The careful and fortunate investment of the funds of the Society.

"3. The careful selection of lives.

"4. The adoption of the Northampton table of Probabilities of Life, as the basis of the calculation of the contributions. And,

"5. The having no PROPRIETARY who are entitled to carry off any part of the surplus to the prejudice of the persons assured.

"Now, Gentlemen, it is really unnecessary for me to say more, except to repeat how much I have been delighted, as you must also have been, with the gratifying statements which have been laid before us to-day."

The Hon JAMES BAILEY then addressed the Meeting, and said that he intended to move the adoption of the following Resolution—

"That the General Meeting of the Members of the 'Scottish Widows' Fund and Life Assurance Society' resident in Glasgow and the neighbourhood, have heard with the greatest satisfaction the statements which have been read of the Society's affairs; and being convinced that the utility of such an institution to the public is commensurate with the great and important advantages which it secures to the individual members and their families, this Meeting consider that the magnitude which the Society has already attained, and the unexampled rapidity of its continued progress, afford matter of equal congratulation to all who are interested in the welfare of the community, as well as to those who are more immediately connected with the institution."

The Honourable Gentleman said, that he could certainly have wished, particularly when he looked around him and saw so many individuals, whose habits qualified them for the duty, that the adoption of this resolution had been moved by some one more conversant than he was with the financial details involved in the statements which had been laid before the Meeting. At the same time, he had no hesitation in moving it, because he was quite sensible that the important principle it laid down, although capable of indefinite expansion and boundless illustration, was still so clear and self-evident, that no laboured introduction from him was necessary to recommend it. It might be regarded as an axiom, that in this great community in which we reside, and where the principles of commerce are so well understood, the acknowledged propriety of such an institution or, in other words, the very general confidence reposed in it, afford the best practical test of its public utility; and it is therefore impossible to believe that a Society which so admirably meets the views and adapts itself to the circumstances and exigencies of practical men, should at the same time fail to recommend itself to the favourable consideration of every patriotic and philanthropic mind. So fixed was in his belief of this proposition, that he might content himself by simply referring, in proof of it, to the gratifying and most satisfactory statements read by his friend, Mr. M'Kean. At the same time he was aware, that in order to their being duly appreciated, the very important benefits flowing to the community from an institution like this required and well deserved the most attentive investigation. He thought they might be classed under two heads.—First, The immediate advantages accruing to the individuals personally connected with the Society, and Second, The benefits accruing to the community at large from the vast extent of capital accumulated in the country, through the medium of this and similar institutions. Now, it must be quite obvious, that if he was to attempt even to enter into the consideration of this second class of advantages, it would lead him into a course of observation quite foreign to the purpose and object of the present meeting; but he might allude very shortly to the moral and economical results of the former class. And here it must appear evident that the chief purpose of this Society, and on which its recommendation

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to the public mainly rests, is to secure the more helpless portion of the community against the effects of those casualties to which the lives and fortunes of their natural protectors are necessarily liable. The means by which this purpose is effected are, in themselves highly important, and of a very striking character. The funds invested with this view may, perhaps, in one sense, be considered as withdrawn from the usual channels of expenditure, and the ordinary objects of public industry, but they are put into a preferable, because more secure, and ultimately not less productive course of accumulation. In the meantime, what are the moral effects, considered in reference to those who become members of this Society? The contributors to its funds makes, no doubt, a positive sacrifice in the first instance; but he does so in obedience to one of the purest and most legitimate impulses of the heart. He makes a sacrifice to the interests of his family, and receives all the benefit of positive parsimony from positive expenditure.* He acquires a manly and consistent habit of self-denial, as far removed from the taint of vice and improvidence on the one hand, as it is from the taint of avarice or selfish parsimony on the other. The Honourable Gentleman said, he felt it very difficult to bring forward considerations of this abstract nature with sufficient distinctness, and would only farther express his confidence that the Meeting would concur with him in adopting the language and spirit of the Resolution which he had read. By doing so, they would unite in avowing their sense of the inestimable value of an Institution, which, while it goes so far to secure most valuable benefits to those who are interested in it, smooths, if he might so venture to express it, the last trial of suffering humanity, by relieving the couch of the dying from that load of anxiety which, at such a moment, is too apt to prey on the mind, on behalf of bereaved relatives and children; an Institution, moreover, which not only of itself, but in common with similar Establishments, has already so greatly increased, and is every day more strongly developing its tendency to increase the accumulation of capital to an extent unparalleled in this or any other country.

WILLIAM SMITH, Esq. of Canberrath Guthrie, said he had very great pleasure in seconding the Resolution which had been brought forward in a manner, the effect of which he would not have the extreme bad taste of weakening by any thing he could add. He hoped and trusted that this meeting required no additional inducement to pass the resolution unanimously. He was delighted to hear of the magnificent success of this institution—success which exhibited not merely the soundness of the principles on which it is founded, but also the great merit of the Gentlemen who are connected with its management.

The first Resolution was then unanimously agreed to.

The Very Rev. Principal McFARLANE said, he also laboured under the disqualification alluded to by the Honourable Gentleman who moved the first Resolution,—an unacquaintance with the facts and details of money matters, a knowledge of which would be so advantageous in enabling him to preface the Resolution he was now to move. At the same time, as an old Member of the Society, and a not inatten-

tive observer of its progress, he might perhaps be allowed to make a few remarks on the general principles of an Institution whose object it is to enable individuals to lay aside a portion of their means, with the view of fulfilling obligations founded on regard to the charities of life and justice to the community. The Resolution entrusted to him was in the following terms:—

"Resolved, That in the opinion of the Meeting, the extraordinary advancement of this Society, and the uniform prosperity of its course throughout, is, under Providence, mainly to be attributed to its excellent constitution, which, excluding the separate and conflicting interests of a Proprietary, and securing the whole profits to the assured, embodies essentially all those principles which raised the Equitable of London to the pre-eminence maintained by it over all other Life Assurance Institutions, down to the period of its excluding Bye-law of 1816; and that thus the Society has not only been the means of conferring greater advantages on its Members than ever has been done within an equal period of time by any other Establishment of a similar nature, but, looking prospectively, there is the best reason to expect that the benefits to be hereafter enjoyed by the present and future Members, will, through the operation of the same principle, continue to increase with the growing magnitude of the Society itself, in proportion as its resources are more fully developed."

The Principal stated, that it was by no means the object of this Resolution to institute any comparisons, which could justly be considered as divisions, between their own success and that of other Institutions. They hailed them rather as fellow-labourers in the same important cause. But considering this as the first Institution in Scotland which had adopted the principles on which it is founded, they had the advantage in priority of time, in extent of business, and in maturity of experience; and thus he considered that he might fairly claim for their own transactions a superiority, at least at present, which it would be unbecoming to indulge in the gloomy apprehension that they would forfeit at any future period. Six years had now elapsed since the last meeting was held here, in which he had the honour to take part, for extending the knowledge of those principles on which this Institution, and other similar Institutions are formed. It was certainly most gratifying to hear, from the Report of the Local Secretaries, how much the business carried on in this District has been increased in that period, and he had no doubt they might look forward to continued and enlarging success in this quarter. He hoped this Meeting, over which his Lordship did them the honour to preside, would have the effect of recommending the advantages of the Institution still more widely to our great commercial community, and that they would be appreciated and rendered available even more—greatly more—in time to come than they had been in time past. It was very natural that gentlemen engaged in mercantile pursuits should not be so sensibly alive to the contingencies of life, as those occupied with professional employments. Professional men generally, such as Clergymen, per-

* This would be the case, even if an individual should rigidly lay aside a certain portion of his annual income, capable of realizing by accumulation, at compound interest, £1000, or any other given sum at the end of twenty years. But here the chances of his survivorship for twenty years enter deeply into the calculation. The amount of sacrifice is the same whether the individual himself shall accumulate the annual portion, or pay that portion as a premium to this Society for accumulation upon a broader average. But, setting aside altogether the many chances of his being tempted to break in upon his store on some unlooked for emergency, the individual accumulating himself, may die long before the expiry of the twenty years, requisite to produce the £1000 he has calculated upon. Nay, he may die in the very first or second year, when the sum actually accumulated would be a mere trifle. Whereas, if the annual portion had been paid by the individual to this Society, as a premium, to insure payment of £1000 at his death, that entire sum would be payable, although he should die the very first year, or very first moment after taking out his policy, and it would be payable with accruing bonuses in case of his surviving five or more years. Thus the insurer has not only the benefit of large accumulations, if his survivorship be prolonged, but he has also the certainty of payment of, at least, the full £1000 insured, to his heirs, whensoever his death may happen.

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sons in the Army, the Navy, and many others, know quite well how much their families are dependent upon the continuance of their lives, for their being enabled to maintain the place they occupy in society; whereas mercantile Gentlemen look forward—and, thanks to a good Providence, they do not often look forward in vain—to their own exertions for the reward of their industry, and for the well being of themselves and their families. But still, in a community so intelligent, so populous, and with such enlightened views, as that by which they were surrounded, he might be permitted to express his hope, that a due regard to the contingencies of their fortunes, as well as the contingencies of their lives, would lead them to think of this most unexceptional method of providing for their families. We had seen from the Report, that arrangements are occasionally made to enable gentlemen to meet those often unforeseen and incidental demands—monumentary demands, which must sometimes occur to the most industrious, intelligent, and honourable individuals. If the policies of this Society, from the growing value which they acquire even during the lifetime of the Assured, shall be found subservient in exigencies of this nature, in addition to their efficiency in reference to those family provisions in the event of death which it is their more immediate object to secure, how powerful then must be their influence in imparting that tranquillity, that confidence, that self-possession and absence of anxiety, which is always so conducive to the successful prosecution of the business or undertaking in which any class of men, and more particularly mercantile men, may be engaged! One fact pointed out in the Report which we have heard of, speaks volumes to every person indulging those family affections which he trusted prevailed in all minds. The amount of payments made for emerged policies during the last year only—and that year the twenty-fourth of the Society's operations—came very little short of £50,000. Let us only think how much comfort and independence—how much grateful recollection of the memories of the departed must dwell in those families thus placed by their well timed providence beyond the pressure of want! It was needless for him to make any remarks on the progress of the Society since its institution. That in that short period, a body of individuals, co-operating for mutual benefit, should have accumulated capital to the amount of nearly £700,000 an annual revenue exceeding £130,000, with assurances to the extent of nearly THREE MILLIONS, which they feel the most perfect confidence they will be enabled, and more than enabled, to meet, when by their emergence they shall become claims upon the funds,—these are facts which impart to this Institution an interest and importance far beyond what could ever have been

anticipated, and which encourage us to believe that its future progress will realize our most sanguine expectations. The soundness of the principles on which it is founded—the exclusion of a Proprietary—its wide spread interests—the amount of business already done—the economy of its management—and the remarkable fact of its entire freedom from law-suits;—all impress us with the most perfect confidence in the great benefits it has conferred, and will confer on all classes.

PETER BROWN, Esq. rose to second the motion, which he said he did with great pleasure. Were he to consult his own feelings, he would not say another word, but acknowledging, as he must do, the great interest he had always felt in this Society, it would all become him to omit this opportunity of mentioning some instances of its superior advantages of which he was in possession. He would confine himself to the statement of a few actual cases in illustration of this, and if, in doing so, he had occasion to mention other Societies, he did so without any disparagement to them. That this Society, however, did possess advantages over other Institutions at this day, was undoubted, and he conceived that in justice to ourselves, the practical evidence of these advantages should, wherever it can be done with propriety, be clearly and unreservedly brought forward. The two great Institutions for Life Assurance, founded on the same principle of mutual insurance with this Society, are the *Edinburgh and London*, and the *Norwich Union*. We claim for our Society, to their fullest extent, the advantages arising from economy of management, careful selection of lives, and secure investment of funds, and in addition to these, found, in our appeals to public favour, on the circumstance that these important benefits are still available without any undue reservation or exception, to future as well as to present Members. If, therefore, it can be clearly shown that our Society has produced more favourable results than are to be obtained from the *Edinburgh*—as more constituted, not as it originally stood—and from the other mutual office the *Norwich Union*, it is only just that this should be made known—and the cases he would now mention would be confined to these two Offices. The first case to which he would refer, was that of a Policy for £1000, opened by a gentleman lately deceased, in the *Edinburgh Society*, in the middle of the year 1818. To make the matter clearly understood, it may be necessary to explain to this Meeting, that at the close of the year 1816, the *Edinburgh Society* passed a law, by which no party thereafter assuring could become entitled to participate in the profits till the Policies then existing were reduced to 5000 in number. Now, as it happened that the number of policies existing when this Bye-law was passed exceeded Nine Thousand, it required an interval of no less than sixteen years before

* The rate of annual premium charged by the three mutual offices here mentioned, viz.—the *Edinburgh*, the *Norwich Union*, and the *Scottish Widows' Fund*, vary in some degree from each other, the first mentioned office charging a somewhat higher rate, and the second a somewhat lower rate than the *Scottish* office, whose rate of premium is very nearly the average or mean rate charged by the two former offices taken together.

† The precise number of policies existing in the *London Equitable* at 31st December, 1816, when the excluding Bye-Law came into operation, was 9,423
Of which were cancelled by death or otherwise before the close of 1831, 4,423

Leaving at the close of 1831 the limited number of 5,000
At the close of 1831, therefore, being just fifteen years after the Bye-law came into operation, the Insurances opened in 1817 began to enter the privileged class of 5000, but it will be observed that they were entitled to count as privileged Policies only in reference to the premiums actually paid subsequent to their admission into the privileged class, all the previous payments being in this respect for nothing. The admission into the privileged class of 5000, after the door was thus opened in 1831, has gone on and continues to go on slowly and gradually as the members in this class die off. At 1st January 1838, the number of existing policies was 7,538

So that before any party assuring in the *Edinburgh* in the commencement of the present year can come within the privileged class, there must die off, or at least be vacated, policies to the number of 2,538

So as to reduce the number to the limited amount of 5,000

Whatever may be the period of time which it will take to effect this reduction, it operates during the

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the Policy of the Gentleman now referred to came within the privileged number of 5000, which it did in the year 1834. When his Policy became a claim, a few weeks ago, it was entitled to additions of L.150, making in all L.1150. The same Gentleman opened a Policy for L.1000 in the Scottish Widows' Fund at the close of 1822, being a period of more than four years subsequent to the date of his Policy in the Equitable. But although (thus of four years' shorter endurance, his Policy of L.1000 in this Office was (holding the premium as paid in the Scottish Office, as well as in the Equitable, for 1830) entitled to additions of L.270-15s making in all L.1270-15s. Had his policy for L.1000 been opened in the Scottish Widows' Fund in 1810, when it was opened in the Equitable, it would have been entitled to additions of no less than L.380-9s; 9, or L.1380-9s; 9 in all. The second case to which I shall refer, is that of a well known and highly respectable Gentleman, who opened a Policy for L.2000 on his life with the Norwich Union Society on 25th March 1822, and on the very same day he opened a Policy for L.2000 with the Scottish Widows' Fund. When the Policy became a claim by his lamented death a few months ago, the addition declared by the Norwich Union to his L.2000 Policy amounted to L.146-12s, being at the rate of not quite five per cent., while the addition on his L.2000 Policy with the Scottish Widows' Fund amounted to L.541-10s, or somewhat exceeding twenty seven per cent. Mr Brown said he would only take up the time of the meeting by mentioning one other case of this nature, equally in point. A Gentleman, on 9th March 1829, opened a Policy of L.2000 with the Norwich Union, and on the very same day he opened a Policy of precisely similar amount with the Scottish Widows' Fund. The Policy became a claim by his death a few weeks ago, and what was the result, in a case where the policies were of the same date—of the same amount—and, in short, had run the same course in every respect? He would state it—in the Norwich Union the additions amounted to L.197-18s; in the Scottish Widows' Fund the additions amounted to L.607-5s. Mr Brown then proceeded to state a case, as in reference to a Policy opened *proximo* to the excluding Bye-law of the Equitable, in order to bring clearly before the meeting the immense benefits that might be ex-

pected to arise from the unrestricted operation of the principle of mutual assurance, such as that which now prevailed in this Society. The party to whom he alluded, happened to be in London in the year 1815, and was at that time very ignorant of the subject of Life Assurance. His attention, however, having been accidentally drawn to its advantages, he wished to open a Policy on his life, but before doing so was fortunately cautious enough to institute inquiries in quarters where he had the means of obtaining correct information as to the best Office for this purpose. The Equitable was the Office to which the strongest testimony was borne—and, accordingly, he offered himself for an assurance of L.5000, and was accepted. He became entitled, agreeably to the laws of the Society as they stood in 1815, when he effected his assurance, to participate in the decennial division made in 1820, and had further additions declared to the Policy in 1830. When the retrospective additions were thus declared, the Policy became at the same time entitled, agreeably to a resolution passed by the Directors in the event of his death happening at any time previous to 1840, when the next decennial investigation takes place, to an additional bonus on the original sum assured, at the rate L.3 per cent. for each annual premium paid subsequent to 1830 down to the date of death. Thus, in 1830, the value of the Policy, were it becoming a claim upon the Society by the death of the Member, would, instead of the original sum of L.5000, be L.9225, but if that Member survive till 1st January 1840, the date of the next decennial investigation, the amount of the Policy will then be L.11,625, if the Office declare the same rate of addition of 3 per cent. per annum. If they shall declare a higher rate of addition, as many parties seem to think—say 4 per cent.—then the amount of the Policy will be L.12,475, the difference between the additions made at last valuation in 1830 and that at the next investigation being, according to the least of these estimates, L.3750. Accordingly to calculations that have been made, if that party shall survive till the succeeding decennial investigation on 1st January 1850, and the Equitable shall then declare the present rate of addition of 3 per cent. the amount of the Policy, instead of the original sum of L.5000, will then be L.18,125. These calculations, he begged to state to

which of that time, as a total and irreconcilable exclusion from the profits of the Society. This is what constitutes the great feature of distinction between this Society, where there is no such exclusion and the Equitable as now constituted, and the effect of this on the business of the two respective Offices, may be estimated from the fact that, while the Equitable Society opened during the last year the number of ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY THREE new policies, the number of new policies opened during the same period by the Scottish Widows' Fund was no less than FOUR HUNDRED AND THIRTY.

* No bonus has been declared by the Norwich Union consequent on the close of the last septennial period in 1836, two years ago—but it may be right to state, in case it may be at all thought as affecting in any way the fairness of the comparison, that the Committee of Investigation appointed by the Norwich Union Society, have lately issued their First Report, containing, *inter alia* this paragraph:—"They do not feel themselves authorised, at this stage of their proceedings, to say whether any bonus ought now to be added to the Policies; but they firmly believe, that with proper caution in the investment of the funds of the Society, and due regard to economy in the management of its affairs, a handsome bonus will at no distant period be declared."—*Report, 11th August 1838.*

† It may perhaps enable the present position of the Equitable Society to be better understood, to give the following extracts from an official document lately prepared and published by that able Manager, Arthur Morgan, Esq.—

"The Assurers may at the present time be divided into three Classes.—

"1st CLASS consists of the members assured before the restrictions made by a Bye-law in 1816. The number of Assurances of this Class, on the 31st December 1836, was 3,127

"This Class is entitled, on a division of Profits, to an addition to the sums assured by their several Policies, computed by way of per centage 2-1/2 per cent. in respect of each premium paid by the Assurers from the time of their entrance into the Society.

"2d CLASS (increasing as the 1st Class decreases) consists of Members who assured after the restriction made in 1816, but since included in the limited number of 5000—the number of Assurances in this Class on the 31st December 1836, was 1,163

"This Class is entitled, on a division of Profits, to a like addition with the first Class, but in respect only of every premium paid by them since they became part of the limited number of 5000.

"3d CLASS consists of Members who assured after the restrictions made in 1816, and who are not included in the limited number of 5000, and therefore not become entitled to any share of profits. Some Members of the 3d Class are yearly transferred to the 2d Class to supply vacancies. The number of Assurances in the 3d Class on the 31st December 1836, was 2,683

"Every new Assurer will, on his admission, be a member of this class.

Total number of Assurances at 31st December 1836. 7,083

"On every periodical division of profits, one-third part thereof is reserved.

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the Meeting, were not given on any unsound principle. Their accuracy had been checked, according to the assumptions on which they proceeded, both by the Manager and Local Secretaries, with the utmost care, and might be fully relied on; and he thought it right also to state to the Meeting, that the cases he had brought forward were not hypothetical, but actual cases, occurring within the sphere of their own personal knowledge. In conclusion, he would only express his own entire confidence in the flourishing state of the Society. From what he knew and had learned of the London Equitable, their magnitude at the same age as this Society had attained was not one half of ours, but then it must be taken into account, that at that period, the benefits of Life Assurance were not half so well understood. Under its efficient management, both at head-quarters and in this place, and the highly influential patronage it had now obtained throughout the whole country, he was quite sure this Society would one day exhibit itself in equal splendour with any existing institution whatever.

The second Resolution was then put from the Chair, and carried unanimously.

SHERIFF ALCOCK said, that after the remarks that had already been so well made on the interesting subject of this day's Meeting, he would only trespass on their indulgence for a few minutes, in alluding to the peculiar advantages which might be derived by the community of Glasgow from this Institution. He felt much satisfaction in addressing them on this subject, not merely because they were held together by their interest in one Institution, but because they were united by a common feeling, which prompted them to the discharge of, at once, one of the most mem-

bent and yet most difficult duties of life—to contemplate calmly the period of their dissolution, and submit to an annual sacrifice of their money, in order to secure the welfare of their families. It must have been satisfactory to those interested in such objects, to hear the statements of the very remarkable prosperity which has attended not merely the operations of this Society, but of the analogous Institution—the Equitable of London—whose principles, as originally constituted, we adopted, and to which we must all wish well. From the statements laid before them of the progress of the Society, it appeared, going no farther back than the last eighteen months, that the *subsisting* Assurances had increased from L 2,333,000 to L 2,706,000,—that the Capital Stock had increased in the same period from L 540,000 to L 681,000,—and that the Annual Revenue had increased from L 112,000 to upwards of L 130,000: thus exhibiting in the short period of eighteen months, an increase of Assurances (after deducting all exercised, surrendered, and lapsed policies) of L 433,000,—in Capital Stock of L 140,000,—and in Annual Revenue of L 18,000. It is impossible to imagine any Institution which could offer more complete evidence of success. But it might be thought that these facts indicate is only temporary, and cannot continue to be kept up, but, said the Honourable Sheriff, “when I look to this great city, and its vast and growing resources, I am perfectly satisfied that “the successful progress of this Institution, arising “from the connection which it has now so firmly established with the City of Glasgow, is only its infancy,” and that the mutual benefits which Glasgow will be “enabled to confer on this Society, and which it in re-

In May 1890, the number of Assurances being 5,124, the amount of $\frac{1}{4}$ of the surplus reserved was	L 225,101
1880	7,320
1889	9,650
1890	11,142
1891 the number expected to be under 8,000 the amount of $\frac{1}{4}$ of surplus expected to exceed	1,250,000

“As the first Class decreases, and their places are supplied by those who are entitled to an addition, for such payments *only* as shall have become due on their respective Policies *after* they formed part of the 5000 oldest Assurances, the *average* number of payments on which the additions are to be computed must in consequence of such restriction be less, and the per centage or sum to be added for each payment greater, in proportion to the amount to be divided than at present

“The operation of the Bye-law of 1816 is in one respect well illustrated by the events of 1837.	
“The number of Assurances of the 1st Class on the 31st December 1836, as has been already stated, was,	3,637
“Of which there have been cancelled by death, in the year 1837,	901
“Surrendered,	9
Leaving,	210
“The number of the 2d Class at the same period was,	1163
“Of which there have been cancelled by death,	86
by surrenders,	4
	30
	1133
“Number to be transferred from the 3d Class,	1373
	5000
“The number of the 3d Class 31st December 1836,	2633
“Cancelled by death,	49
by surrender,	20
	61
	2615
“Deduct number to be transferred to 2d Class,	230
	2375
“Add new Assurances effected in the course of the year 1837,	183
	2558
Total—January 1, 1838,	7558

The practical result, as applicable to this Society, is, that as long as the Directors do not consider it necessary to enact some excluding bye-law, similar to that of the Equitable; or, in other words, as long as the benefits of the Society remain, AS THEY NOW ARE, open to the public without any such restriction, so long must the benefits of Assurances now effected in this Office, be greater, *ceteris paribus*, than can possibly arise from Assurances now effected in the Equitable.

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"turn will be enabled to confer on those of her citizens who become its members, cannot easily be overrated" even by a sanguine imagination. The Honourable Sheriff proceeded to state, that the facts which they had heard read, in illustration of the progress of this Institution, might appear very striking, but those connected with the progress of Glasgow were still more so. With-in the memory of men still living, the population of Glasgow scarcely exceeded thirty thousand—now it is considerably upwards of two hundred thousand. Not a great many years ago, the Custom-house duties were only £3000 a year—now they are £1,400,000. When they considered such facts as these, indicating the rapid growth of the numbers and resources of this particular community, within the remembrance of individuals still living, they must be satisfied that in Glasgow, at least, much remains to be done. And when they looked to the enormous amount of wealth in this city, it did not at all exceed the bounds of probability, that at no distant period, and within the lifetime of many individuals now present, the Assurances effected with this Society by the people of Glasgow and the West of Scotland alone, will exceed the present number of Assurances held by the whole present Members of the Society put together. There is no place in the kingdom where the importance of such an Institution ought to be more felt than in a mercantile community like this, where parties are peculiarly exposed to the common contingencies of life, and the ordinary causes of disastrous embarrassment. He was, in the discharge of his public duty, in the daily habit of investigating the cases of individuals, who, from no fault of their own, but from the mere vicissitudes of commerce, were subjected to those reverses in their affairs which require that they should avail themselves of the protecting benefits provided by a human legislature, and in a place of this kind, therefore, where the risks in business are so great, what can be of more importance than that by becoming a Member of such an Institution, at a time and under circumstances which fairly admitted of such arrangements, the man engaged in business should, as far as he could legally and justly do so, make his wife and family, and those who are dear to him, independent in some degree of those reverses which the vicissitudes of fortune, and the uncertainty of his own life, might otherwise bring upon them? Among the other merits of the gentlemen in the management of this Society, he was inclined to rank the judicious selection which they had made of the occasion on which to submit its affairs to the consideration of the Members resident here, and through them to the general community of Glasgow, and he was sure the result could not fail to be highly advantageous. He was happy to take this opportunity of congratulating the Meeting on the recent appointment of their Local Secretaries, Messrs Mackenzie and Beveridge. He was well acquainted with those gentlemen, one of whom had hereditary claims to their regard; and he was confident, that a better selection could not have been made. The Learned Gentleman concluded by moving a Resolution declaratory of the Benefits to be expected at the approaching THIRD PERIODICAL INVESTIGATION, at the close of the year, which having been seconded by WILLIAM HAMILTON, Esq. was unanimously agreed to.

WILLIAM BROWN, Esq. of Kilmarnock, Lord Dean of Guild, moved a Resolution declaratory of the satisfactory, and latterly very rapid progress which the Glasgow Branch has made in the amount of business transacted, and of the great and mutual benefit which has already resulted, both to the Parent Society and the individual Members assured, from having a Branch in this city, where, from the commercial character of the place, the utility of the Institution, whether as affording the means of securing a safe and ready provision for surviving families, or of making the Policies of the Society available in the ordinary exigencies of business, may be so fully experienced, which Resolution (conveying, at the same time, a tribute of respect to the memory of JAMES MACKENZIE, Esq. of Craigpark, the Society's former Agent in Glasgow) having been seconded by LAURENCE ROBERTSON, Esq., Banker, was unanimously adopted by the Meeting.

ROBERT CADELL, Esq., a Member of the Ordinary Court of Directors in Edinburgh, drew the attention of the Meeting to the valuable services of the Gentlemen who have formerly constituted, and now constitute, the Local Committee of Management, in promoting the interests of the Society in Glasgow and the surrounding district; and on his motion, seconded by JAMES BALFOUR, Esq. of Pilrig, also a Member of the Edinburgh Board, the thanks of the Meeting were unanimously voted to them.

On the motion of WILLIAM MIDDLETON, Esq. seconded by FREDERICK ADAMSON, Esq. (both being Members of the Local Committee of Management) the thanks of the Meeting were unanimously voted to HARRY HAINY, M.D., the Society's medical adviser in Glasgow, for the able discharge of the important professional duties devolved on him.

THOMAS BEVERIDGE, Esq. said, that he hoped his younger brethren would forgive his presumption. He rose to gratify his own feelings; and, as a very old Member of the Society—alas! now the Oldest—to express with what pleasure and delight he had witnessed the whole interesting procedure of this Meeting, and particularly the admirable manner in which the Noble Marquis had discharged the duties of the Chair. He had attended every year the Meeting of the Society since its institution, and he had never seen the business better conducted than it had been by the Noble Chairman on this occasion. He begged to move the cordial thanks of the Meeting to the Marquis of Tweeddale accordingly.

The motion was carried by acclamation.

THE MARQUIS OF TWEEDDALE.—"Allow me, Gentlemen, to express how sensible I am of the honour you have done me. Permit me to say, that I feel no little interest in Glasgow, particularly as I have the honour of being enrolled as one of her citizens; and Gentlemen, when I remember, as a Scotsman, that one of the greatest ornaments of Scotland is the city of Glasgow, it has given me, I assure you, the greatest pleasure to meet on this occasion with so respectably a body of its citizens. It will at all times afford me the utmost gratification to do whatever lies in my power to promote the interests of this valuable Institution."

His Lordship then left the chair, and the Meeting adjourned.

* The Honourable Sheriff here alluded to the Great Highland and Agricultural Meeting which was to take place in Glasgow on the following day.

The THIRD PERIODICAL INVESTIGATION takes place at 31st December next, when, as will be observed from the preceding Report, additions by way of Bonus will be declared to all Assurances opened previous to that date, in terms of and under the limitations contained in the Articles of Constitution and Laws of the Society. These additions, when declared, are added to and incorporated with the original Assurances, and all future additions, whether retrospectively or prospectively, are computed, not on the original, but on the accumulated amounts of the Assurance. As it is probable that on this, as on former similar occasions, the desire to participate in these benefits will very largely increase the number of proposals for Assurance which will be made to the Society previous to the closing of the Books for the current year, it will greatly facilitate the duties of the Officers of the Society, and of the various Branches throughout the country, that parties intending to propose Assurances do so with as little delay as possible, in order to prevent the inconvenience which the delaying of them till the latest possible moment at which they can be received or carried through, consistently with the Society's Regulations, has given rise to on former occasions.

